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Carolina

MAG

DEFENSE
ISSUE

OCTOBER, 1940



HENRY
MOLL

EXTRA DISTANCE IN HIS DRIVES— EXTRAS IN HIS CIGARETTE

YES, LARRUPING
LAWSON LITTLE—NATIONAL
OPEN CHAMPION—PREFERS
THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES
THE "EXTRAS"—
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS



I TURNED TO CAMELS
FOR
EXTRA MILDNESS
AND FOUND SEVERAL
OTHER SWELL EXTRAS, TOO,
INCLUDING EXTRA SMOKING.
SLOWER BURNING
SURE IS THE TICKET
FOR
STEADY SMOKING

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WATCH OUT, PAR—here comes *Little!* No, Lawson Little is never content unless he can better par . . . in his golf . . . in his cigarette. "I want *all* the mildness I can get in my cigarette," he says. "Camels burn slower and give me extra mildness. And Camels also give me something else I never found before—flavor that doesn't tire my taste." Yes, Camels give all the qualities you want plus an extra measure of each. The extra flavor of costlier tobaccos preserved by slower burning. The natural mildness and coolness of costlier tobaccos plus freedom from the irritating qualities of too-fast burning. And on top of *extra pleasure*—Camels give extra value (see panel at right).

YOU WATCH that ball go screaming off the tee and you shake your head. *How* does he do it? Form, timing, power, wrist action, control . . . he has them all—but Lawson Little has that *extra measure* of each which makes the difference between a good golfer and a champion. Just as the *extras* in his cigarette . . . Camel . . . make the difference between smoking and smoking pleasure at its best.

EXTRA MILDNESS
EXTRA COOLNESS
EXTRA FLAVOR

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*slower* than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**



GET THE "EXTRAS"—WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS
THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

Established 1844



All-American, 1939-40

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(Cover photo of Lieutenant M. M. Riker, U. S. N., by Hugh Morton)

VOLUME LXX

OCTOBER, 1940

NUMBER 1

The Moving Finger



balance brought forward

IT SEEMS to us that Concord's Mr. Emerson must be enjoying something of a revival. His excellent comments about consistency, always apropos of the constantly new allegiances of this campus, must be a saving grace for some of our politically and internationally minded brothers. It would be a very simple thing for those of us who have abandoned the "peace at any price" position of last spring (see, for a blushing instance, the editorial in the May CAROLINA MAGAZINE) to say that consistency is at best a plebian virtue. And with that same intellectual arrogance which our critics use so well we could sublimely pass off any attacks upon our new approval of the nation's defense measures. But in this case, and reserving full respect for Mr. Emerson's undisputed position in American letters, we don't think that this is necessary. Last spring France had not yet fallen. Last spring Japan was not openly pledged to an Axis front against this nation. Last spring Mr. Chamberlain and other poets of appeasement were still pretty much in power at 10 Downing Street. Last spring the implications of a British defeat were not so

tragically and dramatically apparent to us. Last spring all of us spoke violently out of fear of war's implications and out of some weird hope for a quick English victory. Sincerely and without dramatics, we feel now that last spring's position was a smug and hopeless attempt to negate war by calling it nasty names. And so now we must sadly accept the horrible epithet of inconsistency. But if Frenchmen can lose their France and Germans their God we guess that we can bear the cross for such a crime.

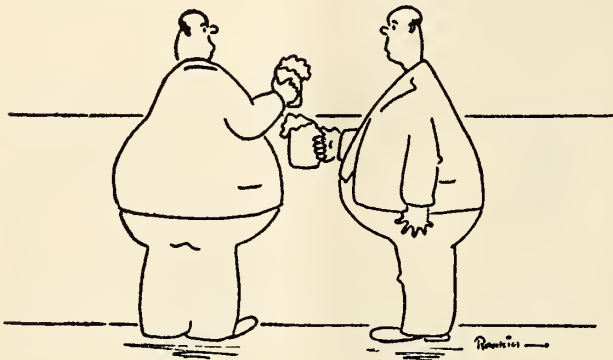
a modest proposal

THIS BEING the fall of the year, and most people doing some moving or straightening up, it might be interesting to see what folks are doing with their stray nicknacks these days. It would seem that rummage sales and other such charming dispensaries are passe in this hectic world. Each old unwanted dust-collector now assumes a new utility. To quote from the *New York Times*: "In the course of his tours Mr. Willkie and his party have had some unpleasant experiences. At Englewood, California, Detroit and Toledo, toma-

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toes were thrown. At Detroit the candidate was the target for a cantaloupe, an orange, a waste basket, a telephone directory, an ash tray and a bedspread." Now we know two very New Dealish old maids in Richmond. We feel that Mr. Willkie should be warned. If he passes smiling down their little street these nice old ladies might let fly one over-ripe hope chest to keep company with those over-ripe eggs. But in a sort of grotesque way we suppose that having a Republican candidate running around loose is a pretty good thing. It gives a lot of inhibited people an opportunity to get rid of some accumulated expression. And it brings out a lot of attic curios that have been forgotten since Herb Hoover last rode the jaunty circuit. Of course, all of this is hard on Mr. Willkie. But let us not forget (indeed, how could we?) that he "came up the hard way like you guys" and must be assumed capable of taking care of himself.



love thy neighbor

IN THESE chaotic times it is good to find a wholesale friend of the people. Someone who probably eats all of the nationally advertised breakfast foods and gets that four-color-process radiance you see in the magazine ads. A man who, although pretty well tied up with big business interests, can take time out to eloquently plead for the position of the American workingman. To make this prince among men (his name is James S. Kemper) even more magnificent in his reaching from the caviar top to the fish-cake bottom, let us say that he is president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. So now you know. In a recent speech to his Chamber-mates Mr. Kemper declared that "slavery for the American worker will follow conscription of capital." Concerned with different phases of the present administration's defense program, and specifically referring to the current proposal for conscripting wealth along with men, he was almost poetic in his avowed fears

for the future safety of our workers. All of us know that the Chamber of Commerce is not exactly a radical organization. And some of us know how it has fought most of the New Deal legislation. That is why we are practically prostrate before this new social conscience suddenly developed by one of America's yacht club boys. And we were a little surprised when organized Labor, which can always use a pal, did not seem very excited about the beautiful new friendship of James S. Kemper.



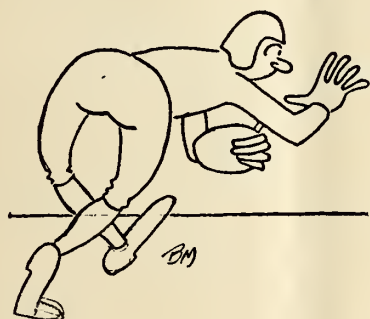
please go home again

THERE SEEM to be many admirers of Thomas Wolfe who have been offended by our occasional caustic references to the Wolverine cult which still exists in back corners of beer joints, libraries on Saturday nights, bawdy houses, October and other such Gantish delights. And it is not likely that our current cartoon about our honored alumnus will be pleasant to those so afflicted. So it seems necessary to offer some sort of apologia. Personally, we think that Tom Wolfe is swell. As the poet of the hungry and inconsolably lost soul of gaunt men he is superb. And we have read some of his tumultuous prose many times. It is just that every other story contributed to the CAROLINA MAGAZINE and other college publications is a hybrid combination of Wolfe and "Why I Came to College." We are getting very tired of seeing young men from Connecticut and Virginia turning in almost identical passages about dark mothers, earth mothers, mothers of the hills, etc. Meaning no malice, and mostly concerned with the human race to which we are biologically committed, we feel that if this fad keeps up motherhood will soon become nothing more than a literary affectation.

sic transit

READING IN *Newsweek* the other day we noticed something of such importance that it is mentioned here in hurt protest. Even today, when anyone between 21 and 35 is a man for a' that and a' that, there are certain national custodies which must be kept sacred. Snuffy Smith, who is cartoonist Billy De Beck's hillbilly comrade for Barney Google, is one of our sacred personalities.

Like beautiful women and the president and English majors, he should be above the ordinary rules and tribunals of this busy land. We have followed Snuffy's "bodacious" backwoods activities for several years; have used him for conversation when entertaining visiting aunts from Buffalo and have converted his colorful neighborhood into a sort of vall-halla where well-behaved nieces will most certainly someday go. If Snuffy was not a religion he was at least a very convenient faith. And now Mr. De Beck, who has been reading too many newspapers, plans a most terrible thing. In future comic strips Snuffy Smith is to join the United States Army. Now army life is all right for you and me and others of more replaceable stuff. Even the new rigors of national defense can be accepted as necessary. But Snuffy is *different*. To De Beck and all other responsible persons we say—take a hundred, take a million; but leave Snuffy Smith in those old britches and in that corney country that we may someday fortunately find.



panacea

WE HAVE at last discovered an infallible cure for those people who persist in standing up right in front of you at a football game. When this happened at one of our recent home games a campus wit with a bit of social conscience handled the situation quickly and efficiently. "All those," he commanded, "who are for Willkie please stand up." The view was perfect after that, and there was in the air that homey comfort that comes to a people who are in complete agreement over some controversial subject.

dictatorial dietetics

WE HAPPENED to notice the other day while reading the *New York Times* that the luncheon served to the two Dictators during their historic meeting in the town of Brennero included lobster. This fact has haunted us now for a week.

There are two significant things to puzzle about. First, what might be the absolute significance of the Dictators having eaten lobster. And we tossed in our bed over what the *New York Times* may have wanted to intimate by the inclusion of this esoteric fact in their report of the meeting. We dismiss with a shrug the theory that lobster on the Axis menu may indicate decadence, or even the first stages of decline. We like to feel that things are not yet running sufficiently the way the dictators would like them to, or even anywhere near well enough to allow Benito and Adolph to sit back and debauch themselves. Nor, to date, have we found that the lobster has any pertinent symbolic significance. As far as the dictators are concerned, we don't imagine that they could manage to tell you what they had for lunch that day, even if you gave them a little time. But as for the *New York Times*—we are surprised at them. It is disheartening to see a great newspaper concealing its true feelings from its readers under a cloak of symbolism. For further down the page, we read that Sir Samuel Hoare, English ambassador to Spain, has been using a Ford, due to gasoline shortage, and has been forced to garage his Rolls Royce.

dutch treat

THERE WAS a bulletin in *pm* the other day that was a corker for showing us how the war has mixed all of our standards into a crazy hash. It said that the British Air Ministry announced that their bombers were getting a "friendly reception" from Dutch civilians, who are now sitting this one out, as they bombed Nazi military concentrations. Granted that the admirable Dutch are not enamored of their new German masters and are waiting for the return of their own good government, it is a little hard to conceive of them dashing out of their homes to direct an English pilot to his mark. And it burdens our imagination to picture a Hollander, awakened in the night by the drone of a bomber on the loose, letting out an ecstatic "goodie." And we doubt if many Dutchmen are so struck by hero worship that they run around looking for souvenirs of shrapnel fragments during a raid. We think that it is a moot question as to how happy any bomb, even if it carries the dynamics of liberation, can make a man feel. We have a feeling that the Dutch welcome the English because there is an element of chance in their attacks while the Germans have established some sort of a reputation for unerring and high-grade torture.

And A Star to Steer Her By

Captain Robert S. Haggart leads the local N.R.O.T.C Unit—as well as a uniquely adventurous career

THE DOVE of peace has given miscarriage to an Airacuda; in short, peace is passe. With the advent of patriotism to our campus in the form of a naval unit, the time for beery singing of inspirational ditties is over; these songs have helped our decision to its inevitable conclusion. They have served their purpose. Reality reveals that national defense is composed of more than broad flowing mountains, fields of corn, and Niagara Falls, all three enclosed in the generous folds of the National Flag and Kate Smith. National defense is essentially a lot of sweating, swearing men organized in small units. It is not just a lot of men; maybe, it's you or me. Armies and Navies are run by men who are not you and me; they wear uniforms, they look hale and hearty, and most strange of all, they talk of the Service much as you and I would talk of the Family Tree. As the National duster passes from patriotism to the long untooted bugles, perhaps it would be interesting to find out what these men are like; these men whom we shall salute, the men in whose hands shall be placed our obedience, our dignity, and perhaps our lives.

Behind a desk on the first floor of Woollen gym sits Chapel Hill's contribution to Defense, Captain Robert S. Haggart. The man, himself, is perhaps best known through what he has done. Armistice effected in World War I, in July, 1919, Captain Haggart disembarked in Hamburg, Germany, with two associate officers to investigate rumors of violence. In port lay the USS Bernadou. In Hamburg lay civil riot. The citizens of Hamburg were giving physical proof of their objections to a certain sausage maker. Finding that their sausages had been contrived of dead cats and rats the citizens decided to go into a little purification of their own; sausage-makers instead of sausages received the crowd's disapproval. The owner, stripped nude, was thrown into the already polluted municipal lake; his wife, no more dressed than her husband, was tied to a post in the city, being tortured in some unrevealed manner. This was an all-out day for sausage makers—even the former owner was flogged on the main square. From sausages to civil war was easily effected; rows of machine guns gave proof through the fight that the State stood solidly behind its putrescent sausagers. Captain Haggart decided that the villagers had the situation in hand.

After a moderate bout at one of the better taverns Captain Haggart returned to the USS Bernadou. The anti-sausagers were in charge of the city.

The Captain has a hearty and genial sense of humor. He tells, with deep guffaws, of the time a friend of his walked into his office, accidentally igniting a wicker wastepaper basket with his lighted cigarette. His friend, who seems to have been an inhibited acrobat, proceeded to engage his leg and the wicker basket. The two of them burned gaily while the Captain was unable to repress his laughter. Next to this stands the Case of the Collodion Dressing. Another friend, fixed out in one of these dressings, on the tip of his nose, made the mistake of lighting a cigarette. The Captain confesses that an incendiary proboscis is a never-to-be-forgotten sight.

There appear to be no traces of these humorous tastes in Captain Haggart's youth, which was vigorous and realistic. Orphaned young, Haggart found himself transplanted from his birthplace in Salem, New York, to Greenville, a small town in the upper part of the state, where he went to live with his grandparents.

In Greenville, the Captain continued with his high-school education and supplemented this with more practical experience in the nature of various odd jobs which he held during his summer months. Whatever else these months may have taught him, he learned the valuable lesson that the material goods of this world, though frequently acquired with difficulty, are just as frequently carelessly squandered; for he frankly admits that he spent every cent he made, just as any other kid would have done.

In 1908, young Haggart received his appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. There are two influences which figure large in the Captain's decision to enter this country's sea-going fighting forces. Most important, was the pressure which was brought to bear upon him by various interested uncles and cousins who were determined that he should carry on the family tradition by taking a commission in one of the services. The hand of fate may be perceived in his entering the Navy, since, the Captain explains, his decision was largely forced by his appointment to Annapolis being the first to arrive in the mail.

PERSONAL HISTORY

Captain Haggart was seventeen when he received his appointment, and the four years following it which he spent in the Academy appear to be the most settled in a life of much movement and high adventure. After graduation he married Miss Adele Turner of Baltimore, and at this juncture his life takes on the character of one of the highly picturesque figures in one of G. A. Henty's more sensational novels.

The four years he spent in the Naval Academy prepared him to protect American Interests. Came 1914, Mexico, and Huerta. Even at this early date in the Mexican-Gringo Objections, it seems that the Mexicans did not take kindly to the light which we were forced to carry to them by virtue of the White Man's Burden. Moreover, the new Mexican ruler, Huerta, did not show himself enough averse to the snipers who picked at American Culture.

In this year Captain Haggart landed a force of sailors and marines in the port of Vera Cruz. Needless to say, the landing was carried out without the help of the Vera Cruzians. The incident ended happily. The Captain explains that there was no other

course to be pursued as "American citizens were endangered and they had to be protected."

Soon after the Navy had peacefully smoothed out the difficulty with Mexico, the World War came into prominence. Captain Haggart was assigned to convoy and patrol duties as America did its bit to restore sanity to the world. He subsequently served on the USS McCall and commanded the USS Hull. This service took him through many mined waters in which there were scores of submarines.

A war weeds out many; a government weeds out few. Captain Haggart was recognized by a citation "for distinguished service in the line of his profession as commanding officer of the USS Hull. Through his zeal and energy this old destroyer was kept actively on duty." A blue and white stripe on the Captain's breast pocket signifies that he is the owner of a Navy Cross.

From Hun-hunting to steam engineering went Haggart's career. After three years with steam at Annapolis, he blew out to sea again. This time as executive officer of the USS Bushnell, a submarine tender, then to the USS Texas as first lieutenant. Anchored inland from 1930-33, he served in the Assistant Secretary of the Navy's office as machine tool purchaser. Soon he was again at sea, this time as head man in the sixteenth destroyer division. The ocean behind him once more, he supervised the Rambling Wrecks for three years as executive officer of the Naval Reserve Officers' Training Corps there. Leaving Georgia, Captain Haggart, then Commander Haggart, passed through the decks of several USS's to finally head an ammunition ship, for once appropriately named, the USS Pyro. From the ammunition ship to the University of Oklahoma was hardly cataclysmic. Twenty-six days and a brandnew NROTC last fall augmented the Oklahoma campus.

It seems likely that the captain would welcome the breather that his stay on the Carolina Campus affords. At any rate a semi-permanent arrangement ought to make his wife happy. Through all his travels and vicissitudes Captain Haggart has remained true to navy tradition and found a girl in every port. But they all turn out to be his wife. And this strange phenomenon is explained not by any abstruse psychological theory, but by the fact that his wife managed to keep up with him in most of his travels. Having been on the move for much of his life, it is understandable that Captain Haggart is more than ordinarily sentimental about his home life. He has the average man's fondness for a quiet,

(Continued on page thirty)



Come, come Smith. You'll have to do better than that.

Moving So Fast

Bill the tough guy was used to moving fast. And he had a crazy temper.

THIS TIME, he wasn't moving so fast. Now every movement had a funny new slowness and quietness. The new mopyness dragged on Bill and he hated it. He had always moved fast, and that was the trouble. Moving fast is all right; but moving fast without thinking or analyzing, and with a crazy wild temper—that's bad. So he stayed in the two-by-four room without moving. Just sitting and maybe thinking. Bill, the fast tough guy. Bill, always shinnying around the corner on the loose. And now he had been in this same little room for four months without moving enough to even talk to the men down the hall. That is, this time when he wasn't moving so fast.

Bill smoked a lot sitting there. Sometimes between the puffs he would curse as he pulled the hot throttle wide open and that temper of his splattered wild all over the wall. The others knew him as the fellow with dark, close cropped hair and a sallying complexion. With eyes like cold hate at night and a smile that nobody bothered to make out. And that terrible tiger temper that sent him trembling mad around the smug little room. They knew Bill, and after a few days everyone left him alone.

The room wasn't bad. It was small and clean, with nothing much in it but a cot, sink, dresser arrangement and a few knick-knacks. An ordinary room like the rest that was all right for an easy-going fellow. But it was hell for one with a big angry temper, for a fellow used to moving around and moving fast. He sat on the bed and stared at the wall. Big tough Bill, smacking his fist into softening palms and looking at the same wall again.

Some pieces of clothing were hanging there. A shirt here, a dirty towel there, and a pair of grey trousers in the corner. Once in a while a wind gust from the outside would sweep through the room. It would catch up the clothes, with him watching them dance in the wind for a while. Bill didn't mind seeing the wind put some life in the musty things for a while. But then he was mad again. Tough and turbulent mad. And Bill wanted to move, to move fast and play with the wind. He tightened up inside. As Bill wanted to do something the wind stopped coming in from

the outside. So he sat on the bed, ran his fingers through his hair, and just sat. For a long time that was all he did and it didn't matter and he wasn't mad as long as he forgot to think and only sat.

Then Bill arose and walked over to his small dresser. Reaching for a shabby pack of cigarettes, he took one, walked back to the bed and sat down. He didn't have a match. So he stayed there and studied his trousers again. They seemed to be in pretty bad shape. Both legs had been ripped at the bottom that morning. Through the slits at the ends of them he could see his soft sandals, comfortable enough, but nothing you could really get around in. And it was the same with the gray cotton shirt that was open in the rough hair-growth of his chest. Bill realized that he was no fashion plate. But it would do for a little while longer. Putting the cigarette in his mouth and feeling it sag from his lower lip, Bill wished that he had a match.

He saw one of the men passing out in front by the door. When Bill said hey handsome how about a match the man looked almost frightened. But he dug down into a full pocket, gave a whole package of matches, nodded, and kept walking down along the hall. Carefully, Bill opened the booklet and tore one off. Carefully, that is, for a man with a bombshell temper searing red inside of him. He struck the match. The puff of flame burst out and ate the wood that at last turned black. And he sat watching the black wood for a while.

Sometimes Bill thought about himself. Mostly he was defiant when he learned what people thought of him, and he cursed them with that old night hate in his eyes. Occasionally he was quietly able to analyze his temper; but capable only of understanding it; never of controlling it. Soon he was truculent again, ready to fight anyone. And he never felt bad long enough to repent. Bill didn't believe in souls enough to think of what might happen to the one they said he had. Besides, there was always his left hook. And if he ever was frightened, or wondered, his left hook was moving, moving so fast.

He had been a pretty fair ball-player. Good enough for the kids who never liked him and

FICTION

were always afraid of him. Hating his moving so fast style of ball playing, moving without using his head. But they let him play in spite of his faults. He was just good enough to make the kid team. They let him play and they were sorry.

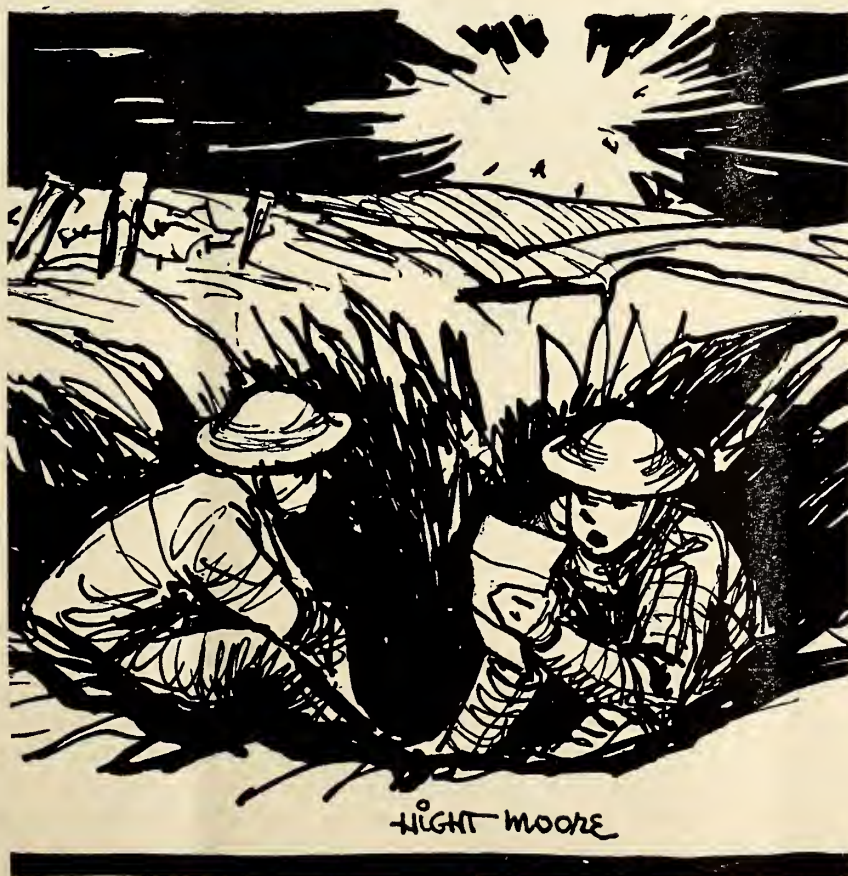
One day the gang played a schoolyard team from another neighborhood. The visitors were good and they were winning. Their second baseman was the sparkplug. A good natured freckled face kid with plenty of hustle and drive. Seventh inning, two out, man on third, two runs behind and Bill got up. He singled to left, drove in a run, and perched on first to wait. Next man up, a bounding ball down the middle. The shortstop came up with the ball on a big hop and threw it over to second for the out. But the play didn't stop there. Bill heard the crack of the bat, dug for second, watched the shortstop field the ball, watched the underhand throw to second for the out. But he was moving so fast with his temper keeping time because the rally had been spiked. He didn't stop and didn't slow and didn't think and didn't care. When they dug the kid out of

the dirt there wasn't much consciousness in him. And there wasn't much good ball playing left in the arm that crumpled up underneath him like a young twig as he hit the ground. When they asked Bill why he hadn't slowed down he was mad all over again. He said he was playing to win and a guy has to take care of himself.

A kid like that doesn't have many friends. He knew a few people pretty well. But never a real pal to whom he could talk. No one to hear about the girl he had a crush on, the teacher he didn't like and the show he wanted to see. Never anyone who went under the top layer of things with him.

Of course there was Shorty Malone. But what the hell good was Shorty? He was small and funny looking, with a limp that stopped him from really getting around. Yet Shorty had to do for a while. One day he was talking to Shorty, not saying much of anything, just talking. A truck pulled over to the curb. The driver got out, checked some bottles into a grocery store, came out and started up the motor. The truck

(Continued on page twenty-five)



It's from the '41 Alumni Association. They want to know my permanent address.

Why I Quit the A.S.U.

The former national student chairman explains his much publicized resignation and presents the new progressive position

HAVING recently resigned as National Chairman of the American Student Union, I have been asked by the Editor of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE to set forth briefly here my reasons for resigning. These reasons were purely differences of policy and attitude towards present events, and the differences with the ASU throw light on the changes brought about in the progressive movement in this country by the appearance of new factors in political affairs.

Let me say that a great deal of the ASU's program is still as sound as it ever has been, and that it is more than ever necessary in the present hysteria to reaffirm the principles on which this program rests. These principles include the strict protection of our civil liberties, freedom of worship, freedom of speech, assembly, the right to petition, the rights of minority parties, the right to trial, and the right to protection against cruel or unusual punishments.

It is also essential at this time that social legislation be extended. If there is a hope that this country will remain democratic, it rests in a strong and well organized labor movement, in the welfare of all our people, in more educational opportunity, in more employment, in a more equal distribution of our products. A military victory in which we lost our democracy would be Pyrrhic. We must keep in mind that our forefathers did not die for "our country, right or wrong," but for principles which transcend nation, race, and class.

Having registered our agreements, let me state my disagreements with the ASU. These may be boiled down to three main heads: the war, the New Deal, and defense.

How does the ASU analyze the present European war? I quote from the resolution on Peace passed at the last convention, a position which has not changed through subsequent events. "We declare that the war between England and France on the one hand and Germany on the other is an imperialist war, is not a fight in the interests of democracy or the smaller nations, but for markets and colonies. We find the causes of the war in German aggression and the long-standing British policy of appeasement in the hope of launching a war against the Soviet Union." The ASU not only believes that it is of no importance to this

country which side wins the war, but it even calls those who are opposed to aid to England but who profess a moral sympathy with England "warmongers."

Now, it will not do to throw this position aside uncritically. The fact is that we are dealing here with a very complex situation, in which an exact appraisal of values is extremely difficult. In France, the leaders started the war, and these leaders, who later betrayed France, turned out to be native fascists, in the main. But once the war began, the people of France supported it enthusiastically, and were resolved to fight on until they won. Likewise, with England we can recognize the blundering stupidity of Baldwin, Chamberlain, Hoare, Henderson, and the other Tory leaders. A stupidity caused mainly by their desire to destroy Communism by turning Germany against Russia, and thus to preserve the sanctity of their own vested interests.

But the recognition of this fact does not alter the situation at present. The British people are unanimous in supporting the war, and under its stress Labor has risen steadily in influence. Chamberlain has been put down and out, Labor now has strong representation in the inner council, and the two key economic posts in the cabinet are occupied by Socialists. We may believe that the war could have been avoided had wise policies been pursued, and we may believe that the conservative statesmen who caused the present catastrophe were motivated more by personal greed than by love of their countries, but we must still recognize that the war is today a genuine war of the British people against fascism.

The ASU's theory that Britain should not be supported is based on what is called "a third alternative." This alternative is the possibility that a stale-mate would produce "people's revolutions" on both sides, which would put an end to fascism as well as British imperialism. The experience of France, however, has shown that a stale-mate is not likely to occur, and it has shown also that if the fascists win there will be no revolution in the defeated country, except possibly a semi-fascist revolution. Most ASU'ers believe that fascism is very unstable and will probably explode internally within a very short time. This attitude is implicit

POLITICS

in their thought, as is the confidence in the rabbit that Russia is going to pull out of the hat when the time comes. It is easy to see how those opinions could make one feel that this war isn't too important, larger forces are at work under the surface and these, not Hitler or Germany, will determine the future. I myself believe that fascism is unstable, but I have no confidence in what may

ize for Peace," sent out by the national office, says, "In his acceptance speech Willkie proved beyond doubt what we have been saying for months: that there is no basic difference between the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties The basic agreement of the Administration and the Republican party means that we cannot endorse either candidate in the presidential election.



Nice weather we're having, nice weather we're having, now what did she mean by that?

proceed from that instability. It may be a succession of worse fascisms, ending in countless internecine wars which reduce the world to the status of the middle ages. I am afraid that those who hope for "a third alternative" are sadly deluded.

My second point of disagreement with ASU policy has to do with the New Deal and the coming election. What is the ASU's attitude towards the major parties? The recent pamphlet "Mobil-

We must concentrate on electing progressive representatives to Congress, to state and municipal legislative bodies From the Emergency Peace Mobilization may well come the foundation for a future third party in this country." This then, is the ASU's hope—a third party. But since there is no such party, let us appraise their attitude towards the present parties.

It is easy to understand why the ASU does not like the Republican party. The party of reaction

and interlocking wealth, it has proved time and again that it is making no attempt to better the welfare of our people. No progressive can support the Republican party, and I do not know any who do. But the record of the Democratic party in the past seven years has been a vastly different thing. During those years more has been done for labor, for the farmer, for the conservation and improvement of natural resources, and especially for young people, than in any previous seven years in our history. And possibly more than was done in our entire history before 1933. The ASU, in fact, does not deny this, but asserts that Roosevelt has "betrayed" the New Deal, starting last fall, when he denounced Germany and Russia for invading small nations, and continuing through the failure of new social legislation to the present emphasis on armaments.

Here again is an opinion that cannot be laughed off. Progressives know that the basic problem of unemployment has not been solved, and that militarization is a suicidal way out from an economic standpoint. They also realize that this country still lags many years behind Europe, England, Australia, and New Zealand in social legislation. I personally believe that Roosevelt, like many liberals of the MacLeish stamp, has tended to ignore domestic problems under the press of foreign affairs. But there are several facts to remember. Roosevelt has not been in control of Congress sufficiently within the last year to put through any new social legislation. He has, in fact, been staging a rear action against those reactionary forces in Congress and in the nation which are trying to cripple everything he has done. No one who looks at the situation from the inside can doubt the sincerity of that fight. The ASU continues to believe that Roosevelt thwarts the will of the people, when as a matter of fact the people are so conservative that they are normally Republican. They believe that Roosevelt can wave a magic wand and cause the people and Congress to support any measure he wants. From this standpoint their attitude is simply irrelevant.

I can quote only one example of the homeopathic magic or transference phenomenon through which ASU'ers identify Roosevelt with his reactionary opponents. Bill Borders, former chairman of the local ASU, wrote a letter to the Tar Heel in answer to my resignation, in which he mentioned the Smith committee's attack on the National Labor Relations Act as evidence of Roosevelt's opposition to labor. This is the most arrant nonsense I have ever heard, and it is the kind of thing we get too

often from the ASU. The Smith committee is composed for the most part of Republicans and anti-Roosevelt Democrats. It so happens that on the day before Borders' letter appeared, the Smith committee had summoned several members of the National Defense Advisory Commission, a committee appointed and controlled by Roosevelt, for guaranteeing that the government shall not award contracts to employers who violate federal labor laws, a provision which John L. Lewis has been trying to get for the last two years.

My last quarrel with the ASU is on defense. Here is what the ASU says about defense: "Yes, we are concerned with the defense of our country, its people, and its free institutions. We are the true defenders of our country. We sacrificed that it might be born. . . . We are willing to sacrifice again to maintain our republic. . . . We consider as fundamental to our program of national defense a foreign policy directed toward keeping America out of the war. . . . Second, we consider that equally fundamental to any real program for national defense is a domestic policy based on the maintenance and extension of our civil liberties and the continued improvement of the living standards of the people." But when I introduced a resolution at the National Executive Committee meeting last June which would have endorsed the expansion of our army and navy, the resolution was killed, even though it was identical with a resolution passed two days before by the CIO executive council. The ASU speaks up for defense, but condemns every concrete measure for defense that is brought up.

I myself am opposed to conscription, on defense grounds alone. But I am certainly in favor of larger army, navy, and air forces.

There is no doubt that the pressure of defense has caused Roosevelt to change many of his plans and to turn for the moment from some of our social needs. It is up to the liberal movement to press Congress for the answer to those needs. Their job is to attack the reactionaries, not the President; to educate the people, not to castigate Roosevelt. The unwisdom of the ASU's procedure is proved by the resignation of great numbers of sincere liberals. These students will turn to new organizations which can profit from the ASU's experience. I hope these new organizations can be realistic without being opportunistic, idealistic without being utopian. I hope they will concentrate more on education and less on passing resolutions. The ASU has failed its mission, but progressive youth has not failed. We can build a liberal youth movement greater than any before. We are going to do it.

All-American

Frankly and without affectation, Severin shows here those same qualities that make him one of the nation's great wingmen.

THE HAPPIEST day in my life. Yes, that's easy. It was one Saturday early last December. The day the Associated Press announced its All-American team. I had heard I was on the team; a fraternity brother had wired me the news a week before that Saturday; a sports writer had told me the Monday before that big day while I was studying in the library. A lot of people told me—but still I couldn't believe it.

Me make All-American. I thought there must be at least 20 better ends than me in the South—let alone the whole country. All along I felt some one was fooling me; I felt that come the day when the team was announced I would find it was a cruel joke.

That Saturday the team was announced I raced down-stairs at the fraternity house and reached for a paper. I ripped pages apart until I got to the sports section — there it was. It wasn't a joke; it was real. I felt like pinching myself. Paul Severin, All-American, from among all the great players in the country. Well I guess I knew how the guy who discovered the biggest diamond in the world in his backyard felt.

Yes, and it was a far cry from the 110-pound kid who reported for football at Har-Brack high at Natrona, Pa., in the not so long ago. All I weighed then was a sturdy, husky 110, and if any one had suggested to me, or Bob Williams, the Har-Brack coach, that Paul Severin would be an All-American end some day, he would have been carried away to the nearest booby hatch for his own protection by the men in the white coats with the straight-jackets.

It was only my tremendous love for football

that kept me out. There were big boys at Har-Brack. The school is famous for its great football players. I'm the fourth Har-Brack graduate to be named on an All-American team in the past six years. Cliff Montgomery, quarter-back and captain of Columbia's 1934 Rose Bowl club, Gus

Zarnas, great Ohio State guard of two autumns ago, and of course Carolina's George Barclay who was an All guard in '34. Other Har-Brack boys who made their mark in the gridiron world were Harry Montgomery, Carolina quarter-back, Cliff's brother, who performed hereabouts from 1933-35; Frank Murdock, Cornell captain a couple of years back; Dick Buck, Carolina captain in 1936; and Al Kelley, current right-end on Cornell's great club.

Al was All-East last year. Funny thing too, we live next door to each other and play on the same

soft-ball team every summer. Here he is an All-East right end and I was lucky enough to be an All-American left-end. We played the two ends at high school.

I had a tough road to travel. I was hampered all through high school by my lack of weight. Most coaches would have wasted little time with a player as small as I was, but Mr. Williams was patient. I owe a lot to him. He first taught me the fundamentals of the game. He was truly a wonderful high school coach, and the best proof of this is the boys he has turned out.

But I wasn't one of his better pupils. Every kid dreams of being an All-American football player and a world series baseball hero, and I had my dreams ever since I started playing with a football. But, judging from the way I played in high

(Continued on page thirty-one)



Don Pancho's Fine Son

It was the great day of the bull fight in Mexico and the old man with the moustache was very happy.

WHEN we turned to Senor with the mustache so white he was gone. The little man with the mustache so white drooping at the corners who had stood before us in the line serpentine from the ticket booth window halfway around the arena through the surging Sunday afternoon Mexican crowds, the little man had been too drunk to understand the price at the ticket window but he must get into the fights must must and we had counted his money for him and he was very happy to get into the bullfights.

Everybody went to the bullfights on Sunday afternoon in Mexico City.

El toreo! Hola! Hola! The little man with the mustache so white was very happy and he bought us all tortillas at a little booth from a gnarled dame in a shawl; on the way up the winding wooden stairs there were many booths the hot tortillas stacked high and we must go in with him to his section we must go in please senors we must and it was all very gay.

My friend said, my friend Nick who was toasting with Senor and his tequila, my friend explained I did not drink because I was from Sahara, and it was very funny, and that my father sold second-hand pinchbottles for lamps on the Rue de la Paix.

Then there was the parade with a fanfare and the band playing in the stands and the matadors strutting and banderilleros and picadors and padded horses with braid following in orderly procession into the ring. And everybody shouted Hola, Hola!

All the posters on the fences heralded a young matador, descendant of a long line of fighters, his first fight it was in Mexico City, his first fight, and his father was Don Pancho.

And there was another matador, a veteran one, one of many fights, and he was first. They were to alternate with three bulls each.

The first one was well-received as he made a fine first thrust after long preliminaries with the pics and banderilleros and the bull toppled quickly with the true thrust.

And the fighter whose name was Don Andros marched about the ring receiving the plaudits and hats and cigars and flowers from the audience and fanfares from the band.

Don Andros threw all the hats back into the stands and his attendants following picked up all the cigars and flowers for him.

And they bowed out.

But the crowd, the noisy Sunday afternoon crowd was waiting, you could feel it, waiting for the young matador, you could tell the applause would be louder with him, when he came it would be louder if he only gave them the chance.

Then he came.

He was Don Pancho's son and it had been many years since Pancho but they knew his features and made a great deal of noise as he bowed in with his three-cornered hat in his hand.

He was quite serious but we liked him from the first. He was handsome and the crowd knew him for he was Don Pancho's son, though Pancho had not fought, had not been heard of or seen in years, not since that last fight, that last fight that was too bad.

The ring was cleared the crowd hushed waiting for the bull to come from the ramp, to come
(Continued on page twenty-eight)



FICTION

Labor Learns About the War

The folks who would do a lot of our fighting are calmly learning their dangerous position in this new war-world.

THE MOST vital issue in the field of Labor today is national defense. How necessary is national defense? Should we have a two-ocean navy? How many planes do we need? Has the country become hysterical? Does America need peace time conscription or should the volunteer method have been given a chance? And above all—how will the defense program affect Labor?

These are big questions and there are no easy answers. Members of the labor movement disagree upon many of them. Green says one thing, Lewis another, Hillman a third. And because the issue is so important—because it may mean the life or death of the labor movement, all workers are discussing, analyzing and working for a right answer.

One of the most important functions of the Southern Summer School is to teach workers to handle a problem as large as national defense. High up in the mountains of Asheville, North Carolina, workers and teachers gather together each summer for six weeks and study the labor movement intensively. The school was started fourteen years ago by a group of Southerners including Mrs. Louise McClaren, present Summer School director, who decided that Southern workers must learn. That to be good union men and women workers must have knowledge and understanding of "this strange wide world." And in these fourteen years the school has tried to change as the South has changed. The South of 1940 with TVA, union contracts, men like Dr. Frank P. Graham, Jonathan Daniels, Howard Odum, Arthur Raper—the South of 1940—is mighty different from the South of 1927. Today the workers in the South have a sense of dignity; they realize their importance and are thinking of how they fit into the picture of America and what their position should be.

Every Tuesday and Thursday night through the six weeks course students and faculty of the Southern Summer School meet to discuss current events. This year almost all of the discussions were on national defense.

Anna came from Mississippi and she was not too perturbed about the war. She took the Lewis stand of violent anti-conscription, no aid to England and increase in social legislation. Joe agreed

with her that there should be increase in social legislation and especially appropriations—in fact all of the workers felt as Anna did on this point. But Joe felt we must get a larger army and navy; that we must get bases in South America. Joe did not say whether he was for or against conscription. He was too confused by all the issues. There was not one worker in the school who did not believe national defense was necessary. But many cases were cited where it had already endangered organized labor. The workers felt that the country was becoming too hysterical and not giving enough thought to preparation.

Anna said, "what good are all these preparations to defend the country if our bargaining power is going to be cut down to nothing?" It's a good question; it is *the* question for labor and the answer that was given was perhaps not adequate.



Joe said, "the workers must learn. They must form a third party so that they can elect their men to office and so that when national defense is needed it will be achieved without the loss of our rights." Ninety per cent of the workers agreed that a third party was necessary. Naturally they believed they must learn. That is why they were at a labor school; and in the midst of this chaos they were studying. Every morning the workers attended four classes. The subjects were economics, workshop, English and dramatics. But
(Continued on page twenty-four)

The Kid that Handled the Music Box

The Coney Island Ferry runs into a fog and provides a cheap thrill to the shabby city people.

WE WEREN'T fifteen minutes out of Coney Island before I heard the engine telegraph signal for half-speed, and when I went up on deck I saw that the fog was beginning to close in. We seemed to be moving in the middle of a smoke screen that was pouring out of some invisible ship sailing silently before us, and as it got thicker the hoot of the fog-horn echoed back from its depths. When I went below to find out how the passengers were making out, it was impossible to see the rocker arms from any place on the deck.

The people sitting on the benches placed around the walls of the main salon were of the same stuff that makes for a late crowd on any subway train. Out of habit they kept their morning edition of the tabloids folded small, and the non-literary passengers stared at their own peculiar points in space. Each of the out of the way corners of the room held a couple slumped despondently against each other, and the general apathy and unhappiness were given a tongue by the man who sat at the mini-piano playing the "St. Louis Blues."

You see, big or little, a ship's a ship, and when you've got a deck under your feet, and can look over the rail and watch the tangled water that looks like green and white marble pass under the bow, you're at sea. The roll of the deck, the spray, the fishy smell, and the polished brass are the same if you're on the Atlantic or the Pacific, Puget sound or the Hudson River.

I wanted to be a sailor, and I ended up as a purser on a side-wheeler scow that could just about wheeze from the Battery down to Coney Island and back again. There was a time, I'm not so sure that it's all over yet, when I was a little touchy about it. Sailors hanging around the docks wanted to know what port I shipped out of and what port I touched, and when I told them they didn't laugh. They just smiled around the eyes, and their eyes crinkled real deep when they asked about the harbors and the anchorages, and if the trading with the natives was any good. I didn't tell them, but I had never had the time to get off at the Island. All it ever meant to me was a smell of pop-corn, and the bright haze of fake light I could see from the deck.

It made no difference to me about not going to Coney, I had all of it that I wanted from the faces of the people. I was happy and optimistic with them, when they got on the boat at the Battery, and I know that I hoped the beach wouldn't be crowded and that it wouldn't be too hot. Threads of disillusionment always seemed to run through the crowd when they came aboard for the trip back. They were tired, hot and feverish, and always quieter. And I was sad and unhappy because of the good time that they might have. They were important to me because of the way that they made me feel. I could understand and sympathize with their good and bad times. I could laugh and cry with them in hundreds, but as individuals I thought that they were cheap, and I was almost afraid of them. I could see each man as the one who might pass off the library card from Pleasantville, Ohio as a ticket. Or perhaps the fellow that I was looking at was the one who had given me the pasteboard from a penny scale, or one of the phoney dimes and quarters that I had picked up. I wasn't hurt by any of this, but it was despicable and unpleasant, and they were so mean and such fools to try and buy even a little happiness cheap.

I never saw any happiness on the boat, but one night they got a thrill which is what they always wanted from Coney. It was the night that the big hurricance hit the Eastern sea-board. The storm didn't hit us, but we got the fog. And it's probably down in the log-book that we were more than an hour overdue at the Battery, but it was the longest trip that I ever took in my life. And I saw, that night, that when there is very little life, and it's the thrill that counts, people's phoney tokens are not so important. And, to continue, it was down in the ship's frowzy salon.

"St. Louis woman with all your diamond rings," the piano sang, but there were things that it whispered about that were sadder than the tale of a jilted woman. There was no fullness to the notes, and there was no thought in the way the player flicked the keys. The cords were predominant in the song, but at uneven intervals the melody sprang from the slow rumbling like jack-in-the-box. The player was medium-sized and plump, and there was something curiously fem-

SEMI-FICTION

inine in the tilt of his head and the twist of his body as he sat at the piano. As he swayed imperceptibly to the almost indistinguishable rhythm he seemed to be saying that the music was his private affair, and that to listen to it was to eavesdrop on a man talking to himself. When he stopped playing he drew a bottle of whiskey from under the stool, and offered it to his sole listener who had been leaning all the while on the piano, seemingly unconscious of any sacrilege. The man put out a well-cared-for hand for the bottle and took a long drink. He kept the liquor in his mouth for a moment, turned the bottle up to the light to see how much was left, threw back his head for another drink, and handed the bottle back to the piano player.

I had never seen the piano player before, but I knew the man who was with him. He was a small-time radio singer; nobody knew where he came from, but he called himself Johnny Chapin, and all I know about him was that he couldn't take it, and he certainly couldn't leave it alone. There

are a lot of people who like to get drunk on a boat, but he liked it better than most. When he got drunk enough, he would forget that he wasn't getting paid for it, and he would sing; anything from opera to intimate night-club numbers, and loud enough to call attention the fact that he was Johnny Chapin the singer. And I could see as he drank that he was getting to the singing stage. His hand kept straying to his hair, his tie, the front of his coat, and I saw him stretch his neck once or twice and swallow hard. The piano player nodded to him; Johnny put one hand on the piano, stuck his other hand in the pocket of his coat, and sang "Red Sails In The Sunset." The eyes of the piano player never left Johnny's face, and his soft mouth lushly crooned invitations to the singer.

The room came to life. The newspapers were put down, the couples in the out of the way corners straightened up, and when the number was over there was some thin applause, Johnny nodded drunkenly and self-consciously, and a few

(Continued on page twenty-seven)



Bo Peep complex nothing. He's been that way ever since he read some guy named Thomas Wolfe.

Mr. Berlin Means No Harm

Our jitterbugs and virtuosi finally find a camaraderie in making their music military.

IT IS perhaps fitting, we think, that our newest national anthem—"God Bless America," no less—should have started life as the finale to a soldier-boy musical in the olden days of World War I, named, of all things, "Yip Yip, Yaphank." Thus it follows the tradition of our patriotic music, for didn't "The Star-Spangled Banner" begin as a popular drinking tune called "To Anacreon in Heaven?"

We also suspect that Mr. Berlin's remark that he did not use it then, because its wide patriotic appeal seemed unnecessary in a soldier show, is probably as good a comment possible on the public attitude that has called his tune and its brother drum-beater, "A Ballad for Americans," into popularity. We hasten to add that we do not for a moment doubt Mr. Berlin's sincere patriotism. Indeed, it was such that, after the sad days of Munich, he felt the need for a song of wide patriotic appeal: and even more so because Kate Smith had requested one from him. Bringing out the old tune, he touched it up and passed it to the waiting country. From then on nature took its course, aided by the fact that it was sung on every possible occasion by Miss Smith. To be sure to wring the very essence of patriotism out of the situation, Mr. Berlin is paying himself an extra-fat royalty, which will be turned over to various patriotic organizations. The Boy Scouts rang the bell for the first \$40,000 or so.

The other flag-waver to really crash through also has had a merry history. "A Ballad for Americans" likewise began its life as the finale to a musical—*Sing for Your Supper*—under the slightly more dignified auspices of the WPA. Back in the WPA days, it was known by the comparatively modest title of "Ballad of Uncle Sam." When the show folded, the boys who wrote it peddled it for money to the Columbia Broadcasting System, who thought to liven it up by giving it its present majestic name. With Paul Robeson's singing, it made such an immediate hit that the studio audience continued its acclaim for twenty minutes after the program went off the air. Tibbett sang it on the Ford Hour. MGM paid \$4,000 for it. The Philharmonic gave it in the Stadium. Victor recorded it, and has sold 20,000 albums. The Philadelphia Orchestra is to give it this fall.

Strange as it seems, both John Latouche, who

wrote the words, and Earl Robinson, who wrote the music, are known for leaning to the left. The "Ballad" is a much more potent item of propaganda than "God Bless America" because it is a much better piece. Strictly high-grade flag-waving only. The trouble is that it was just as sincerely wrought as was Mr. Berlin's little opus. Latouche was moved to write the words after watching the inroads of the Silver Shirts in his native Virginia.

We were pleased to learn that the Grand Old Party had its little fun with the "Ballad." In fact, they started off their convention with it (substituting a white singer for Robeson); which gave the Democrats a merry chance to twit them over the facts that it was originally written for the WPA theatre, and that the authors belong to the tribe of pinks, neither of which these good souls seemed to know.

NEWS FLASH! *Sheboygan, Wisconsin*. The country does not lag behind in patriotism. The city council of this small town of largely German descendants voted today that every concert played in Sheboygan should begin with "America," close the first half with "Stars and Stripes Forever," open the second half with "God Bless America," and end with "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The signs are in the air. We detect a certain wending towards patriotic expression. This summer, the Philharmonic gave a concert dedicated to democracy. One guess-what did it end with? Right again. "Ballad for Americans." Although over 13,000 turned out, we still see a good sign in the fact that the annual Gershwin program (usually with O. Levant) still draws 20,000. Not only is Tin Pan Alley busting its neck trying to turn out some tune to offer serious competition to "God Bless America," but serious composers of the first rank such as Roy Harris and William Still Grant are adding their grist to the patriotic mill.

On the whole, we are not apt to find this a good thing. This whole trend whiffs of professional patriotism, which is to be deplored at such a time as this, when heads should be clear and emotions steady. If we can be allowed to appear sage, we will say that it is not the happiest manifestation of the patriotic resurgence that is enveloping the nation.

MUSIC

Where There ain't no 10 Commandments

Fate cast them upon the desert island with nothing but
Lulu the Hulu Girl and some lurid memories.

THE WIND trebled across the never-ending sands; the stars hung like goblets in the sky. The water beat against the shore like an off-beat accompaniment to the sensually stringing guitars.

A voice called me from behind a swaying palm. I stopped and looked over. A man was standing there. As I walked over I noticed that he wore white short pants; on his head was a hat like an explorer's. As I came nearer I noticed that his head was touseled, his beard was long. In one hand he held a rum bottle, in the other he held an escaping hulu girl.

"You wouldn't think I went to Carolina, would you?" He squatted on the sand with a strained tearful look on his face.

"How odd! So did I." I looked at him closer, to see if I could detect traces of education.

He took a quick drink of rum and held the bottle out to me, at the same time crying out. "Oh, Alma Mater! You were a snake." Tears ran in turbulent rivulets down his drunken features.

"Come, come. It can't be as bad as that." What ever it was, I was sure that it couldn't be.

"When I was baptised in the Church at home, the preacher said I was as pure as—" he paused, there was a violent hiccough, then an ominous silence, "—as pure as—" Tears coursed down his cheeks. "I don't remember what he said." There was a gasping sob.

"Brace up, old man." I began singing, sotto voce, 'Hark the Sound'. This seemed to soothe him no end, for presently he had sufficiently recovered to talk again.

"Yes, in the Church at home I was a Busy-Bee, then a Little-Helper. Look at me now! Would you think I were a Busy-Bee?" He rose unsteadily, six-feet tall, teetering against the palm tree in his short pants. "Would you think I were a Little-Helper?"

"But what brought you to this unhappy state?" I watched him with pity as he squatted on the sand again, beast-like, clawing his rum bottle.

"I went to Carolina. The whole world lay before me. At that time never had a foul word or a violent thought crossed my lips. I had hardly been there four months before it was generally conceded that I would make the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet. But I had even higher aspirations." He gulped

a sob, and roughly swept back a tear from his dirty cheek.

"What!" I shouted. "Higher than the Y. M. C. A.?" I peered at him with new interest, and strained forward on my right leg in order better to catch his words.

"All during my freshman year I heard whispers about a publication called the Carolina Magazine. One day, standing in the Dorm store, I overheard a discussion between two boys. One was tall and lanky; he grinned all the time, had stringy hair and an under-nourished look. Something about him impressed me. I don't much remember what he said or who he was. I do remember that just before he left he turned to his friend "Mere onomatopoetic ululation" he said, with a simple gesture and a friendly smile. He said nothing more, but I have always remembered that. I learned that he was a contributor to the Magazine. From that moment, though I had never seen one, I determined that some day I should contribute, also. Finally, my dream came true." He looked red-eyed at the past.

"I, too, hope some day to contribute." I lowered my eyes, blushing with despairing modesty, and dug one foot self-consciously in the sand.

"Many are called but few are chosen." His heavy sigh rustled in the palm tree. "There I was—a member of the Y. M. C. A., an ex-Little-Helper, a contributor to the Carolina Magazine, with a vocabulary that extended from concatenation to tularemia. Lost! Oh, lost! The course of dissolution is swift." No longer able to control himself, he hastily swallowed a slug of rum.

"But what was it that caused your downfall?"

"It was a filthy, lewd, thing, called—oh, the name itself sears my lips,—called—"here he shook himself as if unclean,"—called the Buccaneer." Remorse shook his tall frame with gigantic wrenches.

"My friend," I cried, compassion tearing pity from me, "oh, that some companion had warned you!"

"I didn't know!" He was silent a long time. "Yes," he said finally, "I dipped into its treasures, dazzling to an un-taught eye, and found that the whole foundations of my life had been shaken to

(Continued on page twenty-six)

Peace, It's Wonderful

In which the fakes and charlatans among our defense brigade are politely asked to leave.

THE CASH REGISTERS of the American merchants had barely ceased ringing up the last rush sales from Mah Jong sets before the people in the country went wild over the yo-yo. Monopoly and Chinese Checkers have had their day of popularity among the fad-minded Americans. The latest bug to take the public by storm is Patriotism and National Defense. A sudden twist in the course of history, combined with a high-powered job of press-agenting, has sent the entire country into spasms of being proud of its citizenship and singing "God Bless America." The upswing of super-patriotism was like swing music. Somebody hit a hot lick singing the Star Spangled Banner and the glorybugs went to town.

Since the end of the first World War there have been voices crying in the wilderness of American indifference. An officer in the United States Air Corps told the political leaders of the country about fifteen years ago that America needed more and better airplanes, more and better factories in which to build them and more and better pilots to put in them. He was cursed as a warmonger and a fanatic. The uproar cost a valuable officer his commission. He continued his crusade to get something done about our defenses with a series of articles in a national weekly magazine. Both he and the magazine were laughed to scorn.

Each year for the past twenty Congress has met. At each meeting the War Department has presented its budget. Military experts of the country have pleaded, wept, threatened and stormed each year in a vain attempt to get funds and authorization for increases in the strength and efficiency of the land forces of the nation. Congress and the people of the United States gave them a continually deaf ear. The people, when they heard, accused these officers of trying to involve this country in a war by making of it a militaristic nation. They said that a big army was just an excuse to fight and that the motive of the military expert was only self-glorification and promotion.

The Navy Department has always been politically a little more shrewd or fortunate than the War Department. By dint of a great deal of canny politics they have managed to keep the United States Navy up to where they were al-

most in a position to be able to defend the Panama Canal against an invasion that would have involved only one power. Even the more fortunate Navy, however, tried to tell the Congress and the people of the United States that this country needed a force great enough to withstand and defeat the navies of any two powers in the world. They tried to tell the people that we needed a navy powerful enough to defend both our coasts from simultaneous attack.

The answer that both departments got from the people of the United States was a cry of "jingoism." From the Congress they got the answer of slashed appropriations, reduced numbers of men and ships and stagnation in the promotion lists of both services.

In the laboratories of the Signal Corps, on the planning tables of Air Corps designers and in the test tanks of the Navy's Construction Corps skilled scientists have been working year in and year out on improvements in the weapons for the defense of this country. The American bomb-sight, the new Lockheed interceptor pursuit plane, the American anti-aircraft fire control apparatus and the Navy's latest destroyers have all been termed by military experts as the finest pieces of military equipment designed by any nation in the world. Yet when either department attempted to manufacture enough of these instruments for the use of the armed forces they were stymied by the indifference of the people and the refusal of Congress to pay the bill.

When Roosevelt came into office he began a campaign to build up the defense of the nation. He was attacked as a man who was attempting to lead the country into war. When the Civilian Conservation Corps was put under the direction of the War Department the citizens howled that the leaders of the country were trying to make military camps under the guise of conservation. They said, with a show of indignation, that the boys in the camps were being given military training.

Now that the defense fad has seized the American people, they are accusing the leaders of the Army of laxity because they did not train the CCC enrollees. They are attacking the War Department because we do not have half a million men

OPINION

trained and equipped with modern weapons of war. They ask why there are not enough factories to produce fifty thousand warplanes within the next ten minutes. They say that Roosevelt has betrayed the country because he did not accomplish the things that they would not let him do. In short the American people have been taken with an overwhelming realization of the pathetic state of our defenses, and instead of putting the blame where it belongs—on themselves—they turn upon those prophets who have been trying to lead them and accuse them of blindness.

Into the land came a new prophet. Girded with the armor of a lot of patriotic nonsense, riding the charger of high-powered stupidity and armed with the weapon of platitudes that other crusaders before him had used to no avail, William Allen White organizes his Committee to Defend America by Sending Aid to the Allies. His coming was hailed like the coming of the Messiah—and with a good deal more publicity. Business men, bankers and lawyers, preachers, professors and editorial writers, all of whom were getting a little thick about the middle and a little gray in the thatch, scrambled to get on the bandwagon to save the country. The small-town Kansas editor's name became one that was spoken in a reverent tone that had a sound reminiscent of the tone used in connection with a small-town house painter of some notoriety in European circles.

At the sessions of one of these committees, in a North Carolina city, the chairman would end the meeting with "a word from Our Leader." Several university professors who were among the group spoke weightily of the duties of the young men. A preacher prayed that this was a holy cause in which God was on our side.

The Federal law enforcement agencies are being flooded with tips about anti-American activities. At a university in this state there is a

student with a German name. He is a student of music and writes a column for a newspaper about music. Not long ago this German-born naturalized citizen of the United States, who has served in the National Guard of this country, was sitting in a coffee shop. A group of beer-inspired super-patriots were monopolizing the nickel phonograph with a monotonous and continuous rendition of "God Bless America." When he attempted to interrupt the one-tune performance with a five-cent piece dedicated to some theme a little less patriotic he was accosted by a couple of Storm Troopers, American style.

The young student backed away from the argument and left the music box to "God Bless America." He thought the incident was over, but the super-patriots were only at the beginning. They discovered, by the simple expedient of asking someone that the student was German-born. A few days later an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation visited the campus of the university to check on a report that a student there was a Nazi agent.

Granted that patriotism is a fine thing, conceded that national defense is necessary, granted that all of us would like for God to bless America, isn't it possible for the people of the United States to prepare to defend themselves and to show their patriotism without showing with it an unbelievable ignorance of fact and an intolerance of differences in opinion? Apparently it is not possible. No doubt before long we will again have Liberty Cabbage and no sauerkraut, Victory Sausages and no weiners. German will be banned from the schools, and it will be a crime to play, or listen to, the music of Wagner, and we will all go around singing at the top of our lungs, "God Help the United States." And if we continue to follow the dangerous jingoisms of this new hypocritical patriotism, we shall certainly need His help.

Shall Spring Come Again?

Love is weary,
Like dead leaves, love is weary.
Trembling in fear, and weary of trembling.
Love is like dead leaves.

Frightened
By last minute news
And three-inch headlines,
Curses in cafeterias—
Goddamn dose Goimuns. Goddam!

And love becoming weary,
Becoming frightened, shall soon leave.
Like dead leaves,
Love shall fall in slow pendulum swings
of winter leaves.
And then?
Shall spring come again? And then?

—JAMES COX

Reflex

He moved his fingers thirty times per minute in the web of the gaunt machine.

THE FACTORY hummed and vibrated from the movements of its heavy machines. It was warm, and the noise seemed to be carried on the crests of the sea of the warm, moist air.

There were many machines; some large, some small, but they all moved swiftly and efficiently, as if possessed with a will of their own. And there were units of these machines. Each long line of metal monsters was a unit; a unit into whose first machine one could put a piece of raw material and at whose far end there would emerge a finished product, with but few human hands having touched it.

One of these human hands was Roger Anderson. His job was simple. He used the thumb and index finger of his right hand to bring the two metal threads together, whereupon the iron jaws of the next machine drew them, threw its spindle and carried them along. There was, of course, some danger in his work. His fingers had to open just thirty times a minute, as the iron jaws closed. Otherwise, they would have closed upon his hand.

Anderson had worked at this machine for two years and at first he had been alert and had watched the jaws extend, close, draw back. He had opened and closed his fingers accordingly. At the end of the first year, he no longer watched. He just moved his fingers at the set rate, thirty per minute.

And then, gradually; his fingers began to work by themselves. They had grown strong. The muscles along the back of his hand and arm, stood out like the out-sprawled roots of an old tree, which lies along the ground. Anderson no longer watched his fingers, or the jaws. He did not even think of them. He would stand at his machine, staring before him, and would think of last night's supper, or the supper he could expect that night. His fingers worked on without his mind.

On that day, he thought about John. He was still in the sixth grade. "My son will never work like me," he thought. "He'll go to high school. He'll learn something besides putting threads through machines. I've got to hold this job long enough to let him get through school."

Thirty a minute—"My fingers will work, they'll last".

He heard the school bell ring. "He'll be out to play," he thought. He'll come down to the factory with his friends, and they'll stand around the walls. They like the noise and the clatter. They'll play outside, beneath the wires that carry current to the machines. Someday, those wires are going to kill someone. They can be on poles, but a boy will climb to see what they are, and then it'll be too late to tell him—".

Thirty a minute—all alone.

Outside, they played. They were just children. They played leap frog, and scotch the butt, and ring O levio. And finally they played follow the leader. John led. He liked to lead, to do things other fellows couldn't. Today, they all followed. No one dropped out. He grew angry. One of the poles caught his eye. "I've never done it before, but it looks easy," he thought. "I'll climb to those shiny wires on the top. They'll never follow".

John was near the top, near the shiny bands of copper. He extended his hand, tried to seize the wire. It was too far away. He inched his way upward, reached out again and grasped the wire. His head was flung back, his mouth shouted, but there was no sound. His legs unclasped from the pole. He hung suspended for a second; then dropped to earth.

There was no idea of John's death in the factory. The machines had slowed, then advanced. All had noticed, and adjusted themselves—except Anderson. His fingers always moved thirty a minute. The powerful jaws moved forward, closed over the fingers, not the thread, and like an animal pulled Anderson into its body.

He felt the pain as the jaws closed on his fingers, as the insensible iron stabbed through his body. His thoughts stayed with his son. "He's got to keep out of this factory, he won't work like me! I worked all I could—I did my part.—I worked until now. I would still be working—.

There was only flesh.

They had to dismantle the machine to get to Anderson's body. But at the end of the line, on the collector, they found what had once been a hand. And the first two fingers were quivering still. The dead reflex still, of thirty per minute.

FICTION

Bigger Is Reborn

Paul Green and Richard Wright collaborate on what may be one of America's great plays—told by their secretary.

IT WAS back to Jim Crow for Richard Wright when he came to Chapel Hill this summer to collaborate with Paul Green on the dramatization of Wright's brilliant first novel, *Native Son*. For Paul Green, author of "In Abraham's Bosom," portrayer of the Southern "darky," it was an entirely new experience in writing—his first contact with the New Negro. And for me, just out of business school and not yet a freshman at the University, it was a combination of new experiences—my first job as stenographer; my first chance to know Paul Green, whom I had admired for years; my first contact with big-time theater—and, what seemed most important to me at the time, the fact that I, a Tar Heel born and bred, was to be the subordinate of a Negro.

A Pulitzer Prize playwright, Paul Green has no set political credo, but he is certainly an aristocrat among humanitarians. An astute thinker, his approach is deeply philosophical, and at times as confusing as our chaotic civilization.

Richard Wright is the New Negro. Born in Mississippi, he left home at the age of fifteen, and there followed for him a period in which he did practically every kind of odd job. He read everything he could get hold of. There is a touching little story told of a poorly-dressed little black boy using forged notes and an obliging white friend's card to get books from the public library in Memphis.

As he went from one city to another, reading and talking to people, he gradually became interested in the labor movement in the United States, and is now a recognized leader among the liberal thinkers of this country.

With the \$500 Guggenheim fellowship which was awarded him in 1939 for his collection of four novellas under the title *Uncle Tom's Children*, he began the writing of *Native Son*, which has made him, at 31, a power in American letters. The book has been called the most striking novel to appear since *The Grapes of Wrath*. It is the dynamic, challenging story of Bigger Thomas, a twenty year old black boy of Chicago's South Side. He accidentally murders a white girl, Mary Dalton, the daughter of his employer. He burns her body in the furnace, and tells a story which places the guilt on her Communist lover, Jan Erlone. Bigger's

guilt is discovered, and he is finally caught after a several days' chase. Jan Erlone comes to see Bigger in jail, and arranges for Boris Max, a radical lawyer, to defend Bigger. Max's defense of Bigger is based on the racial suppression of the Negro in the white man's world, and the consequences to the white man if the Negro continues to be so treated. But Bigger is convicted, and sentenced to the electric chair. On the last page of the book, Bigger finally comes to a realization of his significance as a man, and asks Max to "Tell Mr. . . . tell Jan hello." The story is told in a tense manner which makes it easy for Mr. Wright to get across to the reader in a pleasant dose his message.

Both Green and Wright had written about the Negro, but whereas Green had previously been primarily interested in showing the negro as a human being, good or bad, Mr. Wright was, naturally, anxious to show the Negro as a race—twelve million black men in a white man's world. Nothing Mr. Green had written, not even "In Abraham's Bosom," can be called a social document on the "Negro problem." Abraham's failure lies ultimately in his weaknesses as a human being; the obstacles he has to face are not necessarily those of an oppressed race. But both *Uncle Tom's Children* and *Native Son* are stories of racial suppression, and the hate-born-of-fear engendered by it.

And how did two such different, such obviously symbolic writers get together? To quote Mr. Green, "It's a long and involved story." Wright had admired the brutality of Green's "Hymn to the Rising Sun" when he saw it in Chicago. Mr. Green had been planning a play about the tenant farmer in the South, plot material and circumstances similar to that of *Native Son*, except less inclusive and with a rural background. Mr. Green wrote a letter to a producer in New York saying that he would consider the producer's suggestion that Green dramatize the novel, and sent a copy of the letter to Wright's publisher, Harper and Brothers. Mr. Wright visited Mr. Green, the two men looked each other over, and decided that they could get along. With Orson Welles and John Housman to produce the play—when and if—Wright arrived in Chapel Hill and the work began.

My first morning on the job I started working in the hall outside the office, typing, and answering as

best I could the hushed, almost reverential questions of others in the building about the great work going on behind the closed door of 201 Bynum Hall. I gradually found out that the rough hulling-in of the play had been completed; dramatically appropriate scenes from the novel and some additional scenes written into the story had been outlined, with the first dialogue. I finished the material that was ready to be typed and went home a very disappointed young woman.

The next morning was worse. Then Mr. Wright came out and told me they had decided to try dictating a scene.

I sat at a little cleared space on the long, littered table, almost praying that I would be able to get down what was said. While they were talking, I forgot to be the perfect stenographer, and frankly stared at them. Mr. Green—big, tall, with his horn-rimmed glasses, his white suit and the old Panama hat he kept putting on and taking off—was a combination of a Southern Gentleman and a nervous artist as he walked around the little room. It was hard for me to connect the Richard Wright in that room with the writer of *Native Son*. Here was no wild-eyed, soap-box-orator radical. He sat by the window, smiling often as he talked, dressed in a pink sport shirt and maroon slacks. He had, as always, an air of quiet, assured, self-confidence.

Wright knew the people who were represented by the characters in his novel; Green knew the theatre. They were handling inflammable material, but material that had in it the makings of an unforgettable drama.

Bigger was their greatest problem. In the novel, Wright had Bigger hating violently, a hate caused by fear. He lived by this hate—it was his only creed. Mr. Green wanted to take some of this hate out of Bigger. Seemingly in contradiction to his earlier writings about the Negroes, he wanted to give Bigger a lump of sociological theory in place of heart. It would have been good theatre for Bigger to have been a product of unjust circumstances, a symbol of his oppressed race. But Bigger was bad—bad because he hated, even though he hated because he feared. Just as this hate was the motivation of Bigger's entire life, so it was the driving force of Wright's novel. The hate had to be in the play.

But the new Bigger Thomas of the play is not the Bigger of the novel. For one thing, he is a much more positive character. Whereas in the novel he was always, except at the time of the murder, almost completely negative—our ideas of him

as a person being formed by what other people said about him—in the play he becomes an intense personality. We even feel sorry for him at times.

The typical Green touch in matters of religion is evident all through the play. The aging, careworn mother with her constant references to the picture of Christ on the wall, Brother Hammond, the kindly Negro preacher, and Bigger's repeated blasphemies ("Let's eat. I'm so hungry I could chew me a piece of the Lamb of God.").

An entirely new development in Bigger comes in the play after his murder of Mary—Bigger's idea of himself as a Black God, walking high among the clouds, looking down on the little men below, and "seeing things" for the first time. The futility of his entire life, and the life of all black people, comes to him with smashing clarity after he is released from his fear by the murder of Mary. This new freedom, this releasing of his suppressed emotions, comes about, it seems, because he had done something which made him important in the white man's world. He is noticed by them. His picture is in the papers. And, for the first time, he becomes a man in his own eyes.

It was this theme that the two men were developing late one August afternoon, when I was privileged to see two brilliant minds working together in one of those occasioned flashes of inspired enthusiasm. Mr. Green had been dictating—walking up and down the room smoking one cigarette after another, running his hand through his hair in the habitual gesture which I had become so familiar with. Mr. Wright was sitting in a chair tilted back against the wall, swinging one foot, smiling as, together, they toyed with the scene. Then, slowly, I became aware that this was not the usual rewriting of a scene. They were just talking, quietly, but with a growing excitement, tense and suppressed. Without seeming to realize it, for neither spoke of it, they were drawing a picture of Bigger as a distorted, Black Christ—a martyr who was going to die that his race might be recognized as human beings. But, more important, that through his crime and his death, his people might wake up to the realization of their potential *power* as human beings.

Bigger was talking to himself, though Bessie, his loyal mistress, was there, kneeling before him in a cold room in an abandoned building where Bigger was waiting for his inevitable capture by the police. He was "seeing things," and trying to get it all clear in his mind.

The idea grew as they talked. The very air seemed heavy with significance. I sat there, knowing I

would probably never witness a scene such as that again.

Bigger wasn't hating the white folks. He was no longer, as he had seen himself before, a cruel master cracking his whip and making the white folks jump when he said jump. He wasn't even a proud God walking high among the clouds and looking down on the puny men with their cars and their churches and their buildings and their pretty women. He was even a bit humble, as he groped for an answer to the question that was himself.

And in that room there was no white man and no black man—no Communist and no dreamer of the fulfillment of the democratic ideal in America. There were, instead, two minds seeking honestly and humbly for the *reason* for all the Bigger Thomases, black and white.

It was a quiet afternoon. And it was hot. We were all tired. Richard Wright had to leave for New York in two days and there was still a lot of work to be done. Mr. Green said, "Well, we'll just stumble through this now. We can work it out later." And so, together, they dictated enough dialogue to close the scene.

At the time the first draft was finished and Wright went back to New York, Bigger Thomas was guilty not only of murder, but of the crime of inconsistency. He was about equally divided: one half Mr. Green's Bigger—sensitive, misguided, puzzled about life in general; and the other half Wright's Bigger—full of hate and fear, cunning, but at the same time looking for an answer to the questions that rise in his mind. The Black God idea was new and promising, and good theater. There were the rationalizations and the benevolences of Mr. Dalton, who makes his money in Negro tenement real estate. There was the caricature of Mrs. Dalton, a sort of blind, female Dale Carnegie. There were Wright's terrible, ironic portraits of Jan Erlone, the typical, theoretical Communist, and Mary Dalton, a drunken little rich bitch prattling about the dictatorship of the proletariat.

And there was a stylized dream-murder-scene

that handled a touchy situation (the probability that Bigger would have raped Mary) delicately and effectively, and gave Mr. Wright full scope for his imagination. There was a tense, dramatic reenactment scene, where Bigger confesses the crime, which lends to the District Attorney and to Britten, the detective, extraordinary powers of imagination; and to Bigger an equally improbable habit of talking quite lucidly in his sleep, and telling almost the entire story of the murder. (This was used twice in the play, once in the dream scene and later in his cell.) There was the courtroom scene (handled much the same as in the novel) where Jan Erlone, as Bigger's lawyer, calmly out-argues the blustering District Attorney, but loses the case.

And there was the problematic ending,—the possibilities ranging from Mrs. Dalton's seeing the light and using her husband's power and money to "save" Bigger, through Bigger's committing suicide with some convenient weapon, and on the union of Bigger and Jan in a brotherhood, with a note of hope that Jan should take the vision given him by an exalted Bigger and go out to do some really constructive work, freed of prejudice and theory. It was on this last note that the play was ended when I last saw it.

When Mr. Wright went back to New York, he carried with him what the writers called the "First Rough Working Draft" of

NATIVE SON
The Biography of a Young American
A Play
by
Paul Green and Richard Wright

A play?—yes. They had a sequence of twelve highly dramatic scenes, which presented a story that was destined for the theater. A good play? I cannot say, for I have not read the revised version which was written when Mr. Green went to New York several weeks ago. It *should be* a good play. With the material in the first draft, they should have written a *great* play. As yet, I can not say.

Reflections in a Shallow Pool

I used to long for a pleasant mead
A quiet spot to sit and read
Where violets flourished bunch on bunch
And cows were always out to lunch.
An Arden ultra, ultra rural
Like rustic scenes in a pent-house mural
A place where I could search out Truth,

And think long thoughts of my misspent youth.
Now I want no more time to find myself,
And I'll will the woods to gnome and elf.
For in days gone by, in a sheltered grot
I found out what my soul was not.
The truth is sad, but no subterfuge
Can conceal the fact that it wasn't huge.

LABOR LEARNS ABOUT WAR

(Continued from page thirteen)

workers education is different from formal education.

Each person at the school whether it is Frank from Alabama, Betty from Kentucky or Joan from Mississippi—each person comes from a real union situation. Each one is worried. These workers are not so good with theory. They never had a chance to theorize. So the teacher attacks the problem of economics from a practical angle. One day the problem of the Walsh-Healy act came up in an economics class.

Don—the teacher—asked Frank: “what effect is national defense having in your situation?”

Frank said that orders had increased a hundred per cent; that new workers had been taken on and production was being speeded up. Frank also said that the union had signed up most of the new men. “But it looks as though there is trouble ahead. The company is not living up to the Walsh-Healy act.”

Don asked Frank what the Walsh-Healy act was.

“I’m not quite sure of the exact way that Congress put it,” Frank said, “but this law says that no government contracts can be given to a company that does not live up to a certain minimum wage and maximum hour fixed by the law. Our company is not doing this but I guess the government does not know that, for they have given so many orders.”

“What are you going to do about this, Frank?”

“Well, we have written our complaint to Washington. They will then come down and investigate. If they do *not* come down and nothing is done about it, I guess the only way that we will be able to show that we mean business and know what we are doing is to strike—though I for one do not want to go through a strike.”

And as Frank mentions each point Don stops him and explains carefully to the class what Frank is getting at. Workers’ education is a cooperative process whereby the students teach the class and the teacher is just a kind of chairman of the “economics committee.”

And all this fits in the larger picture of the labor movement. The rank and file workingman must be able to show others what he thinks and feels, what he is working for and how he is going to get it. Today the worker must be sure that the Wage and Hour Law (Fair Labor Standards Act), The Wagner Act (the National Labor Relations Act), the Walsh-Healy Act and all the rest are neither killed through amendments nor conveniently over-

looked. The worker wants to have national defense but he does not want to be the only one to pay for it. And so a worker educated in the practical economics of his plant can talk to the employer and negotiate a good intelligent contract. He can show the non-union men around him what their interests really are. He also has a message for his own members. People must cooperate in a union. They must stick together.

The Southern Summer School gives all the students the opportunity to live in a cooperative community—to learn the fundamentals of cooperation. All the work in school is done by the students and teachers. They cook the food, set the tables, clean their rooms and the halls and classrooms. Buying the food, they run a cooperative store, clean all the bath tubs, sinks and toilets. Prosaic as these details seem, they teach the students the essentials of real solidarity.

And solidarity is more important to the worker in 1940 than it ever has been. The workers will be among the fighters if a war should come. The workers are the producers. The workers make the guns and shoot them; they carry guns and get shot. By mere numbers, the workers have the largest stake in national defense. The CIO, the Railroad brotherhoods, and the A. F. of L. were all against conscription; it passed. Now they must have the power to look out for their interests just as the employers protect their own. To prepare themselves for this tremendous task the workers of 1940 are making every effort. They are organizing and signing contracts. They are studying. And above all — WORKERS ARE LEARNING.

Autumn and Despair Late in the Evening

*And do I ask, wherefore my heart
Falters, oppressed with unknown needs?*

All the world was mine, and
Proudly I held the apple
For it was beautiful.

The gentle nuances of red and gold,
And all the perfection of its symmetry
Delighted me.

Proudly I held the fruit
For it was beautiful and firm.

How could I have known
The core was ash
And the worm had fed upon its seed?

—JAMES TRAMMELL COX

MOVING SO FAST

(Continued from page seven)

began to roll away. Bill started moving. Moving fast, not thinking.

"Come on Shorty, let's hitch, let's go."

"I can't, you know I can't, my leg."

"Come on, it won't be hard, let's go."

Pulling Shorty along, Bill reached for the back of the truck and got himself in. It was moving by then, and picking up speed. Shorty reached, slipped — died.

He sat on his bed, puffing the cigarette, and thinking about Shorty. Maybe he should feel it was a little his fault. Maybe but what difference did it make now? Shorty was ten years behind him. And only a dead kid never even grown into a man. His cigarette was good as he puffed on it. Suddenly Bill got up and walked to the wall. He ground his duck, spattering the sparks and leaving a brown smudge on the dusky brown wall. In that last extinguishing glow, in the sudden squash of his good left hand, all of the pent-up heat of himself seethed up. It simmered slowly then. This part of himself. This aged fire inside that was older, vastly older, than himself.

But when a man stays in one spot for four months, when he's used to being active and he's not, there's a lot of blazing hate that makes mean pallor under the sallow of his skin. Bill had real power once. The fast moving kind, the unthinking. He thought about it now, sitting on the narrow cot. Remembering the surge, the tingling lusty speed and the landscape that tore by like comic newsreel shots. And Bill remembered the girl who saw the pedal pushed down to the floor and the speedometer hungrily reaching for the sky. And then that plea to slow up, the crack. He could see that twisting spinning wheel and the power he couldn't control and the crash when the world seemed to stop. He was red hot inside, running fire, busted to bits. But he climbed

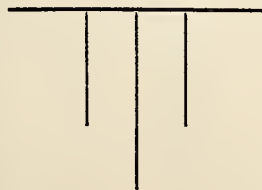
out and dragged the dead girl away from the flames. And for a moment he wasn't moving so fast.

Bill lit another cigarette. He thought about the life outside. Just contemplating it and knowing that another day would come with enough new hours. Thinking, Bill felt the old hot shock down deep and started to curse. He was restless. He took the cigarette out of his mouth, got up, changed his mind and put it back. He picked up a newspaper, glanced through it, shuffled the pages, tried to get interested, couldn't and put it down. As another gust of wind came passing through the room Bill idly wondered who would win the Rose Bowl game. Then he lay down on the cot to shut his eyes. Maybe sleep was good after all.

. . . . such a sunny afternoon . . . two men talking. One about women. . . . fleshy jiggling women who hung on to only one man and was his with the whole works. . . . The other talked about money. . . . There was Bill nodding bitterly. He had neither . . . wanted both. . . .

. . . now again a dream? . . . or now remembering, and hating to remember . . . A bank, people, yelling, a desire to move fast and get started . . . the men talking to him . . . people yelling at him, cursing . . . a blind rage, red, big monstrous mad red, two guns, shots, fire all around, red hot, flushed smoke, screams, crap God Almighty . . . move fast . . . keep moving fast

Now a man walked into his little room to get him up with a quiet shove. Bill stood up quickly and pushed past them into the corridor. Past the old man with the uniform and the young new man who looked like a priest. And he was moving again. Moving fast. And it was all clear now. Clear like the clean grey cement floor and the green door down at the end. And he was empty cold inside, telling himself he was Bill the tough guy with a temper. A temper bigger than death and almost as big as moving fast. Fast, away, running mad now—to his execution.



WHERE THERE AIN'T NO TEN COMMANDMENTS

(Continued from page seventeen)

their very stilts. I began to drink beer and go around with women. Finally I began—oh, how can I say it?"

"Not that!" Tears stood in my eyes as I looked at this wreck of a man.

"Yes, I began to pet. Of course, it doesn't matter now. Everything is in the past."

By the look in his bleary eyes I knew that I had wrenched his whole confession from him. I wanted to cry out against a Destiny that leads men so blindly. But my throat was dry.

"How cruel!" I could say no more.

"There was nothing left for me. At home on meeting me on the street, the Little-Helpers would avert their eyes. At the University the Y. M. C. A. closed its doors to me. The editor of the Magazine said that my Social Consciousness had been adulterated. I drank more and more. Finally I left and became as you see me now." His emotions had now dried into despair.

"But what do you do all day?"

"I drink rum and only want chase Lulu." He

brushed his cigarette aside and picked up his bottle.

"Who is Lulu?"

"Lulu, the hulu girl." He spoke in a dead voice.

"Yes, Sahib," came a voice from behind a cluster of palms. Speaking in broken Tahitian accents. In a moment she was standing before us.

"Lulu," said my companion, "this man is a member of my Alma Mater."

"So glad to meet a member," giggled Lulu, twitching her little grass skirt.

As I stood there I saw a glint gradually coming into my companion's eye. I knew that in a moment he would be chasing Lulu again. Sadly I bade him good-bye and walked off. As I looked back I saw him disappearing into the shadows on the night, hot in pursuit of the hulu girl, clutching his rum bottle in one hand.

It was then that I determined that never should I rest until that lewd and filthy canker, that Bucaneer, that **THING!**, that betrayer of Little-Helpers, had been abolished from the earth.

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THE KID THAT HANDLED THE MUSIC BOX

(Continued from page fifteen)

people strayed over to the piano. A boy and a girl who couldn't keep their eyes or their hands off one another coaxed Johnny into singing "I'll Never Smile Again." Some of the people who had gotten up to go over to the piano asked me if we're going to get in on time. We were moving slower every minute, and I couldn't explain away the horn, so I told them about the fog.

It wasn't two minutes before the news was all around the room. The passengers came over to me in twos and threes, and demanded to be given the inside dope, to be told the worst. The only people in the room who weren't interested were Johnny Chapin and the piano player. The music had stopped, and the self-appointed entertainment committee was in a tight little argument. The piano player was doing most of the talking. Johnny kept shaking his head, while the piano player whined vehemently about an appointment that hadn't been kept some place at some time. The piano player begged, and Johnny shook his head. The piano player whined some more, and Johnny turned to move away. Then the piano player fished the half-finished whiskey bottle from under the stool, and awkwardly threw it at Johnny with both hands. The piano player sat down and started to play "St. Louis Blues." Suddenly he was alone again in the embarrassed room.

It wasn't much of a fight, and the passengers were disappointed; they wanted more. They wanted the thrill that they hadn't got at Coney Island. They formed a wide ring about the piano and the two men, and stood there and waited for something to happen. The fog-horn sounded loud and important in all that quiet, and the crowd began to remember that it was in danger. The ring wavered; broke up, and they watched me to see what I was going to do. I went up on deck, and they followed me. The piano was still whining when we left.

Up on deck the crowd clustered around the rail, and tried to look out into the fog. It really worried a few of them; they began to ask about life-belts and life-boats, but most of them were having a fine time. It was high adventure, and maybe they wouldn't even get in time for work in the morning. Johnny Chapin came on deck and asked what the hell was going on. Nobody talked to him. After a while the ship became quiet, and everybody just stood and looked.

They might have stood there staring out into

the fog until we docked, if the piano player hadn't committed suicide. I was wondering what he was doing and where he was, when I saw him upon them. The boat didn't stay out long. It was just as I caught sight of him he jumped. At the moment, I didn't quite get what was happening; he went into the water all sprawled out like a comic diver, and he looked so funny that I laughed. The "man over-board" shout galvanized the crowd, and when the crew put a boat over the side, I felt a thrill of morbid ecstasy run through them. The boat didn't stay out long. It was a pretty risky business and there wasn't any seeing out there, so they came in without him.

Johnny Chapin leaned on the rail for a long time after we had landed at the Battery. The crowd skirted him carefully as they got off the ship, but there was the gleam of the autograph-hunter in their eyes as they passed him. And that was the last ride I took on the Coney Island Ferry.

Mythical Interviews with Famous People

Marc Anthony



Reporter:

I say, Marc, where were you on the 15th of March when all the excitement was going on in the Senate? You certainly missed it!

Marc Anthony:

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DURHAM

DON PANCHO'S FINE SON

(Continued from page twelve)

charging from the ramp, and when the bull charged into the ring there was much whistling and when the bull saw Juan Pancho he charged him and everyone saw from the beginning that Juan Pancho was a master of his art, a master as his father had been a master before he had passed his prime, before he had tried to continue.

He was a little nervous at first but as he worked, tiring the bull with capework, he became intent so he could not have known the audience was there after the first few minutes. He was to reestablish the name of Pancho and he knew he could he worked so skillfully with that fine technique you could tell the crowd knew he could if he were only given a chance.

And it was a matter of honor with him not glory that he should do this, he was so serious, and honor with his family that they should be for generations bullfighters.

Nick thought the banderilleros very funny, said the pics looked like lancers in the lists of King Arthur the way they were mounted on the padded horses with the long, blunt spears.

Nick said they all looked like they need a drink anyway, we'll have a drink for the senior, he said, a drink for every last one of them, but Senior was watching the fight and Nick had a drink with himself just as Juan Pancho went to the barrier to get his long slightly curved sword, draping the red-and-black cape over it to engage the bull before the kill.

The crowd was impatient for the kill, impatient to applaud and shout *Hola, Hola!* and throw their hats in the ring and applaud Pancho just like the days of old to applaud Pancho, and they knew he could do it now his capework was so fine.

But it was over in an instant when Juan the

handsome the daring the skillful made a pass on ground still slippery from the last bull, when Juan Pancho went down his cape around him the bull was upon him in an instant, the mad bull, and Juan Pancho lay prostrate on the ground when other men with capes lured the bull away.

And the crowd was strangely quiet.

When we turned to Senior with the mustache so white he was gone, and it was then we saw him, in a moment, running, stumbling over the barrier onto the field, a solitary figure, stumbling, hatless, his face working, a solitary figure running out to where the small group gathered about Juan Pancho, Juan the handsome the daring the Pancho pride lay prostrate upon the ground.

He parted the group to fall beside the still, straight, motionless form and in a moment the group fell back, and the crowds arose as one to stand bareheaded and quiet.

And then we knew that Juan the Pancho pride was dead and that our little man with the mustache so white drooping at the corners who stood before us in the line winding serpentine from the ticket booth window who had such a hard time getting in was Don Pancho, at last returned after long years to see his colors live again, to see Juan Pancho's first fight.

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Tall Tales from Tennessee

GOD BLESS THE DEVIL!, James R. Aswell, Julia Wilhoit, Jennette Edwards, E. E. Miller, and Lena E. Lipscomb of the Tennessee Writers' Project. University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, 1940. \$2.00. 254 pp.

Most frivolous people know that it makes mighty good listening when country cronies gather on the courthouse steps to swap yarns in the heat of a sultry afternoon. Those Tennessee mountaineers are interesting people. Get together a pair of tobacco-chewing grandfathers, the town gossip, a local J. P., and an earnest old preacher; and it's more likely than not that their tongues will wag out some sprightly tales. Then set down twenty or twenty-five of those backwoods stories and you'll have a delightfully spicy collection of oral literature. That's what *God Bless the Devil* is—good country nonsense.

It seems that in Tennessee every tiny county seat has its Liars' Bench and there gather the best memories and keenest imaginations of the surrounding country. Those folks are alive to tales of quarrelling honeymooners, plagues of snakes, and the performances of burly blacksmiths; and with slight effort they reel off their extravagant yarns. Perhaps their stories are based on legends, maybe on fantastic rumor, probably on an out-and-out lie or convenient daydream. The point is that they have something to say and they don't falter around trying to do it. Theirs is the simple talking style of a rambling story-teller, accustomed to frank, commonplace words and well-versed in pungent Tennessee idioms.

Not at all a stupendous collection of worn-out folklore, this volume is chockfull of dramatic nonsense and provocative plots. Each narrative moves rapidly, speaks plainly, and smells good. And in each selection is hidden much of the culture of the backwoods. Luckily the Tennessee Writers' Project workers and authors have sprinkled their homespun yarns with just enough hints of the native manners and habits of America's Tennessee folks. In addition, the bold, humorously realistic illustrations are by Ann Kelley of the Tennessee Art Project.

Suffice it to say that these are "right pert" tales with "right smart" details. In the words of the fellows at Liars' Bench, "If I ain't spoke the Gospel truth, may God bless the Devil!"

—MARY CALDWELL

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Durham, N. C.

AND A STAR TO STEER HER BY

(Continued from page five)

relaxing Sunday-afternoon drive through the country-side, and he has vague ideas about settling down. Possibly he looks forward to an undisturbed period of leisure, during which he will be able to indulge himself in his amiable hobby, the study of the Indians, whom he likes to call "the real Americans."

What might be called the essence of Captain Haggart's purpose in Chapel Hill is "to further the plan of national defense," specifically by: 1, making a group of students capable for appointment as Ensigns in the Naval Reserve—a larger personnel naturally being needed in this time of emergency; 2, education of students who fail to complete the entire course so that they will be of value to the Navy when needed, in proportion to training time spent; 3, increasing knowledge of what the Navy and Marine Corps is and does so that there will be public interest enough to maintain an adequate naval defense.

The NROTC student at the end of his training course will have, besides a working knowledge of naval subjects, naval ideals, customs, traditions, etc., a Mind-Body Beautiful, an alacrity to assume almost anything, and a propensity for industry or profession. The student will receive most of this training as he cruises with the Navy during the summer of his sophomore and junior years. When graduated he emerges as an Ensign with appropriate compensation as well as attributes.

The task of turning out the aforementioned specimens is still central in the Captain's scheme of things. His faith in the efficacy of the training that the Navy offers, confirms him in the belief that military rigors are quite as valuable as peace-time measures in order to mold the complete man for America, 1940.

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"Well-chawed, well-whittled anecdotes."—*Time*. "A pungently written collection of authentic folk-tales straight from the Liars' Bench, and ranging from plain bold-face whoppers to rollicking yarns about raring around with the boys. Light-hearted and earthy, worthy companion to *These Are Our Lives*."—*The Nation*.

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Cafeteria**

ALL-AMERICAN

(Continued from page eleven)

school, I was the last person in the world anyone would ever suspect of even making a college team. But, as the saying goes, you can never tell.

Ever since the start of the present season, people have asked me, "is being an All-American a mental handicap?" So far, it hasn't been. I don't think it will be. On the contrary, it keeps you mentally alert. You're always on the jump, knowing the crowd expects your play to be mechanically and mentally perfect; knowing that the opposing players would like nothing better than to dump you and make an All-American look foolish.

One thing is certain; your newspaper clipping won't play left-end for you. When I get out on the field I try to keep the thought that I might be an All-American as far back in my mind as possible. I know the opposition cares little for pretty newspaper words. You've got to make your opponent respect you—and clippings won't do it. Hard blocks and tackles will. I concentrate on the opposition when I play, and let the newspaper boys and the stands remember that the Associated Press picked Paul Severin as one of the two best ends in the nation—they're entitled to a mistake now and then.

You might naturally expect opposing players to give out with wise cracks in my direction. Something like . . . "Oh so that's what an All-American looks like . . . isn't he pretty . . ." But so far nobody has. But I'm expecting them. If any team ever gets us on the run, and frankly I don't think any will once we get under way, I imagine all the players will take turns throwing cracks my way.

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But I'm not worried. I'll try to take it in stride.

My one aim all season will be not to worry about the crowd or what opposing players might say in cute terms; but rather to play football the best way I know how and to help lead Carolina to a winning season. Being co-captain with Gates Kimball puts a burden on me. No, I'll take that back, it's not a burden, but rather a responsibility. Will it affect my playing? Well, it hasn't so far and I don't think it will.

It should spur me on. After all, the captain is supposed to set an example to the rest of the team. Gates is the kind of fellow who can do that, and I've got to grit my teeth and play the best I can to follow his example. If I fail to play at top efficiency, I can't expect much from the other fellows. That's why I think being co-captain will make me play better football. As I see it, there's nothing like a responsibility to make a fellow do his job better. I've got one. What I do with it is my business.

The crowds make me play better. Some players gag up before a full stadium; some are spurred on to greater heights. I try to rise to the heights. The jittery player will never be a part of a big-time football machine. The jittery player is no help to his team. I try and consider the team, to

realize how important it is that I play the best game possible.

Since huge throngs have made me operate more efficiently in the past, I don't think they'll make any difference this year. I caught two touchdown passes at Tulane before 45,000 people and two more at Penn before 55,000. They expected me to give everything that I had, as an All-American. But every football player should do that at all times. I try to.

That may be the reason why I was considered for the honor team. I really love football. I just can't let up at any time during a game. I'm always moving as fast and hitting as hard as I can. That's the way I learned football and that's the way I'll always play it.

It feels great to be an All-American, but it feels even greater to be a first stringer and co-captain of the Carolina team. We've got a great bunch of boys—fine coaches. The spirit between the team and coaches and on the team is wonderful. Being an All-American may be an old childhood dream for me, but I'd rather be a good team player than a great All-American at the expense of the team. That's always the way I've played in the past—and the way I'll play the rest of the season. It's really the only way to play the game.

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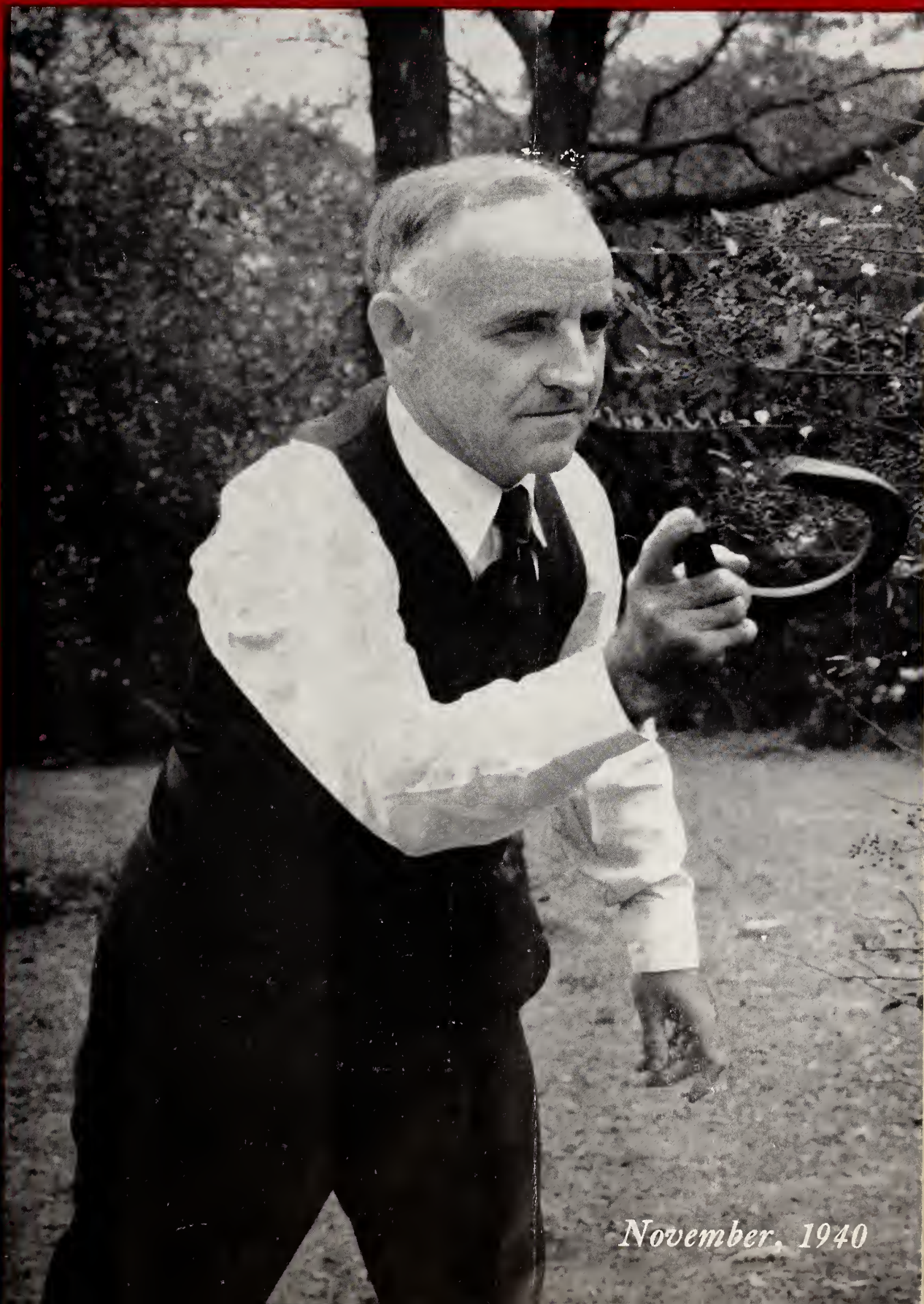
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ARTICLES ON
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November, 1940

**YOU NEVER SEE HIM —
BUT HIS EXTRA SKILL
FLIES WITH YOU EVERY
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WILLIAM H. MILLER
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I'D WALK A MILE FOR THE
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All-American, 1939-40

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(Cover Photo by Hugh Morton . . . Dr. Frank P. Graham pitching horseshoes with a student.)

VOLUME LXX

NOVEMBER, 1940

NUMBER 2

The Moving Finger



kultur

THERE are a lot of people these days who are saying that we must look for larger ends. Poets, philosophers, ammunition makers and crackpots, they are busily telling us that we must look beyond the front pages of newspapers and cling to part of the timeless heritage of this world's culture. Their message is one of faith. And if you are either charming or a good listener they may invite you around to "one of our little teas." We thought of these folks the other day while reading a brief news story. It said that the art treasures of the Louvre, which were removed from Paris at the beginning of the war, are in perfect condition at Montauban. And that Premier Petain himself inspected them there. There is certainly something cheering, in this world of pain, in knowing at least that France's art is unscathed. It is easy to understand why Petain, sensitive statesman and lover of the aesthetic that he is, would take time out from running errands for Hitler and Laval to exchange smiles with the Mona Lisa. This must be one of those larger ends. And per-

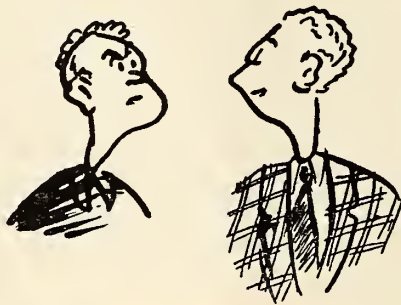
haps it really doesn't matter if democracy in France is slaughtered during the mock-trials at Vichy. Maybe it is only incidental that the land that stormed the Bastille is having its bread rationed all over again. These things are only nasty names and places in the vulgar front pages of common newspapers. What counts, what really and truly counts, is that the art of a free people passes sublimely into captivity without a single scratch. And the garbage that lies heaped on the streets of Paris is only something to walk over on the wonderful pilgrimage to Vichy.

police gazette

IT IS NICE, sometimes, to find a simple beauty in the rough face of America. And there is honor in discovering, among the neglected by-paths of our neurotic land, a poet of the people who writes his heart away while performing his daily duties. Such a man is Mr. Blake. We mean the older Blake with the prominent bay-window who usually does night duty for the Chapel Hill

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police force. Some time ago, we heard via the cultural grapevine that Blake had written a poem about Hitler. Intrigued, we sent one of our girl reporters to see him. She came upon him as he was walking his nightly beat around the brooding shadows of this dangerous campus. They walked and talked together. At first Blake was reluctant to show her his work. He said that there were too many fifth columnists running around loose who might be moved to violence by so strong a poem. For a while, he told her instead of the way in which his poetry is born. Alone on his beat at night, ideas just seem to come to him. Walking along, he works them out into poetry. And then, when his service is done and he is a simple civilian once more, Blake goes home and writes down the message of the muses. Then, at last, he showed our lady the poem. Unfortunately, it was a little too long for our magazine. But believe us when we say that the spirit was there. It is even doubtful if that other great voice of oatmeal America, the cherished Edgar A. Guest, could have done much better. We are not yet old enough to know the truth of that compensation philosophy which says that every evil brings an accompanying good. But even if Hitler crushes more nations and draws new caricatures of man, all is not completely lost if Mr. Blake, the cop with the unmistakable bay window, can draw from the night sighs another inspiration. Our own Mr. Blake, the man who wrote *The Poem*.



status quo

THERE is a controversy ripping the campus these days that has the ferocity, if not the magnitude, of the big fight abroad. And as we go to press there do not seem to be any signs of peace. Only a sort of dogged neutrality with both sides standing steadily by their figurative guns. We mean, of course, the trouble between the Carolina Political Union and the International Relations Club. Even in these doubtful days, when dynasties fall and leaders are beheaded, it is dif-

ficult to imagine the CPU losing its prominence here in Chapel Hill. But now, as the *Daily Tar Heel* so eloquently explains the case, the IRC has stolen the jump and is presenting even bigger men than the CPU. Under the leadership of Mr. Manfred P. Rogers, the latter group has garnered much publicity for itself and its leader. Mr. Rogers explains that whereas his group is concerned with *international* affairs, and CPU with *national* matters, there ought to be enough good men available for them both. If we can follow this subtle distinction, it must be agreed that it is certainly not the IRC's fault that the focus is on the international scene these days. Only, as we say, this is all a little bit hard upon the dignity and the heritage of the CPU. So while the two organizations are grimly holding their ground, and out of an eternal respect for the old, we offer humbly this suggestion to Mr. Bill Joslin and the Carolina Political Union. We think that they could easily carry off the plum of the year and settle the fight once and for all by presenting Manfred P. Rogers as their star speaker.



our anemic turkey

THIS being Thanksgiving, and there being a sort of tradition to find something with which to grace our turkey in gratitude, we were a bit put out. After reading the papers carefully and listening faithfully to the radio, there just didn't seem to be anything really worth being thankful for. The fact was, that after an editorial conference on the state of the world today, we decided that things were pretty bad. For a while we considered ignoring Thanksgiving, but that seemed a grievous break with the past. And finally, from far away in the gracious city of Florence, came the tidings of a tale that had room for a little thanksgiving in it. Not much, perhaps, but something at least. For we learned that those two glamour boys of international murder, the Dictators, had met in Florence for one of their pleasant little get-togethers. In the room was a bust of Machiavelli, one of history's earlier heroes. Now we didn't have a friend who was in that room. But it can almost be taken for granted that the fascist leaders turned, in the midst of their great work, to look with adoration upon the frozen features of the late Mr. M. For here was that intellect who centuries ago

discovered the caprice of human blood and the ridiculous mawkishness of man. Here was the councillor for strong men who were wise enough to laugh at man's puny little edifice of civilization. The idea of the three of them in a room together is thrilling. It is like Bacon's "great minds beckoning to each other across the illuminated ages." So now, at turkey time, we give solemn thanks for a world which has allowed the infinite grandeur of good old Nick Machiavelli to be transcended into the spirits of Adolph and Vito. We are thankful for the fruits of history, which may still be nibbled after all these centuries of hearty appetite.

miscalculation

THE morning-papers-after-the-election were filled with little personal notes about the candidates. We were a little amused by a most gracious story on President Roosevelt which appeared in a journal which had been bitterly opposed to his re-election. The story spoke of the President in that hushed reverence, in those quaintly human anecdotal bits, which writers usually reserve for their own particular heroes. It was all about a prediction on the election which Roosevelt made himself. It seems that he had underestimated his strength by quite a few electoral votes. And the newspaper was gently chiding him in the tolerant humor of old friends, pausing only to describe exactly what the president had for his breakfast that morning. Now we thought that there might have been *some* mention of Mr. Willkie in the article. The paper had been full of him the day before. It could have at least, at the end, said something about the rather obvious fact that Willkie had been a little wrong in the election predictions also.

body beautiful

FOR YEARS Mr. Bernarr Macfadden has, among other things of course, led a crusade for the perfection of the human body. In fact, along with Wendell Willkie, he is probably one of America's most crusading individuals. Somewhere in and among the Macfadden publications one can always find some very perfect specimen of the human form. If most of these are usually pictures of very healthy and attractive young women we must realize that Macfadden has versatility to go with his virility. And we were never par-

ticularly bothered by either him or his publications. But now we learn of a new development in the career of this great Body Builder. This Physical Culturalist. From *Newsweek* we read that "as a preparedness move, staff members of all Macfadden publications now take fifteen minutes of calisthenics daily at noon, sometimes led by M. himself." Here, then, is a hope for America. And here is a patriot who stands savagely before the strength of the world beating his breast in that healthy old one-two-three-four. It is inspiring to think of the writers of *Liberty* and other such outstanding magazines taking time out from their great work to get in trim for the government. For today there are many questions and doubts. Pilots are being trained and college men are going grimly to sea. The totalitarian powers laugh and call us



inefficient. Our President delivers solemn messages to his people as all of us try desperately to catch up with the world. But in all of our trouble, there is great comfort in knowing that someone has taken a part of the burden upon himself. And all of America has a splendid consolation in knowing that Macfadden and his men are ready!

poetic license

LAST YEAR a young man named Wessell Smither wrote a very good novel entitled *F. O. B. Detroit*. A fair example of the new fiction which is written around some contemporary problem and shows the relation of man to his machine environment, the book was laid in a huge automobile factory which has generally been assumed to be Mr. Henry Ford's little monument to civilization. Smither used the name of Holt, and all of his descriptions were obviously intended as a take-off on Mr. Willkie's friend Henry. In the book a husky and freedom loving man is slowly crushed and finally mangled by the huge machines he must work. And the whole idea of the novel is to show how the machines run men instead of the opposite. Somehow or other, and we are still

fascinated by their choice, the moving picture moguls got hold of this book and decided to film it. Only there are, naturally, a few changes. But we guess that so delicate an art as motion pictures must be free. We were, however, a little amused when the name of the automobile company was changed from Holt to Crane. But the Hollywood artists had just begun their work. "In order to make the situation more dramatic," the movie changes the oppressor force from the whole factory system to one big bully of a foreman. The story develops into a struggle between men, with a beautiful waitress flitting seductively through scenes. We would like to see a movie version of *Das Kapital*. Some smart director would probably cast Clark Gable as Labor and Heddy Lamarr as Capital. And the class struggle would most likely develop into a lovers' quarrel which would of course end up in a marriage that was happy ever after. And we hardly even dare think of a Hollywood version of Freud. It is better to leave that great Babalon of the west to interpret the social consciousness of one Wessell Smitter, who must at least be making a pretty penny out of all these artistic arrangements.



requiescat

FOR almost as long as America was old enough to begin rearing traditions, a "Harvard man" has been an object of peculiar adulation and respect. We can remember very clearly a history teacher in high school. He talked with a lisp and had only one suit and read Oscar Wilde. But he had been to Harvard. And it was always a simple matter to get him away from the day's text by asking awed questions about "The Yard." And the promise of a youth long since fizzled out would almost forget to be dormant as the dear old gentleman spoke of the great names that had taught him. The greatest praise that he could give was to stentoriously inform some young man that he had "the makings of a Harvard man." That was

the name of names. That was to be marked as a leader in that sophomore class in American History. And through these few years, when we discovered that there were other ends in living, and other Valhallas besides Cambridge, we have never been unable to lose a subconscious reverence for that mythical and majestic Harvard man. Our illusion began to fall a few days ago when we received two freshman literary contributions. In one of them a man is very drunk and broke in a saloon. He has just shot his sweetheart and called her a nasty, if descriptive, name. Then he blurbs out that he once had dreams too, and that he was a Harvard man. Our other masterpiece was about a bartender who was very sullen. When they finally get him to talk he dramatically admits that he too was a Harvard man. We were beginning to have doubts about the school now, but we held jealously to our illusion. Yesterday, however, our lovely dream was irreparably shattered. A cold and terse news bulletin briefly declared that the Wheaton (a school for young ladies) soccer team had beaten Harvard and sent two of its players to the hospital with bruises. This was fell doom. And we are glad that our old high school teacher had died without knowing that the American dream of The Harvard Man lies bleeding on the rose-ringed soccer field of Wheaton.



Turnabout at the zoo.

Democracy in Shirtsleeves

Frank Porter Graham speaks of the principles and faith that we may carry into the long journey ahead.

LAST WEEK we were sitting around the office discussing the cover photograph of Dr. Frank Graham. Some one held up the picture and shook his head. He said that it wasn't dignified enough, and that the president of a university should not be seen in his shirtsleeves. And he said that the people out in the state would be offended. Then this fellow remarked that everyone knew what he looked like anyway, and what was the sense of running his picture on the cover of the Carolina Mag?

So we told him that it had always been our intention to make some gesture of gratitude for the debt we felt toward Frank Graham. That here at the university, where the good men have a splendid intellectual freedom and where rotters and muckers are made to feel ashamed of themselves by a tolerant spirit that spreads out from that office in South building, we have encountered a fairness of living that makes "the outside" look shabby. And we said that this simple man who would take off his coat to pitch horse-shoes with a student, and stand quietly for principles through years of nasty attack, was a very decent spokesman for that rusty term, Carolina gentleman.

Undignified in shirtsleeves? We mean the man who sat in his office and spoke pleasantly to the boys from the Mag who came to see him.* We mean the man who was between two trips to Washington and found time to answer their questions. They wanted to ask him what it was all about. What was this democracy for which we might fight? What were we saving? What was this promise and responsibility that reached past the sandwiches at Harry's and the handsome heroes at Mr. Smith's emporium? And this is how he answered them.

You can't talk to Frank Graham for long without the word "democracy" coming up. It means too much to the man who has been able to stand up before the reactionary blasts of men like David Clark and remain a leader in the furthering of all social advances in the South. The political football of candidates, the lush word that rolls easily off faculty tongues and the camouflage of incompetents, democracy means something more than

blab when it is defined by a man who has served it for years.

For him then, democracy means the liberties, rights, securities and well-being of the whole people. You hear a lot of the "whole people" from Graham. And he isn't fooling. Perhaps that is why this university has so many self-help students and is sometimes called by that rather proud name, "a poor boy's school."

Concerned with democracy today, who could avoid soberly talking about the totalitarian states? Graham spoke of the vainglorious promises of dictators, which have developed into the crushing or subordinating of such things as churches and parliaments and newspapers and schools and labor unions. Here was the first duty for us then. Painfully simple, perhaps, but the bread and guts of our way of life. We must promote and protect our churches and our papers and the rest. He holds that the defense of freedom of this university is the defense of freedom for the whole nation. Their freedom is a barometer of our own.

But, sitting there, he warned them against the current mistake of accepting a political majority as democracy. Here was something for our seniors who might carry a gun and are seeking the dignity of some cause. And here was something for those who spoke loud and often of their belief in democracy. To register and vote and celebrate a party victory is not enough. These, he says, are the outer husks. The old victories for human liberty can be preserved only in the revised versions of the new struggles for democracy. Freedom can be protected only by the advance of equality of opportunity. The old Bill of Rights can be saved only by provisions for a new Bill of Rights.

So this is yesterday reaching into today. And today fighting into tomorrow. And there is no sneering break with the old. Only a grim procession into the adventure of the new. This is the Bell Tower, and a thousand graduates doing social work all over the state, and free people watching Carolina beat Duke, and the man in shirtsleeves, the Educator on our cover.

"American democracy . . . would enlarge the historic Bill of Rights to provide for more educational opportunity for all the children in all the

(Continued on page twenty-six)

* Harry Lasker and Louis Harris.

Tommy

He was all out of breath from trying to catch up with the kids who were always playing just out of his reach.

TOMMY was a fat boy. Being fat was not so bad in the winter, but it was pretty unbearable in the summer. He had thought about getting thin, but it was such a lot of trouble and folks were not at all helpful. They just sat and laughed if you looked wistfully down at your plate when the meat was brought in for the second time. And his big brother, who could eat all he cared to without getting one bit fatter, would eat two deserts and tell Tommy that oranges were good for youngsters. Tommy's only answer to this was to tell Howard that he would have the gout some day. This was always greeted with hoots of laughter, and Howard would say something about taking the cash and letting the credit go, and then the tears would well up in Tommy's eyes. He could stand this for a time. And he would keep on the straight and narrow by thinking of what he had set for himself to do, and how good it would be when he would be like other fellows, and how Lottie would look at him like she looked at Jimmie Lunt.

Lottie was in back of it all. Nothing would ever be right until he could go to the telephone and ask for a date—and get it. He never could get up nerve to talk to her in school. He always felt as though the whole class was staring at him, and then he couldn't say anything, and she would laugh and say that if he had something to say why didn't he say it. That made him madder than anything else. Telling him that if he had something to say why didn't he say it. She knew what he had to say, and if she didn't, then she was so dumb that she wasn't worth fussing with anyway. Of course she knew, but if she did why did she tease him, and then never go out with him when he called. Calling her was an adventure. He would close the door of his mother's room and sit down on her chaise lounge and think of Lottie for a while. Doing this was fun as he always thought of a lot of witty things to say, but he promptly forgot them when she came to the phone. His stomach would do miserable things and shivers would run along his spine when the phone would stop ringing and he would be able to hear the receiver going up at the other end of the wire. He would ask to speak to Lottie, and then before she came to the phone he would wish that he had the

guts to put down the receiver and forget all about it. But he would hang on for dear life and when she got to the phone he would give her some whimsical hello which always fell flat, and he could tell from the flatness of her voice that she had recognized his. Dates were nothing new to Lottie, and she was an old hand at getting out of any that she didn't want. She would falter prettily, and she would give him the same old story. She simply couldn't make it as she had oodles of work to do Friday night, and she always went out with Jimmie on Saturdays. After this she would ease herself off the phone, and Tommy would feel as though he had been gently but firmly stood in a corner with his face to the wall.

She wasn't really all his troubles; there were lots more. It all had to do with being fat. He just couldn't run fast, and the fellows never wanted to play with him. They would choose up sides, and he would always be the last to be chosen, and the team that got him always looked mighty sorry about it. There was never a baseball game in which he wasn't put to playing out-field, nor a roller hockey game in which they didn't make him the goalie. Sports weren't his line; he didn't know just what his line was, but some day he would do something good and then it wouldn't matter if he could bat a home run or not. It would be nice some time to do something spectacular and have the fellows crowd around him, and pat him on the back, but what was the use of thinking of it when it wasn't to be. He'd tried and tried, but when they'd give him a chance to play one of the bases or to be a forward he would botch things horribly, and they would laugh at him and tell him that the best thing he could do was play left out.

Right now things weren't so bad. School was going to be over in a few days, and then he would be able to do just about as he liked for a month, and then they would send him away to camp. He stirred uneasily in his chair, and put down the book as he thought about camp. Each year he went back he thought it would be better, and each year it was just the same. He could never be much with the other fellows, because all they thought about was swimming, tennis, and other stuff like that. All he had ever learned to do well at camp was to play cards. They would sit in the bunk during the

FICTION

rest hour and play cards for marbles, and he was usually pretty lucky. Somewheres around the middle of the summer he would have all the marbles that there were in the bunk. Not that it mattered; he didn't think much of the marbles, but it was just the idea that he had won them; that he could do something better than someone else. But he didn't have to think of that; it was all of a month away, and in the meantime he would really have fun in the city.

There were so many things you could do in the city. So many things that you could do alone. Best of all was to take a long ride on the top of a Fifth Avenue Bus. Ride down to Washington Square and back again, and look at all the shops and the people on the bus and the conductor. Taking pictures was good too. He would go to the Empire State Building, Grant's Tomb, the Battery or any place. That was what he liked to do. Start out at about ten in the morning, eat lunch at some drug-store downtown, and come home just in time for dinner. No one to bother him, and lots of time to take pictures. Sometimes his pictures were good, and people liked to look at them, or maybe they didn't, but he showed them off just the same.

He didn't like to think of it as showing off, but that was the only thing he could do fairly well, and he liked to let people know about it. Of course there were the things that he was going to do in a little while; they were pretty darn good, but he wasn't quite sure how he was going to do them, or when he was going to get the chance. Like saving Lottie from being crushed by a bus or a subway train. Sometimes it was drowning, but he had never seen her near a body of water deeper than the lake in Central Park, so that wasn't so good. But she was such a silly person sometimes, and she never did look where she was going when she crossed a street. It would be after school one day, and she would just be stepping off the curb talking to some silly girl friend of hers. She wouldn't see the truck. There wouldn't be any time to warn her so he would jump at her and knock her out of the way just like he had read about it. Then she would get up and start bawling him out for being so clumsy, suddenly she would look around her and see the crowd and realize what he had done for her. That would be the supreme moment. She would be too shy to throw her arms around his neck, but there would be other times.

Then there was the way that he would catch the thief. It would be some dark night about three o'clock in the morning. He would be walking home from some swell party, and way down the

street he would see two dark figures, an upraised hand with some kind of a bludgeon in it, and then one of the figures would crumple to the sidewalk. The thief would walk slowly up the street, and then Tommy would tackle him. The five thousand dollars would be returned to its rightful owner; he would refuse the reward; in the morning his picture would be in the paper, and he would be cock of the walk.

There were so many things that you could do. He knew that; he had read about the people who had done them, and they weren't any different from him. They had gone to desert islands, stopped revolutions, started revolutions, got on the Fokkers tail and sent it down in flames, resisted the tortures of the wily Turk, got the information, caught the spy, and risked all on the turn of a cord. There was nothing to worry about; all those things would come his way in due time. After all he wasn't running away from home for nothing.



Weeds Among the Ivy

An extra-curricular man from away back evaluates our campus organizations and finds most of them failures.

YOUR EDITOR has asked me to discuss campus organizations, with reference to whether they are fulfilling their essential functions on the campus. My claim to authority on this subject, if I have any, is the fact that during my three years on this campus I have been a member or officer of a great many organizations, including the IRC, CPU, ASU, Carolina Arts Group, Amphotherothen, Golden Fleece, Order of the Grail, Symphony Orchestra, Glee Club, debate squad, Carolina Magazine, YDC, North Carolina Club, Philosophy Club, YMCA, student government, of course, and others; and there are further organizations to which I have never belonged but with which I have worked closely at various times. I have spent too much rather than too little time on such activities, but at least it has given me a vantage point from which to look at them.

We cannot discuss the value of particular organizations without recognizing certain general principles of all campus organizations as a basis for judgment. After looking at a number of organizations with reference to these principles, we must look at the whole structure of organizations with reference to the principles of education. No matter how excellent individual organizations may be internally, if they are destructive in the larger context of education they should be abandoned. Organizations which are superfluous are destructive, because they demand time which would more profitably be devoted to other matters. You will not be long in discovering that I think we have a great many more organizations than we need, and that the net result of this is to harm the educational process seriously.

Before going into that I want to set forth the principles of organizations and bring a series of organizations under a scrutiny based on these principles. I find three legitimate principles underlying campus organizations: providing amusement or entertainment to students, student self-government, and educating students in some way. Every organization has as its purpose one of those objectives, although most organizations have different means for attaining them.

In dealing with specific organizations I shall refrain from a discussion of women's organizations

and fraternities, since I have belonged to neither, for substantially the same reasons.

Among those groups which primarily wish to entertain the campus are: the humor magazine, German Club, Yackey-Yack, and Sound and Fury. The humor magazine has consistently failed to be humorous even to those who like dirty jokes (and I include myself). The staff members managed to be dirty, but they couldn't manage to have any jokes. The German Club puts on dances at a high price and the officers get to show themselves off. What I can't understand is why anyone else pays the price to look at them. Formal dances are an outstanding example of conspicuous consumption, but for that very reason many who can afford them enjoy them. It may surprise you to see the Yackety-Yack in this category, but it neither educates nor provides for self-government. What differentiates it is that it hopes to provide pleasure not only this year but in later years. Those who are sentimental doubtless like it. Personally, I would rather have the six dollars, or whatever it is we pay.

Sound and Fury, I think, is the most valuable of these entertainment organizations, for the reason that it brings in a larger section of the campus, is more creative and valuable to its own members, and provides more actual entertainment, than the other amusement organizations. These relative values at present depend, of course, partly on the leadership of each organization, although under any leadership the German Club would still be my bet for the most useless organization on the campus.

When we talk about self-government organizations we run into the same importance of leadership. We have the class organizations, the student council, the legislature, the dance committee, the political parties, and the executive officers of the student body. There is also the student advisory committee and the proposed new organization to ascertain student opinion and conduct directed bull sessions on student problems. Class organizations perform no useful function except a bit of glory for the officers and a chance to build up men politically; also a place for parties to slush over the men who lose out on bigger jobs. The dances could easily be put on by other groups. I started to in-

CAMPUS

clude class organizations in the first category because since I have been here their sole function seems to have been creating amusement through their failures to get a quorum and their jitter-bugging attempts to draw out a few more students. These organizations not only serve no useful purpose on the campus but do harm by creating artificial distinctions between students. They should be abolished tomorrow, but they won't, because their leaders are not leaders in any sense, but men who have accepted a form handed to them from the past and who lack the initiative or capacity to make significant changes.

The political parties have no more logical *raison d'être* than the class organizations. On the national scale political parties represent different programs arising from conflicting interests and views among the people, but the political parties on campus represent no conflict, but the same thing, which is nothing. They are agencies for a few boys to gain a juvenile power. They are wasteful because they annually deprive us of the services of one-half our best leaders, the men who don't get elected. But we can hardly expect the men who run the parties to abandon them for a better system.

Since it is probably a good thing to have student government—by “a good thing” I mean that if we don't govern ourselves the faculty will—I don't see any argument against having the legislature, the council, the dance committee, and the executive officers. The student advisory committee seems to serve the administration's purposes, and the proposed new organization, while it might be a very good thing, is so muddled at present that it is hardly worth discussing. My point on self-government organizations is that class organizations and political parties have no reason to exist and should be abandoned, while the other agencies, although perennially in the hands of a mediocre and unresourceful leadership, have use-

ful functions in keeping us out of the hands of the teachers as much as possible.

Most of our organizations fall under the third head of service or educational organizations. These groups hope to do outside the classroom the same *kind* of thing that is done within the classroom. But with a content, whether political, musical, or social, that they feel is not being offered within the classroom and is valuable enough to be offered outside. Service organizations fall under this head because the service they can render, whether it is bringing speakers to the campus or putting on dances, is a form of education for the students. Let all pedants admit that social relations are a necessary part of life and therefore of education. So-called “honor” organizations come under this head also, because unless they do something constructive there is no reason to attach any honor to them and they are merely mutual admiration societies.

The musical and dramatic organizations all seem to have a place on the campus. These organizations were set up by the faculty and depend heavily on their faculty leaders. Many students have wished that the orchestra would play easier pieces, within its abilities, but it has improved tremendously in three years and has competent student leadership. It has always been a source of mystery to me how a man as honest as Paul Green is in his plays can refrain from intervening with the Rockefeller Foundation, which helps support the Playmakers, to get Proff Koch removed. In spite of his organizing ability in building a department, Koch has probably done as much as a man could do to prevent the growth of a vital dramatic department here. But let me keep away from the faculty, for my assumption that education is organized for the students naturally sets me against the faculty on most points.

The Grail and Fleece may be honor societies,

THANKSGIVING

We give thanks that we are privileged to know that “the right is more precious than peace,” that we are fighting “for the things that we have always carried nearest to our hearts . . . for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own Governments, for the rights”

The big guns had started early with the advantage slightly in favor of the Germans.

LET MAN BE FREE

C. G. TENNANT

Was man but made for war and endless strife
Aye, nought but stubble for that flame

An average of fifteen per cent of the college students in America, and twenty per cent of the students, faculty, and alumni of the University of North Carolina, enlisted and making good in military service . . .

—ALBERT M. COATES

—from the CAROLINA MAGAZINE, 1917

but nobody seems to know why, including the members. The Grail performs one useful function: it gives dances and uses the proceeds for worthy purposes. The Fleece apparently works in mysterious ways, but they are so mysterious that the average student never sees any results, and begins to wonder why a small hereditary hierarchy of men call themselves an "honor" group.

The Di and Phi are woebegone relics, repeating the forms of a century ago without realizing that modern youth is not interested in argument for its own sake—there are too many life and death issues for him in the real world. The loss of power and prestige and popularity of these organizations may be attributed mainly to that. The debate squad fits the same mold, except that it is less ridiculous and has enough money to give four boys a fat trip to New York, Florida, Cuba, or somewhere else every year. Rarely do more than fifteen students show up at a debate, and the debating group itself is extremely limited, but since student fees are supporting it royally it manages to keep going.

The squabble between the IRC and the CPU is asinine and will end in the defeat of both groups. The CPU set up a form of speaker forums, and has continued to follow in that form. The IRC is now beginning to adopt the same form. The form has a certain limited value, but nobody can argue that having a few speakers down is fulfilling the CPU's avowed purpose of interesting the students in political affairs. Sooner or later every organization on the campus will be having speakers down, and unless the CPU develops new ideas and new ways to educate the students in political matters, it will die a natural death.

I have yet to see how the IRC is educating students in international affairs, because I have yet to find an IRC member who came out of the organization with a more competent knowledge of international affairs than he had when he entered it. Except, of course, for what he acquired through classes. Certainly IRC members do not expect the campus to accept their presentation of speakers, a function which the CPU was efficiently handling, as evidence of their sincerity in educating the campus. The campus instead feels that these boys are merely a disgruntled minority group trying to grab off some of the glory. Neither organization stacks up very high in the development of original means to carry out its avowed purposes.

The American Student Union represents a very high value on the campus; its members and leaders stand much above those of most organizations

in their sincerity and effort. But because it has a very special axe to grind and because of its continual shifts in policy, it is reaching fewer and fewer students, and seems to be dying. The Young Republicans and the Young Democrats are two of a kind, except that, since this is a Democratic State, and there is little gravy for the Republicans, the Young Democrats have a fairly large and interested organization, while the Young Republicans have next to nothing. No one pretends that these clubs are performing a useful function; most members join because it is the political way up.

The YMCA is rightly held in contempt by most students. Here is an organization with financial backing, moral support, prestige with the public—potentially the most powerful agency for good on the campus—and it gives us no more, and no less, than what the paid secretary can achieve. All honor to him, but you can't have a student organization without students, and the gap between the implicit pious moral claims of those active in the

(Continued on page twenty-five)



*I want to announce my resignation from the ASU—
due to difference in policy.*

Was It Worth It?

Number 93 sums up a spectacular football career just ending and proves himself a sportsman.

THEY'VE BEEN the four happiest years of my life—these years of football at Carolina, and I'll be sorry to have to quit playing the greatest sport in the world.

Has football been worth it all? Certainly it has.

Look at the social contacts and friends a football player makes, the fine fellows he meets on the field, on the opposing teams in the clubhouse after the games, and among the alumni and fans; and the splendid men who coach and advise, both on and off the field. Certainly it's been worth everything.

A lot of water has gone under the bridge since I started kicking a pigskin around the sandlot down in Lafayette (Louisiana). That was about ten years ago. I was born at Lake Charles (about 70 miles from Lafayette) on February 27, 1918, and I grew up in a neighborhood of ball players, such as Don Zimmerman (All-American halfback at Tulane in 1932), Billy Banker (All-American halfback at Tulane in 1927) and his brother, Buddy, who was a fine player for Tulane. They were my idols and I tried to copy their form, although I was just a shade smaller than I am now. Someone once asked me where I discovered that style of leaping into the air and passing and I told him I didn't know, but I guess it was from Don Zimmerman. He used to jump high and throw the ball, and when I played sandlot ball I was so small I had to spring up higher than the linemen to find the receivers—I couldn't see them if I didn't.

The family moved to Lafayette when I was eight. At Lafayette High I played football four years—two years at halfback and two at quarterback. An athlete in Lafayette usually engaged in several sports and consequently I made letters in

basketball, boxing, track and swimming, as well as football. In 1933 I weighed 113 pounds and that was decidedly a handicap. But Louis Whitman, the coach, was awfully nice to me and taught me a lot about the game, how to call signals, what plays to run and a general knowledge of football. He's the smartest high school coach I've ever known, and I'm indebted to him for my early background—the fundamentals and technical points that must be second nature to a ball player.

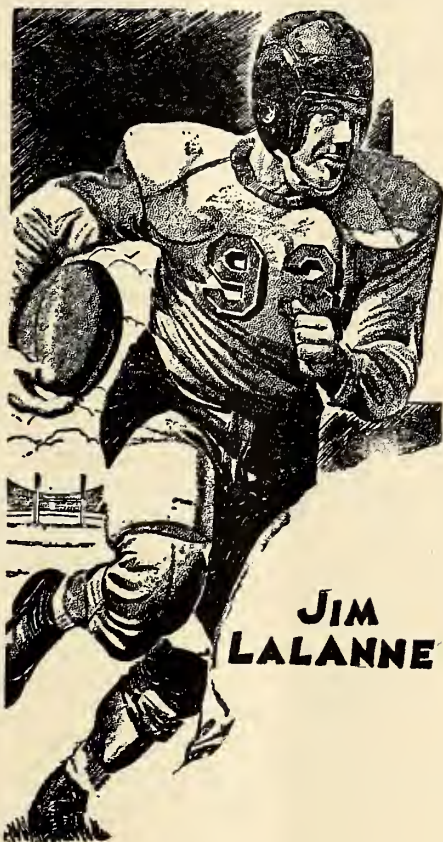
When I was graduated from high school, I wanted to go to either Tulane or L. S. U. Most all of the ball players in that section go to one of those schools, because Lafayette is a hotbed of Tulane rooters. These colleges, however, apparently decided I wouldn't fit into their system of heavier, more powerful players, for I was lost in the shuffle at L. S. U. and rejected by Bevins, the line coach at Tulane, because of my size.

Then Johnny Morriss, who is from Lafayette, came along and talked to me about Carolina. I was encouraged, so I came up to Chapel Hill in the spring of '37 and stayed a few days. After

meeting the coaches and several players and seeing the school I was sold on Carolina.

Paul Severin was the first football player whom I met on the campus when I arrived in Chapel Hill the following September and we roomed together our freshman year. To him goes a carload of credit for keeping my spirits boosted and helping me along. To Paul, too, and George Radman, Jim Mallory and the other topnotch pass catchers I contribute a lot of my passing success. Every time I stand back there with that ball in my hand and ready to throw, I know I can cut

(Continued on page twenty-seven)



The Great American Goof

William Saroyan's literary status is violently undecided, but he is a very decent part of our jaunty American spirit.

I WISH I'd never met William Saroyan. Not that I don't like him, as he's an awfully nice man; but it's just that when I hear someone say, "Saroyan's a trickster, superficial, insincere," I'm seized with a desire to show the person just how vitally sincere Saroyan really is. I want him to realize that Saroyan didn't refuse the Pulitzer Prize for the ephemeral publicity it threw his way; he isn't wealthy enough to pay a thousand dollars for the front-page censure he received. I want him to realize when Saroyan says a piece of work by Saroyan is good that isn't the casual spoutings of a braggart, but rather is the deep-seated conviction of a man so intensely enveloped in his work that his pleasure at a job done well can't be concealed behind walls of false modesty.

Saroyan said to me once, "I wrote a story half an hour ago that in ten years will be considered a classic." Maybe it's the way he says things like that, but I didn't feel even the suggestion of an urge to smile at what in any other person would be called blatant conceit. He wasn't trying to impress me. He felt sincerely and elatedly that some part of his genius had manifested itself in that story, that he had caught something in his creation that would make it endure, and he wanted to tell someone. He followed that first statement by saying, candidly, "You know, *Esquire* paid me a few hundred dollars last week for a lousy abortion I wouldn't take even if I got some chinaware with it." And he meant it! He doesn't say bad things about his work to make the good more convincing.

In the program of *The Great American Goof*, the ballet for which Saroyan wrote the first ballet dialogue in history, he started off by saying, "You know, I don't know a goddamned thing about a ballet!" And before one of his plays he said, "I know nothing, absolutely nothing, about the dubious art of writing plays." What he does *know* he knows is that that Saroyan has a capacity for living, for appreciating the twenty-four-hour drama that he maintains makes up everyone's day, and for helping other people to appreciate it.

"I started out in life," said Saroyan once, "as a newspaper boy on San Francisco's Market Street, but I used to get so excited about telling people that passed by of all the wonderful, dramatic things that were going on in the world that I'd forget to sell my papers." All right, I'll admit it sounds phony, but then again I say that if you only knew Saroyan you could picture that little Armenian kid so wrapped up in the world, of which he was such a minuscule part, that he had to tell everybody and forgot that he was supposed to take their money. It was the same thing when he worked in a grocery store. A buxom but shabby Italian woman used to come in every morning, look slyly around her, and then adroitly pop a cantaloupe down the front of her dress and stroll out. "I used to get such a kick out of watching the procedure," Saroyan told me, "that I'd just pretend I didn't see her. She was very poor, but she was part of the everyday drama. Besides, it wasn't my grocery store."

The central figures in Saroyan's dramas are un-

The old order is changed, giving place to new conditions, from which arise fresh problems demanding immediate solution. . . . The gentleman's standard is no easy code of honor. It implies self-control, tolerance, and unfailing courtesy. The term is common, but the gentleman is rarely found.

—C. P. SPRUILL, JR.

With nerveless fingers, she opened the telegram. Her eyes immediately rested on one line, "Your son has today gloriously died for his country"

Oh France, to you who never feared,
To you who nobly stood the test,
With blazing eyes and plumes upreared,
The eagle comes from out the West.

—THOMAS WOLFE.

—from the CAROLINA MAGAZINE, 1917

LONG-HAIR

failingly like the woman in the grocery store. Saroyan is the singer of the common man, the spokesman for the people, and more than any other American author he reflects the immigrant spirit in the United States. Saroyan is Armenian and he's proud of it. Armenian is spoken almost exclusively in the Saroyan household in Fresno, California. But Saroyan is just as partial to the Greeks, like Stylianos Amerikanos, or to the Arabs, like the one in *The Time Of Your Life*, as he is to his own race. He loves all people, but loves them more understandingly if they are immigrants.

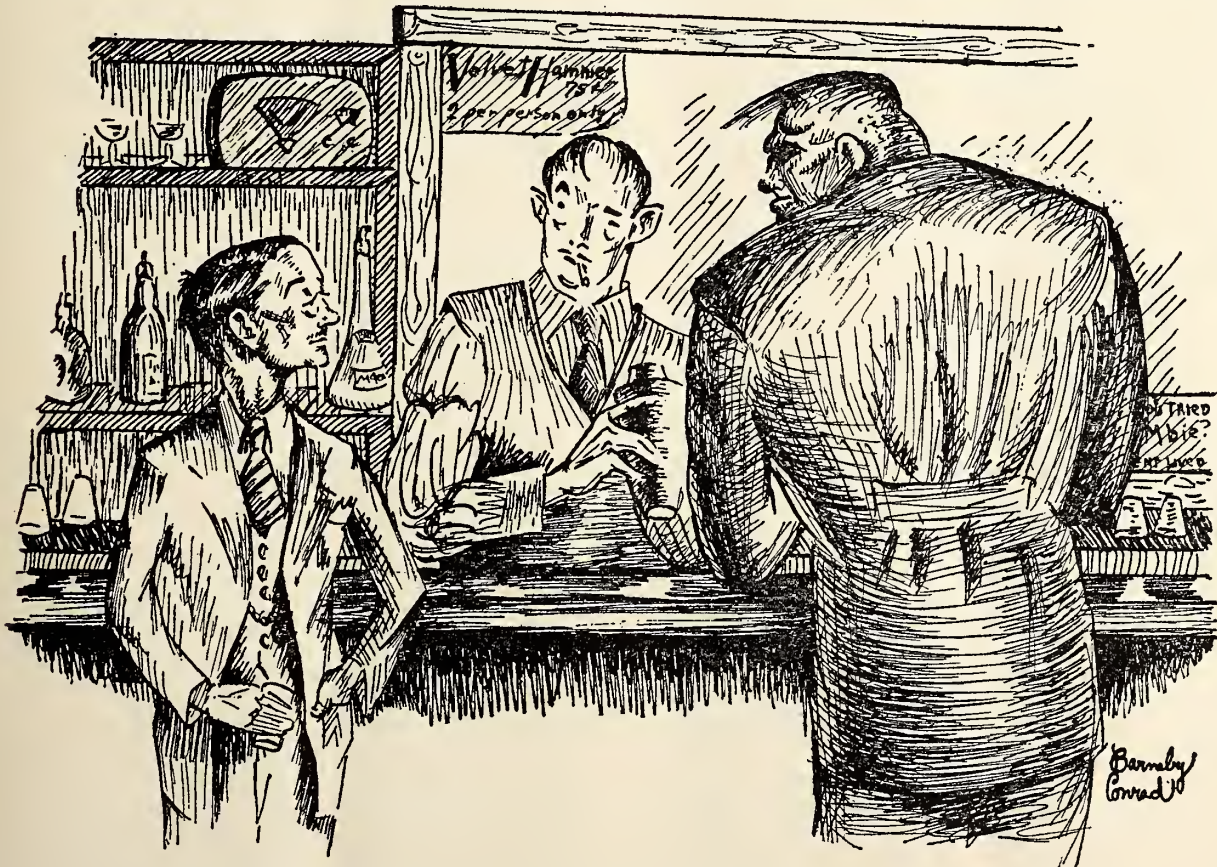
He is no savant and prefers to write about the pedestrian man in his own vernacular. Wherever Saroyan goes he carries with him a little black book in which to record new additions to the patois or slangy expressions that catch his fancy.

He probably uses 'like' as a conjunction more than any hod-carrying laborer in America. As a matter of fact, he looks like a hod-carrier. He wears his hair with studied carelessness, much like Paul Green's, and his one suit has become a landmark in San Francisco. He is the black-shirt-and-

white-tie type of dresser, and the only time he can be persuaded to shave is before a party in his honor when he does so only out of deference to the host or hostess.

Saroyan is the friendliest person I've ever seen. He likes everyone immediately and wants to be liked in return. I saw him meet a group of people, all older than himself, and in ten minutes he was calling them by their nicknames and telling them a risque story. He would be called fresh and unmannerly if it weren't for the disarming earnestness that replaces the gaps left by his lack of social grace. He is offended if people don't call him Bill right away, and that isn't the condescension of a Pulitzer prize winner, either. He walks with kings and doesn't lose the common touch. He'll dine with a San Francisco society matron or a political bigwig and be just as talkative and as much at ease as he is with the crab fisherman on the Marina or with the waiters in George Mardikian's Armenian restaurant (one of its busboys in his cousin). But Saroyan is a little man, his sympathies are with the little people, and he is far happier with the waiters

(Continued on page twenty-seven)



I simply said, gentlemen, that if you think the Republican party is dead, look at me.

Laughing Boy

The crook with the smile was a little rusty, but his fingers could still find a soft spot in the Law.

YOU SEE, it is very funny the way I got a ticket for speeding and a summons to appear at a certain suburban courthouse first thing Monday morning. And me with that long-awaited appointment coming up first thing that same day. This is what is so funny. It is also very amusing the way it all happened.

Yale won in her own Bowl, and it was a good weekend. It was the Westside highway down to New York.

Well, the two of us, my bride-to-be and me, are bowling along big as life down to New York, and everything is very serene, and the birds are gossiping in the trees in the late afternoon.

Pretty soon we come by this chap, a good looking chap, mind you, standing by the road with his thumb extended, and I slow down automatically—almost—since I used to come down from college that way myself.

Suddenly I become aware of the idea that Elaine is not at all crazy about this procedure. She enlightens me on the subject in so many words. I am just starting to explain something about forgetting her, which does not go over so well either, when this chap is running up and piling in the back seat, and settling down with a contented look as if he were going places.

So off we go.

Well, chappy talks a lot and laughs a lot, and pretty soon we are all in a jolly mood. It turns out that chappy has just been graduated, in fact, he has just finished a short stretch up at Ossining and is making tracks away from Sing Sing at this very moment. This is why he is so happy. Says he is happy to be back at work. Says he has several jobs already lined up in the Big Town.

He laughs a lot more about this, and we all think it is very funny, all except Elaine. In matter of fact, I begin to see her point, but I am not the one to say it.

Laughing Boy takes these comics on the rise and explains he never should have been sent up the river, anyway. Says the other guy lams out and leaves him holding the well known bag. Ha, he says, I never get caught when I'm alone. Like to work alone much better. I'm a Lone Wolf from now on, he says, from this very moment on I am working alone.

Well, Laughing Boy keeps on talking and laughing and carrying on like at a clambake in McGinty's Hash house, but every once in a while he is glancing sort of nervous-like through the rear window. Of course, Elaine has been looking around no little herself, and the mirror has been doing quite well for me.

A blackjack, I am thinking, is long, oblong, and heavy at the end. When it hits you, you pass out like one of the girls doing a quick fadeaway in the Irving Place theatre. I will pull the brake, I am thinking, I will have time for that. I am fondling it with my left hand.

I am beginning to think of quick ways to bring evacuation of occupied territory. So I ask Laughing Boy if he is hungry, on account of he could stop and get a bite or something—but Laughing Boy says he is broke right at present. He explains, however, he is expecting to get his hands on some legal lettuce almost immediately, which is all very fine. In the meantime, I am thinking about some automatic couplings between the front seat and the back, and about how much money could be made on such invention.

I am also thinking it would be fine to go much faster. It would be very good to go much faster, and I start using the heavy foot at once. Well, Laughing Boy takes this big, and settles back as if he has a big load off his ticker.

Anyway, we are going along at no snail's patter, and I am thinking it won't be long now until we are there. It won't be long at all. The faster, the nearer, and so forth. However, I notice Elaine is no little nervous at this point, and is in real danger of straining her neck permanently if she is not cautious.

Well, to make a short story, it isn't long at all before we are pulled up at the side of the road with a short cop on a long motorcycle coming about on the windward.

Of course, where I am going and what the officer thinks about it are two different things, I find out in less time than it takes Elaine to put on one of those I-told-you-so-sneers.

Then it is, also, that I begin to have visions of harboring a criminal, aiding and abetting, and other morbid meditations of the same sort. My tie be-

(Continued on page twenty-eight)

FICTION

East of Parnassus

He left Chapel Hill last year still wet with campus dew
and walked into the realistic spray of a Navy cruiser.

AS THE elevated crossed the Chicago River one July morning last summer, I glanced westward across that city toward the Chicago Daily News Building. This was the big day for the Skipper, as he had been told his invention was going to be given a half page spread on every edition, on that, the second day of the Democratic convention. The time was ripe for the article to break. It had been approved by the new Secretary of the Navy and publisher of the paper, so its contents were important. For a week the story had been kept on the proof rack awaiting the official approval. Then I began to wonder what the reaction would be to Dad's invention. It was so revolutionary, so sensational that surely he'd be open to attacks from several quarters. And yet, if it were accepted, it would bring him back into his profession again with a force which would make him a name once more in naval circles.

I hurried westward on Madison street with these and other thoughts on my mind. For the first time in many months I didn't notice the smoke the rattle and din of a typical morning rush hour in the city. The general excitement of Chicago even seemed tolerable, the bellowing news boys amusing, and the crowds bumping each other quite understandable.

Ten minutes later I was rushing back into the loop, half a dozen papers under my arm; the story had broken. "Inventor Urges New Weapon for U. S. Defense." I still remember the opening lines of the story. "If the Russians can drop a fully equipped eight ton tank from an airplane what's to prevent the Americans from dropping a radio-controlled torpedo boat on an advancing invasion fleet? The answer is, nothing!" I read further, skimming over the preliminary paragraphs for the quotation which would surely create the fireworks.

"The 'Blitz Boat' is slung under a seaplane and is dropped on the sea in rows of one hundred boats, starting off on their radio-controlled courses from the plane in a zig-zag line. Each boat is heavily armored, carries no crew, and makes fifty miles an hour. Depth charges and TNT are losed by a patented magnetic device when the warship is hit with the equivalent striking power of six torpedoes. Early explained that their combined

speed, maneuverability, and numbers plus secret methods of surprise attack would make the "Blitz Boat" more powerful than a battleship's salvo and as unstoppable as a mass dive-bombing attack." I had heard the Skipper tell me all of that in one of his unguarded moments of enthusiasm, but hardly expected it to pop out at me in print under the quotes of a "noted Chicago inventor." It was remarkable that I remembered to report to the bank for work that day, and even more remarkable that I didn't forget my daily collections.

From that point on my work at the bank was unimportant compared to seeing the Skipper for lunch and inquiring about each new development. Had he heard from Washington? What new proposition had the Canadian government offered? Had he decided what his answer to the German legation's inquiries would be? Strangely enough, I found myself actually venturing to advise "F. H. Early" on what he should say to the spark-plug company who wanted him to endorse the use of their plug in his "Blitz Boat." When the Skipper was stopped on the street after lunch I had the thrill of being introduced as "my son—just returned from college, you know."

Just returned from college . . . : how many years ago that seemed now. Here I was on LaSalle Street, the financial center of the Midwest, listening to the Skipper explain in guarded general statements how his idea would enable our battle fleet to conduct an offensive war in both oceans, if the need came.

I couldn't help realize what a far cry this excitement of this world was to the ordered excitement of the little world back in Carolina. I had spent many fun nights under the bright lights of Chicago, but always my memories jumped back—to those wonderful houseparties on May Frolics week-end, those sudden wild goose chases up to Virginia to see "The Countess", back to the days when I didn't have to give a reason but only a cause. Even then, in my more serious moments, I would glance at the future rather uneasily, almost willing to change places with the young fellow out of college, settled down in business, and knowing his career was a well-ordered path forward.

I chuckled to myself. Here I was out of school,

settled down in a well-ordered career as a banker, with a much too well-ordered future ahead.

"What's Dave going to do?" the Skipper laughed at this inquiry as I was jarred rudely back on to LaSalle Street. "I'll tell you about what I've been urging him to do," he volunteered. "I'm urging him to enlist in the Navy as a reserve officer—it's a great opportunity."

I replied that it sounded too cosy, and as a result I suspected a reserve officer was just one of those fellows despised by Annapolis men, a fellow called up to fill a gap left vacant by the first string. I had volunteered for a naval career three years ago, only to be turned down for the Naval Academy because I had an absurdly slight defect in one eye, only discernible after a two-hour examination. I did not want to slip in the back door now.

But there was something in the air that made joining the navy almost natural. Several of my friends had already been accepted, and others were commending them for their wisdom in joining early. Maybe it was a feeling of inevitability. Maybe it was my father, who had service plans for me. But in something that was half daring and half a daze I went through the formalities and enlisted for a training cruise with the navy. And comfortable comments on Blitz boats gave way to the reality of the huge floating fortress that suddenly became my home.

"Hey sailor, your other right shoulder!"

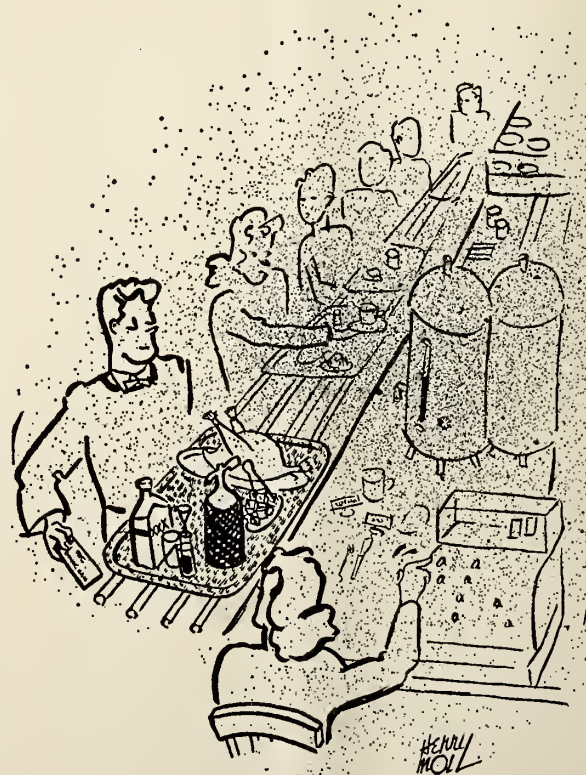
Quickly I shifted the gun as precisely and neatly as possible, eyeing the chief petty officer to see if he'd walk up and drill me separately. Thank God! A fellow in the other squad had his gun upside down. How the devil could that "chief" keep a straight face? We looked awful. "Chief Kelly" thought so too, and told us so in some beautifully descriptive language. Why shouldn't we be? We were three days out of New York, three days of the worst confusion most of us had ever experienced. The boat sort of limped down to the hot Southern seas as a lot of us boys named Joe got used to being in the Navy.

Once in the Carribean, the sea turned into a beautiful blue and the sail fish danced gracefully around our bow. The hard decks were becoming almost comfortable and "Idler's Call" at five-thirty didn't seem like midnight. I soon adopted the theory if I could stay up all night for the German dance set, I could certainly jump out of the hammock for an "early" date of swabbing decks. We had good chow, the movies each night were getting better and shore leave at Cuba and

Panama wasn't far away. This new life was hard, but it was also a challenge.

After spending fifteen crowded days aboard ship, I began to understand why sailors raised so much hell in port. It's nothing but excess steam. Port is looked upon as a place where the sky's the limit, plenty of room, women to love, bars and music, and no odors or duties to perform. It's a contrast which is hard to understand until you yourself have experienced it. Life at sea helps one to appreciate the luxury of an easy chair, a bed, soft and springy, which allows one to sleep on "frontside," a clock which says eight instead of five each morning!

How often I remembered whining back at Carolina about "that lousy eight-thirty." I must have been crazy; college life is a soft touch compared to the service. If Clyde at the Sig House had rapped me on the gludious maximus and yelled "Turn to" I'd have roared. If I'd had to stagger into a wash room half the size of Harry's full of five hundred other sleepy guys all trying to brush their teeth at the seven basins I'd have complained to the administration. If I'd then had to hit top-side on the "Double quick" to swab the decks for an hour and a half before breakfast, I'd have joined the A. S. U. How many students would stay in college if they started a day in that



lovely manner? But wait. I neglected to mention that wonderful outdoor sport of washing clothes; I didn't mention that soft job of standing watch in the fireroom, fourth deck down, from midnight to four A. M. with the temperature at 105 degrees; I overlooked the musket drills which lasted two hours under that broiling Carribean tropical sun; I also forgot those endless officer's lectures which we had to write up in our notebooks for inspection. I neglected Captain's inspection each Saturday morning which displayed for him our ability as washer-women; and finally, my most sinful omission, I didn't tell how we'd take to the whale boats, just to make our day complete, you know, and really warm up with a few short turns about Guantanamo Bay.

Still, some of the good times we had at Cristobal and Panama City easily compensated for the more "regular" side of our daily living diet. Most of us realized that we were attempting a tough job. We were trying to learn in a single month what the Annapolis man learned in two years. Five thousand of us had been hand-picked from over two-hundred thousand applicants from every city, town and burrough in the nation to enter training for an officer's commission. If we qualified for further training, our next task would be the duplication of the last two years at the Naval Academy in an intensive course of ninety days ashore. Then we were going to sea for a year, perhaps longer, as full-fledged officers of the line. Knowing that, how could we expect anything but the most intensive drills and routine?

The Lieutenant-Commander had said to us on the first day: "We may not be able to give you the best training course and the best attention possible because our task of training you is secondary to that job of keeping the ship ready for any eventual future, even war!" That was the first point which struck me. The second was this: "I want you men to pitch in and do your duty, always keeping in mind that an officer in this navy can do any job ten times better than the enlisted man, and if you can't we don't want you for an officer in this navy. There is no room for slackers or cowards in the Navy."

Had I ever heard words with such fire from my professors at college? I think not. I was in a different world, and, at that moment, I realized that all of us, all over, were.

Our month at sea ended one hazy gray fall morning as our battle wagon ambled back up the Hudson River to take its anchor berth. We lined up in our civies ready to disembark, most of us

impatient to get home. Seventy per cent of us had made the grade: we were now mid-shipmen, not apprentice seamen in the U. S. Navy.

I was bound for "home" too—bound for Chapel Hill, North Carolina. It was good to see the campus and everything that goes to set apart that little oasis of the Piedmont from the rest of the world. Back to see "The Countess," all the mob. Back to where friendliness and peace predominate.

Upon my return here to await orders for further training and full embarkment into a naval career, a question was popped at me in a bull-session at the fraternity house, "Dave, just how do you feel about coming back here again? How do you feel about military life as compared to life as a student here?"

I was being asked the equivalent of that sticker and finisher question of all promising sessions: Just what the hell is it all about anyway? I felt like asking who was I to know the answer to the questions. True, I had been able to see the government at work through their contact with Skipper about his "Blitz Boat." True, I had gone through the experience of hunting a job and attempting to establish myself in some sort of career after leaving college. True, I had entered into a new phase of life, that of a man in the military service of his country, soon to become an active chapter in all our lives. And yes, I had come back here to Carolina, my starting place so to speak, completing what might be called a cycle of personal experience in a world experiencing a major cycle of what might be termed war versus peace. How did I feel?

In all honesty, all that could be said was that I didn't know. My life was different—and so was the world. This wasn't what I had wanted, but who was I to have fulfillment today? When all of this is over I guess a normal family life will seem quite satisfactory. That is, if one of the Skipper's "blitz boats" isn't borrowed by the enemy and pointed at the boat they station me on.

WHY AMERICA IS AT WAR
THE ITALIAN RETREAT
EXCHANGES

He was a football hero,
And she a dancing maid
He met her one commencement
In filmy white arrayed.

—from the CAROLINA MAGAZINE, 1917

Nowhere Much to Go

She works in the wastelands trying to find an answer for people who have even forgotten to question.

TWO BOYS were swinging down the dusty white road. Grey-green cotton rows stretched west to the sand hills, and east to the swamp. There was a stillness in the Indian Summer heat, and the boys were the only moving objects.

One of them turned to the other, to answer a question. "Sure, I'll fight for my country. I'll join up."

The other one answered wearily. "Boy," he said, "you ain't got no country!"

It is hard to place these boys in their proper relationship in our categorized society. It is hard to place them, and others like them in our economic system. They live outside of the world we know. They live in Charlotte, and in Clay County, and in Hillsboro. They live back in the coves and hollows, and in the flat stretches of eastern marshland. It is hard, and a bit uncomfortable, for me to realize that they exist at all. They belong to no group. They are not of the vast labor groups in America. They are not the tenant farmers, or the itinerants who wander the roads of the nation. They belong to no class, and have no unity of their own, no voice of their own.

What country have they? The little children can't go to school. ("Yes, ma'am. The school teacher sent word for me to send them. But they got no clothes and no somethin' for lunch. They got to walk two an' a half mile down a stream bed to git the school bus. They said the teacher said they was undernourished. They all got worms. They got to have clothes an' somethin' for lunch.") They haven't even, in many cases, the panacea of religion. ("The church is so far, and there's only preachin' once a month.") They lack even the camaraderie that so often characterize partners in misfortune. ("Yes'm. You can find us home anytime. I just don't know when one of us has been any place. There ain't nowhere much to go.")

It would be good to report that the winds of Nationalism, Americanism, and self-realization are stirring these people. If they could be made aware of the implications involved in being an American these days, and awakened to the opportunities granted every citizen of our United States, all would indeed be well. On these people though, the winds of moral rearmament blow but gently. Reciprocal trade agreements, Scapa Flow and

Dakar mean unbelievably little to them. If the young men are drafted to fight, there will be few who will have an idea of what they are trying to save. They will fight, and gladly, though. That's what Ishmael said.

The dingy, dirty hall was so dark and so cluttered that I could hardly make my way through it. A young man sat on the stair steps and looked at me.

"I had a job, yeah. It wasn't much of a job, so I didn't give much when I lost it."

"But, Ishmael," I said, "your dad needs your help with all these children. What are you planning to do? You'll have to make up your mind. What are you waiting for?"

"There ain't nothing to wait for. But the draft. I guess I'm waiting for the draft."

Ishmael isn't joining the army to defend our country from invasion. His dad might feel differently, because he's lived longer and remembers about 1918. But his dad has something else in mind. He came up the porch steps.

"What can I do with my kids? There's six of us, since their ma died. I'm glad to do what I can. There ain't much I can do. I make thirteen a week, in good weeks. It's so little money." He paused a minute. "I make so damned little money." The last was said slowly and reflectively. You could see how the thirteen dollars had been pulled and stretched all out of shape. And it wasn't enough. Not since their ma died, and nobody to manage.

They get asked a lot of questions. I guess some people like me, maybe, try to help. But the questions seem unpardonable. How many chairs have you got? (Counting broken ones, too?) When did your husband start coughing blood? Do you plan to keep your baby after it's born? What was the matter with little Steven when he died? ("Oh, miss, he was such a little baby an' he jus' kindly gasped, and 'en he died.") It's hard to answer all the questions. Mrs. Burgess wouldn't do it.

Her cabin was bare, except for two beds and a stove, and the children were sitting on the floor. The summer sun shone in dancing patterns through the roof. Mrs. Burgess pinned up a few grey wisps of hair from her forehead and turned to me suddenly at my question. "How's my health?"

What is my trouble? It's pellagra. It's what I got. It's what we all got. I'm cooking grass, just pure grass, with a little salt for seasonin', for the kids' supper tonight. Yes ma'am. It's pellagra I got. But there ain't no use in askin' questions. And there ain't no use in answerin' them."

Some of them—these people that I know—are more loquacious than others. They are a little more and they wonder a little more. Most of them, though—and I know a hundred like this in North Carolina—are glad for a day-to-day sort of peace. They're glad another day has passed, and that the children are put away to bed no hungrier than usual. But there's a lot they don't understand.

The old woman was boiling clothes down by the creek. The Smokies stood tall and blue around the valley, and beyond. She poked the clothes with a long stick, and a fresh gust of steam, pungent with the clean smell of lye soap, vanished around her face. "Did ye notice," she said, "did ye notice the big farm to the right afore ye left the highway across Standing Indian yonder?" I had noticed it. Long rows of corn, ready for the shock. An apple orchard sprawling over a tawny slope. "That farm wasn't touched by the August waters that come bustin' out of the mountains and washed away our barn and our two-acre 'lotment. Don't it seem true, true an' they can't

nothing change it, that them has somethin' already, will git some more."

It's hard to believe that these people are living their lives all around us. It's hard to make America real for them. They're lonely and sick and singularly unblessed by the advantages of our marching civilization. There is, of course, in all of them a realization that they are American, but they are so nearly completely removed from our economic scheme that they realize practically none of the advantages we take so much for granted.

What country have they got? What are they fighting for? What is their hope? If I keep working with them, and for them, I'll have to find an answer. It's hard for them to know the answers. They can't see them, and nobody has told them. They just do the best they can to preserve themselves and their children, not with the hope of having a little better world for the little children, but with the will, somehow, to keep them alive and quiet from day-to-day. And the young men will fight. Enlistment is the only thing they've ever had to wait for.

The boy looked at his companion disbelievingly, and kicked up some of the fine white dust with a bare foot.

"I ain't got no country? You crazy, boy. Sure I got a country. It's America, ain't it."

Our Military Organization—How It Can Be Improved

Only once in a lifetime does a man have an opportunity to show just what there is in him in so direct and straightforward a manner as in military training.

it is in the hope of doing something that will start this very thing, that the November issue of the MAGAZINE devotes its space and influence to an examination of the forces that hold the world at bay today and in whose moulding lies the future civilization.

"BUY AND BUY"

Let's down the Kaiser in a sea of consternation,—
Let's show him how our money can fight;
Let's sacrifice the wealth of our nation

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR AMERICA'S POSITION

If your captain is a loafer,
And your lieutenant an ass
And your Top-Sergeant a ruffian,
And your corporal commands you to Right-
about-Face
Why, that's hard luck
But put up with them;
You may have a command, yourself, some
day.

must fight with every power that is in us, and relentlessly crush the vicious monster of military domination which now controls the German people. But let us never lose the true milk of human kindness. The *Song of Hate* has dominated the Prussian soul. Its

Five Credit Hours and the Patriotic Spirit Some Poets of the Great War

America Must Make a Supreme Effort Now
—from the CAROLINA MAGAZINE, 1917

Green Feather

Through the years that green feather waved an irritating memory that he had almost managed to ignore.

DOBEY WAS off again. The draft of his new comedy was finished, the dialogue had been worked over, the settings and business decided upon and set down on innumerable file cards ready to fit into the body of the final manuscript,—a month of good solid work before him and his third, and by far the best, of his comedies would be ready to go into rehearsal. Then he stopped dead in his tracks. It was an old habit with him; the prospect of success deadened his mind, paralysed his energies, stifled his will—as though he were afraid of it.

Within fifteen minutes he had typed out the title page, torn it out of the typewriter, crunched the paper into a ball and thrown it into the wastepaper basket four times in rapid succession. He stared at the emptiness of the fifth piece of paper for a long time, relit his pipe, retrieved his four previous attempts from the basket, smoothed them out, and found them all identical. He stood at the window for a long time silently cursing the rain that fell like a solid wall over the city.

That was it—the rain. It filled the streets and made them impassable. It was monotonous monotony, and it wrapped itself around his mind, choking him dry. If the day were warm, if there was a good sun shining and a steady sea breeze blowing, as there always was in Perpignan, then he could get down to work and have the play done in two weeks, maybe. Just get away from this damned rain and he was all set.

But that was stupid, and he knew it. Simply rationalizing his own laziness like a child. The rain had nothing to do with his work. He had worked out the whole draft while it was raining. Why should it penetrate him now? Could it be that there was something wrong with the play? That he knew intuitively. Impossible. Bradley had read it, Cohen had read it, and they both said it was solid, complete, and he was confident of it himself. The only thing to do was sit down, forget the rain, and work at it.

He typed the title page for the fifth time, looked at it for a moment, then tore it out of the typewriter, and after struggling with himself for a moment, succeeded in slipping it into a folder instead of crunching it into a ball and throwing it away with the others. He looked out of the win-

dow at the rain again. He slammed the cover onto his typewriter, packed his week-end bag, and called a cab.

On the way to the railroad station he came to a decision—and reversed it. Once he got an impulse into his conscious mind, there was nothing to do but follow it through, else it would haunt him, frustrate, debilitate him. Rain hadn't the slightest thing to do with finishing the play. But it was easier, and more successful in the end not to hold any long debates with himself—and just go off and get the play done.

As Dobey entered the coach he was caught rigid by the sight of a green feather just visible jutting above the back of a seat at the far end of the car. He moved down the aisle and into the seat directly behind it without realizing what he was doing. He watched the porter stow his bag and typewriter overhead, then removed his coat and sat down. He was immediately uncomfortable, anxious for the train to get underway and cut off his retreat.

The seat was uncomfortable; there was evidently something wrong with the cushion. Dobey stood up and looked around. He always disliked the forward end of the car and there were empty seats in the rear, but the porter was gone. He looked up at the luggage in the rack and visualized what a clumsy effort it would be to get it down,—with everyone watching him. He fingered the cigar in his inside pocket, and was satisfied with the thought of going to the club car later.

As he turned to sit down, Dobey caught sight of the green feather. It stood straight in the air, motionless, cutting his field of vision in half, and was suddenly very annoying. Its color was mottled and rancid, reminding him of greenish Gjetost cheese, its vane was twisted, the end dropped over, and the dull surface was scarred by lines of broken barbules, the whole object appearing like the sulphurous finger of a demon raised in threat. Dobey shivered involuntarily, and at the same time leaned forward to inspect the creature that bore such plumage.

The feather protruded from a brown toque that nested in soft blond curls, framed by slender shoulders in tweed that led to folded hands. He

leaned far forward over the back of the chair to get a look at the face, catch the color of the eyes—was she young and pretty?—almost losing his balance and spilling over on top of her. He shoved himself back into his seat and pulled his newspaper over his face, stiffened with shame, and almost positive at that moment that she had seen reflection of him in the window, gaping over her. She had turned and was now staring at him through the newspaper.

As he sat there with his face covered by the newspaper the train began to move. As it gathered speed, he gathered confidence. She was surely not glaring at him still. He tried to read the paper in his hand, but the small type blurred before his eyes, and he read the headlines quickly, threw it aside. He inspected his ticket and inserted it in the band of his hat, ran through the contents of his wallet, discarding old calling cards, read an old letter over, and polished his glasses. He was fighting to keep himself occupied, away from the green feather that he knew rose before him.

Either look at it or don't look at it, he thought. This isn't the only seat in the train. He stood up, grasped the handles along the aisle firmly, moving to a position in the far end of the car on the other side, and dropped diagonally across the seat.

Dobey, surrounded by quiet light and seated in lazy comfort, for the moment, allowed himself to be slowly desensitized by the sway of the car and the monotonous rhythm of the rain drenched landscape. But at this point he checked himself, his mind becoming abruptly alert. And he was seized by a deep sense of shame that could be relieved only by tirades of self rebuke.

He admitted to himself, outright, that he had quit the city simply to evade the mental effort necessary to whip the play into shape, and it was damned silly rationalizing to bait the weather as an excuse. But he was already travelling and there was no point in reflecting on that move. The play was still to be done, and wherever he went he had to face it, work it out and get it finished by the first of the month. What was important was that he had allowed the presence of a simple feather projecting from a lady's hat to upset him, throw him into a panic, make an spectacle of himself in a railroad car, and an ass of himself in his own estimation. If he was ever to get a grip on himself, take some responsibility for himself he must submit to self discipline. There must be a valid reason for his reaction to the feather, otherwise he was certainly a completely hopeless idiot. He tried to check an involuntary tremor that ran

through him as he raised his head and stared at the green feather at the far end of the car.

In this cold, introspective state of mind, that Dobey experienced only occasionally and momentarily, the meaning of the green feather suddenly was clearly apparent to him. It was such a feather in such a brown toque that Myrtle had worn all that spring in New York. It symbolized a time in his life that he tried to forget and destroy, but evidently had succeeded only in submerging until this moment.

In those days, without admitting to himself that it was already quite twenty years ago, he had been America's promising young poet,—young, care-free, hopeful, idealistic, and in love. The world of people and events had been to him merely a poryphery that incidentally surrounded Myrtle, and he was her lover. To him she had been hope, inspiration, life, and the meaning of life, and in his mind he possessed her more firmly than he ever had in his arm. Possessive of every act, every word that was hers, and jealous of every moment she was away from him. During all those days of working and playing together that hat had been but a minor incidental, almost unnoticed, that is, until the Columbus eve night, when they had been celebrating long and furiously merely the occasion to celebrate. Manfield had taunted him for being so hopelessly and helplessly in love with a woman, rather than his art. No woman who ever lived, he had said, was worthy of it, and no woman could be trusted with it. In a sudden burst of enthusiasm to carry his point Manfield had torn down a tapestry and revealed to Dobey the painting he had been working on in secret all along, a nude study of Myrtle in a hat with a green feather.

He had turned and looked at Myrtle, and she had merely smiled. In a burst of temperament he ran out of the room, and walked all night in a fever of hate with his stomach boiling inside of him. He had never written a line of verse since.

He had not seen Myrtle, or Manfield, or visited lower New York since, but that painting of the nude with the green feather had haunted him, rising to torture him in exhibitions in Boston, Cleveland, and St. Louis, and in almost every work on modern painting he had thumbled.

That had been his first mistake, his first surrender to temper and emotions that he should have faced and resolved and destroyed, and his entire life might have been different,—the sight of a green feather standing at the far end of the car would now have no meaning for him. But it had

(Continued on page thirty)

French Leave

A French visitor to the campus admits that fifty million Frenchmen can be wrong and finds a new life in Chapel Hill.

THERE ARE always questions to ask a Frenchman. The rest of the world has always given us credit for a good many mysterious qualities which were really far away from our ordinary life. I suppose it is that all Frenchmen like to talk. I wish that it were possible to talk this article rather than write it in a language that is still a stranger to me. Although here, at your university, I am learning much about your language and your people.

And, as I say, there are always questions to ask a Frenchman. In 1933, on my first visit to the United States, numerous folks asked me why France had not paid the war debt. It was naturally very difficult to explain. I tried to tell them of the complications—which were even then building up into the present terrible war. Germany was not paying the damages exacted from her, France was weakened by the billions spent in reconstruction and all of Europe was still bleeding inside from old sores never really healed. There were many reasons, and I talked, and no one was impressed.

One day I was in High Point, North Carolina, the home town of my wife. She has a big family—about fifteen uncles and aunts—and they were all together for a very charming dinner. One of them, I forget his name now but do remember a very sad expression, said: "George, what about these war debts?" Now I was fed up with this question, and replied: "Listen, cousin, all the figures have been put on paper. Each Frenchman owes twenty dollars to each American citizen. Here are my twenty dollars, and please shut up!"

However the questions now, unfortunately, are different. And now there is no gay laughter. And for me there is no France. Only a troubled question from the lips of sincere lovers of democracy who saw a part of their own security being burned in the pyre of my land. They want to know why it happened.

And it is just as difficult to explain as the war debts were. This tragedy which fell on one of the most beautiful and liberal lands in the world is so mysterious, so strange, even for someone like me who lived all of his life in France and had an opportunity to know and speak freely with a lot of prominent people there.

In the American papers these days I read an-

swers to this question of why France fell. Such men as Andre Maurois, Jules Romains and Per-tinax have been conducting post-mortems over the grave of France. I am no journalist, and only a man in the street who lived and breathed the so-called decay of France. It is from this simple position that I write.

Political decay—what does that mean? I've lived all of my life in France. In that time I saw a great deal of politics, but no political decay. Now it is certain that French politics are more complicated than the American system. But we had the same number of parties in 1917, and with America's help we won the war. I can see much more political decay in a land like Germany, where Goering, who didn't have a dime in 1920, is now the owner of enormous estates and lives in luxury that is painfully unbelievable. He, and others whom the censored press had not even mentioned to us, have made tremendous fortunes from German politics. And Count Ciano in Italy is reputed to have millions of dollars well hidden under the name of some Swiss corporation in New York. This has been going on while these "noble liberators" have told the world of our corruption.

And what about "corrupt administration?" During my last five years in France I was mayor of my little country town. It is not a big place—only 1500 inhabitants—but the duties and work of a mayor are closely connected with those in a big center, and I have seen city administration from an inside position. During those years I had to obtain electricity, water and sanitation for my people. All this was done—and quickly too—by the "department" under the supervision of a special branch of the agricultural ministry. Electricity was financed by a fund borrowed from the "Deposit and Social Insurance Funds." But the water supply was obtained from a very special fund: the taxes on gambling and race tracks. Can you follow this? The farmers and peasants obtained their humble comforts at the expense of the *beau monde* of Deauville and Longchamps. There was no evasion here, and no legal disapproval of so timeless a habit of man as gambling. And there was no corruption. Do you not see what I mean when I say that in such a thing, in such a contrast of giver and receiver, there is real democracy?

OTHER HALF

I hear men speak today of corrupt politics with such amazing authority. I do not know where they have gotten their facts. M. Daladier, who is now on trial as a traitor to his land, lived very simply. His wife died ten years ago in a public sanitarium because he was not even able to pay for the expense of a private hospital. He lived in an apartment which rented for something like three hundred dollars a year, and his sister did all of the cooking for the people there. M. Maginot, who was the builder of the famous and unfortunate fortification that bears his name, died some years ago so completely broke that the state had to give an allowance to his widowed mother.

Please understand that I have not said these things in any attempt at propaganda. That is, unless being just is propaganda these days. The only Frenchman who has made a real fortune out of politics is M. Laval, who now has France in his grip and is trying to "create a new order" in a "regenerated" land under the "supervision" of the German Gestapo. And it is he who talks the loudest in accusing these other men whom I have mentioned. And he, of all people, most loudly shouts the word "traitor."

No, I have another idea of why my country is no more. France fell because the people had a false security. They had, naturally, those troubles that come with democracy. But from 1918 on, the general flavor of life there was agreeable. Reforms were being instituted, and to keep them going it was necessary to have peace. Peace became paramount and finally, too late, an obsession.

Then, finally, when the French soldiers marched out to fight they walked into a phony war without any fighting. For six long months the morale of the fighting man slowly died. Instead of fighting right away, as was expected, there was nothing to do except to worry about the folks back home—who were struggling along without their main breadwinners. The men of the Maginot line were fishing in the Rhine, before Germans who joked with them by means of large signs and called out messages by means of megaphones. And in all the towns of the provinces soldiers were idly waiting for equipment that was never really finished. The newspapers were full of demands from the boys asking for footballs, balloons, radios, etc. And at the same time the powerful weapon of German propaganda was attacking the land. It was a ghastly war of nerves that our people, still pink and warm with peace, just could not win.

And of course there were these "fifth column-

ists" that so many Americans like to ask me about. Certainly we had them. But there were more at the top than among the common people. A lot of rich bourgeoisie were fearing for the value of their money. They were afraid of the possibility of communism after the war, of the tremendous expenses incurred by the State. But I believe that our defeat is less the result of these things and more a matter of military tactics. We lost through the mistakes of our generals. But, as you know, it is an old trick for the military to place the guilt for its own mistakes upon the people. "A general is never defeated, it is always the fault of the civilians."

But why do we continue to talk of a thing which is finished? France is defeated and in the hands of the invaders. They cannot resist, either mentally or morally. And I believe that the whole earth shall feel the loss. When I came to High Point at the end of June, I read an article in a newspaper. It was entitled "The End of a Civilization." Neither Maurois nor anyone else has written anything truer than this American newspaperman in North Carolina. The loss of France is the end of a charming culture—the end of one of the real free lands in the world, which was always a pioneer in the ideals of liberty. All history will sigh from this blow to Rousseau and Voltaire and Zola.

No one can imagine the state of mind of a Frenchman who realizes such things. And I thank God that I was able to come to Chapel Hill and study. It has been a wonderful cure for me. How can I adequately thank the United States for permitting me, when I saw that everything was lost, to begin my life again. To begin it again late, but not too late. And I have the same gratitude for the University of North Carolina, where I have regained my health and spirits and courage. This is the noblest meaning of that old, old word "refuge."

Everything pleases me in this delightful town. The autumn trees with the bitter-sweet of dyeing red and gold; the tolerant spirit of the campus; the charming intimacy between teachers and students which keeps, nevertheless, the necessary respect; this extraordinary liberty that everyone enjoys here.

For me, there are no such pleasant memories of my youth and education as you all are most certainly building up for yourselves. Work, discipline and no idea of sport or recreation—that's all I remember. Of course the teachers were excel-

(Continued on page thirty-two)

Main Street Gets Ready

A country editor watches Sparta, North Carolina, read the headlines and get an attitude about the war.

OVER SPARTA, a small mountain village where the writer finds himself editing a weekly newspaper, and the plain dirt roads leading back to farms, large and small, there hangs a specious quiet. The whoops of children at play up and down the traffic-lightless main street, white-columned courthouse and movie palace are stilled within school books and classrooms. Silently the maple poplar leaves have broken from Autumn red and yellow to Winter chestnut and brown.

Men and women are going about their tasks, from store-clerking to milking cows, with all the stolid regularity possible in a land at peace. Yet, in every group of people—sipping cokes in the crowded booths of the village drug store or leaning lazily on the top rail of the pasture fence—can be felt the vibrant topics of the moment, the war in Europe and the selective service military program.

Ever since the national lottery, interest has germinated and spread like weeds in the field. It is apparent in Sparta and Alleghany county alike.

The radio and the newspaper are bringing the world to this county and its partially isolated farms as it has never been brought before. Jim Smith will sit up all hours to hear the President of the United States make a speech. Bill Clark will curse his livestock if his paper doesn't arrive on time.

Political rallies in sparsely settled Northwestern North Carolina are well attended, especially if the speaker is a popular local or state figure, such as this section's own congressman, Robert L. Doughton. Distance is great, farm life demanding

—but politics important. Village banker, tenant farmer, county lawyer, filling station attendant, school teacher—every one possessing a radio—sat at home in solid comfort during the Presidential campaign and heard the “stars” of the show. Their voices rang through neat sitting rooms, big farm kitchens, dingy cabins. They drifted out over the rolling countryside, mingling with the grinding of brakes, the bawl of newly-weaned calves.

Small town America today is busy thinking. The scene may be small, but the reasoning is huge. Inhabitants have quit sitting on the front porch and chunking pebbles at hogs, which no longer wallow in the yard. They seem to realize at last that something immensely important is going on and that they owe it to themselves, at least, to find out what it is. Homespun topics, fortunately, still exist. But along with them is a burning interest in what the school teachers call current affairs.

When the issue of compulsory military service was just beginning to be raised, The News attempted to crystallize county opinion. Every one seemed to accept calmly the new responsibility. Selective service, they told this scribe, was to be dreaded but there was no other alternative.

Following the application of this principle, The News again turned inquiring reporter. Conscription was being received with some grumbling. Several young men told me they hoped they wouldn't be drafted. Several others wanted to learn fully about the specific cases for deferment.

But this was not unnatural. No one exactly
(Continued on page twenty-nine)

103rd U. S. Infantry
American Expeditionary
Forces via New York

Dear Francis:

Je suis en France, et j'aime le Française beaucoup, les belles demoiselles particulièrement. . . .

Il faut retenir beaucoup des nouvelles pour garder les oreilles d'ennemi. Donc il faut fermer ma lettre avec beaucoup d'amour.

Votre ami toujours,
Robert House

A new idea has lately sprung up in the political affairs of the United States. This idea is causing considerable thought and study on the part of students of government who believe that it is destined to play a prominent role in the American governmental system, and that at an early date. It is best expressed in the words, “Efficiency in Government.” Through its actions

THE ARBORETUM AT SUNRISE

—from the CAROLINA MAGAZINE, 1917

WEEDS AMONG THE IVY

(Continued from page ten)

"Y" and their actual accomplishments on the campus is so great that you could drive Satan's hosts through it.

The Philosophy Club pretends to little and achieves exactly that. It could be a powerful force in educating students to the meaning of democracy, but it is not. Amphoterotheren is a place where thirteen people who don't know anything about a given matter come together to discuss the matter they don't know anything about. It has a psychological value in enabling you to see how other people's minds work, but no educational value that I can discern. Its business is the passage of opinions. The new North Carolina Club, because it is interested in facts and not opinions, is a promising development. If it can really interest a sizable group of students in the problems of this state and educate them factually as to the resources and ways to meet those problems, it will be the most valuable organization on the campus.

The Tar Heel and the Carolina Magazine seek to amuse, but mainly, I think, to inform. The present Tar Heel is a considerable advance over last year, when the slogan was not "Lead student opinion" but "Follow student opinion." Yet it must be admitted that the paper falls well below what should be its standards in attempting to raise the level of the student body. This is probably due to a lack of conception of the possibilities and responsibilities of the paper by those in charge of it. The Magazine is limited by its contributors, but is doing a fairly good job. It should make use of issues which are dynamite in order to blast a hole in the student consciousness. It should come out publicly with the things students have been thinking in their rooms.

I have not dealt with all organizations on the campus, but I have given enough to show that most of them are failing to perform any essential function on the campus, with the exception of the self-government agencies, which are failing in many respects because of their leaders, but which are still accomplishing a good deal through the forms they inherited, and with the exception of some of the amusement organizations and some of those which try to develop special skills and knowledge. But there is a further question of whether, even if useless organizations became useful or were eliminated, the remaining organizational structure would be that which together with

classroom work would produce the best education.

I am and always have been one of those rare students who maintain that the most important thing in college is what you get from courses. You can get all the other in a number of places, but not the courses. This, then, must be the essential or particular function of universities. And there is no doubt that this university is failing to perform the function of giving its students a solid background of fact and understanding. I blame most of that failure on faculties and administrations and trustees. But a large contributing factor is the enormous amount of time students spend on extra-curricular activities in comparison with the time spent on studies. I ought to know, because I did it as much as anyone else on the campus. Of course, it is better for a student to join the Di Senate than to spend his time loafing around the dorm store, but either alternative misses the real function of education.

A feasible solution to this whole problem might be the setting up of a point system, as many high schools do. Membership in every organization is weighed in points, and positions of responsibility are weighed correspondingly heavier. These weights could be built up around the time required for the activity. Each student could be allocated so many points on the basis of his grades, and no more. That would insure that no student spent a disproportionately large amount of time scattered over many activities. Class standards should be raised considerably higher. Individual guidance by trained men should be increased fifty-fold. But I don't want to be diverted into the problem of the failure of our educational system. I do think the extra-curricular problem is one contributing factor in that failure, at the same time recognizing that extra-curricular activities are a necessary and essential part of every man's college career. But our extra-curricular activities should be a part of our learning, not divorced from it; we should mix business with pleasure, theory with practice. We must get away from campus organizations which exist for the purpose of doing things for their own sake to those which exist on a basis of principle for achieving results of real and concrete value. The extra-curricular man is the obverse of the all-A student who never learns anything. Neither one of them follows Bergson's famous dictum, "Act like men of thought; think like men of action."

DEMOCRACY IN SHIRTSLEEVES

(Continued from page five)

states . . . for farmers as equal partners in our now lop-sided economic society . . . for equality of bargaining power through the organization of workers . . . American participation in international co-operation for peace and security against the hazards of an unorganized world community in which wars and depressions anywhere involve people everywhere . . ."

These, for Dr. Graham, are working principles that he carries with him. They remain, even in the war-world, 1940. But now the boys had reasons when they asked him how such things could be retained with a country screeching toward efficiency of defense production. They were still asking how and why.

And his answer now was what he likes to call "total defense" Democracy's answer, perhaps, to "total war."

And it means, first, arming our army, navy, and air corps as fast and as completely as possible. But also, and here is where the doubters sneer and the ineffectuals give up, total defense means holding fiercely to those social advances which we have now.

He said if we thought only of rearming, and if things of a military nature took hold of us entirely, it would be like having a university at which the only course was compulsory physical education—with French or Math thrown in for good measure.

The importance of keeping what we have today, he pointed out, was the very preservation of our way of life—with all of the potentialities contained in it. "Not only to defend the frontiers of democracy against . . . forces without America, not only to defend civil liberties against economic aggression, but no less strategically to extend the frontiers of democracy against the forces of defeatism within America." We must make "total defense a defense of and a step toward total abundance for all people."

There is no smug acceptance of things here, no Rotarian belief that all is well with the world. Even after speaking of those gains which we must not lose, Dr. Graham carefully mentioned those limitations around us which we must all recognize. He said that we can't forget that democracy has provided equality of suffrage but not equality of opportunity; the freedom of worship but not the right to work; corporate privilege but not agricultural parity; and political liberty but not social

security against the hazards of modern society.

This is the map that is inside of our pocket. This is what we know and what we want. This is the very way of life that we shall carry into the international mess of today. At least, this is what the boys from the Mag thought as they listened to Frank Graham.

And then they asked him about all of the propaganda that confuses us today. The boys said that they were afraid of the pure emotionalism which was being pushed down their throats along with the valid defense measures.

Dr. Graham was emphatic on this point. Saying that all forms of agitation and discussion should be allowed, just so long as all sides are represented. The boys asked him if the communist party, for instance, should be allowed to remain an active force against our present defense program.

Open discussions by "the communist party, or any other political party, under the constitution and the laws, is essential as a part of our normal democratic process in keeping discussions, elections, and different view-points open to all people."

And he added that this was a challenge to all of us who like to call ourselves real democrats. Admitting this, it is our own duty to stand strongly behind those issues we believe in. And unless we do, we may see our basic liberties sacrificed in the pressures of the period.

Then Dr. Graham took parts of speeches that he had made and marked those portions which he thought would make things clear to the boys. He was busy, and they thanked him and left. Returning to the office, they tried to write up their little talk.

One of them came to the Editor and said that he couldn't "do it in an interesting and entertaining way." That Frank Graham and democracy were subjects too big for any attempts at colorful writing to attract doubtful readers. He said that the speeches "were full of great stuff," a decent hope and faith in the myopia of today.

So here, anyway, are a few of the things which were said in the little visit. If you are interested and want to hear more, you know that he is with rare exceptions always "at home" to students on Sunday nights. And he will probably tell you these things in the simplicity which we cannot reproduce. This is the sort of person he is. We mean the democrat who pitches horseshoes on our cover.

THE GREAT AMERICAN GOOF

(Continued from page thirteen)

and fishermen. He loves all people and sees drama in all their lives, but feels that the little people live more intensely than the others and he therefore spends as much time with them as he can.

Saroyan's prolificness is legendary. He told me that he never spent longer than three hours on a short story and generally only forty-five minutes. He has been known to fly west from New York, hole up in a San Francisco apartment, emerge a month later with three plays and twenty short stories, and then fly back to New York with no one having known of his presence in the city. Still in his early thirties, he has had eight short story collections published, three plays produced and published, and has had the rather dubious honor of writing the dialogue for a ballet. Critics say that he is going ahead too fast, that he's producing too much material and is failing to weed out the bad stuff. But there again it's Saroyan's nature to be impulsive and when the urge hits him to write he unleashes all his power and imagination and expresses himself, for better or for worse.

I've seen an example of his impulsiveness come out at a weekend country party, when one slightly fried guest decided to do a backflip into the swimming pool with all his clothes on. The host was annoyed and made some derogatory remark about the poor floundering drunk. "He's not a crazy fool," said the sober but incensed Saroyan. "Why he's simply done what he wanted to do at the mo-

ment. It looked like fun to jump in with his clothes on and he followed his impulses. There's nothing crazy about that. In fact, it looks like so much fun that I'm going to do it too!" Only by forcible restraint and by reminding him that he had only his one suit for the weekend, did he relinquish the idea.

This impulsive nature obviously manifests itself in his work and one can see that little laboring but a great deal of spontaneity lies behind his efforts. His characters speak as the words rush to his mind. Sometimes the words are wrong but often they have a magic rapid beauty, as when the colored piano player in *The Time Of Your Life* is captivated by the music from an Arab's harmonica and says, "That's cryin'. That's cryin' a thousand years ago."

Saroyan has sometimes been called great. He's been called a crackpot more often. Critics have termed his work fraudulent and shallow. Others have called it masterful and searching. Whatever the last analysis may be, it is generally agreed that Saroyan is one author who is vitally aware of the persons who have peopled America. It's been said that in ten years the name Saroyan will be a vague memory, but I am convinced that he will progress and develop with the people of his writings and eventually achieve universal greatness. It is a certainty that he will never stop trying to express the pervasive immigrant spirit that is America, for William Saroyan, above all other writers, is the personification of that great and ubiquitous feeling.

WAS IT WORTH IT?

(Continued from page eleven)

loose and one of those fellows will strain a gut to grab that apple.

The members of Carolina football squads are great. I'll always be proud of having played with such a highly competitive group of boys, although we lacked weight and strength. Take the 1939 team. We lost only one game that year and had one of the smallest squads in size in the country, yet we made up for it in spirit and determination—the kind that makes it a lot easier on the quarterback when he's back in the huddle calling plays. Any ball carrier knows he can't get anywhere without good blocking, and our blockers have certainly done their share.

That season (1939) I was understudy to George Stirnweiss, one of the cagiest quarterbacks in the business. I don't know of a finer boy I'd rather work under. They just don't come any better than Stirny, and when the time came to put out, he certainly made me want to give all I had.

This year we have a good team but have had a lot of tough breaks. The fellows have the spirit though. I'd like to mention every boy on the '38, '39 and '40 squads. They all have been hard workers and great fighters, and real men for whom I'll always have a warm regard.

What success I've gained at Carolina can be attributed mainly to the efficient coaching. Coach Wolf, Coach Vaught and Coach Lang are excel-

lent men, of the sort one is glad to be acquainted with—whether he's on or off the playing field.

People who follow football in North Carolina have been good to me. I refer to alumni, friends, fans, fraternity brothers, students, faculty members and sports writers. When the going was rough I found I had many true friends. They made things easier and I'll never forget them.

My biggest thrill? I guess it was playing against Tulane before the folks. My brother, Paul, was in Chapel Hill two years ago when we lost that heartbreaker to Tulane. Last year Dad, Mother, Paul and my sister, Gloria, were down in New Orleans and saw us tie the Green Wave. Dad was up for the game this year. It was the second—and I guess the last—college game he's seen me play.

Some folks think football players aren't human. That's where they're wrong. The majority of them are just like most regular college boys. They have their ups and downs, like to eat and sleep and occasionally see the girls. Fun happens with them like everybody else. Last January Coach Dawson (Tulane) invited me to be his guest at the football game between Texas A. & M. and Tulane in the Sugar Bowl. When I went to see

him in his office the morning before the game, I introduced myself. He failed to catch my name and wanted to know what high school I was from and whether or not I was interested in going to Tulane. That amused me, but after another introduction he said, "Oh-oh," and gave me a sideline pass. I sat on the Tulane bench.

Another rather peculiar incident was my nickname. When I was a freshman a sports writer, who was either scatter-brained or had a profound imagination, tacked on "Sweet" to the front of my name. It all started from a mispronunciation of my name and the sports writer connected it with "Leilani." Lalanne is French, you know, and means "the wool."

My plans for the future are in doubt. Naturally I want to be a football coach, and of course I'd like to play pro football. But I don't think my physical condition—my injured feet, I mean—could stand up under those circumstances.

November 23rd is the day of the final fling. It doesn't seem that four seasons of football have gone by. I only wish I had it to do over again because of the many mistakes I've made, mistakes that experience alone can teach.

LAUGHING BOY

(Continued from page fourteen)

gins to feel like a noose.

Just as I expected, The Law sticks its head in the front window and in the back window as if looking for contraband goods or the like, but evidently there is nothing showing, and it is no time at all before this short cop is writing out a neat little ticket in his little black book with a how-many-beers-will-my-bonus-buy-expression on his face. He tears this little memo from the stub in his book while I am telling him all about my appointment in the morning, and he is also telling me about mine. But he does not appear especially interested in these facts and proceeds to place his foot on the running board and quote verbatim from the traffic regulations.

In the meantime, however, Laughing Boy has been by no means disinterested and is at this moment hanging out the rear window as if to catch every last word from the mouth of The Law. This unexpected respect is somewhat disconcerting,

and I am beginning to think it would be all right if we were to make a dignified getaway before Laughing Boy shows himself in his true colors.

This we manage to do, presently, and I am very glad to be on the way again, even though Laughing Boy is still holding forth in the best of spirits in the back, and we are not at all in good spirits over the summons.

In fact, Laughing Boy seems rejuvenated, and is having such a good time that I do not wish to cast any gloom upon it, and I pull up on the outskirts of Town and offer him the sidewalk.

Now, Laughing Boy seems not at all chagrined over this, but gets out with a big smile spread over his map like a full moon, and speaks in this wise, "Here's something fer the ride, mister, just to prove I ain't lost the old touch yet."

With that he is off down the walk whistling sweetly, and we are left staring at the object he threw in my lap.

It is the policeman's ticketbook and all his stubs.

MAIN STREET GETS READY

(Continued from page twenty-four)

cherishes the thought of having his job and everyday existence interrupted.

Fundamentally Sparta is the same as any other small town in America, although its lack of industry sends the majority of its more ambitious young people elsewhere. Primarily an agricultural community and having only 1,000 inhabitants, its only other excuse for existence is the throngs of tourists who come with every Summer.

Every citizen can probably call by their first names most of the folks, young and old, he will meet along the street. Roadhouses Green Gables and Johnny's are the young people's favorite hang-outs. Dim-lit by the sparkling neon tubes on the nickelodeons, these places cater to all classes, to round and square dancers. Swing and string bands are engaged one night each month for "regular" dances.

On Saturdays and first Mondays Sparta and Alleghany county turn out en masse. Oldsters in overalls, sunburned and whiskered, can always be found leaning against anything substantial. Main street is lined with cars and the sidewalks are crowded with people. There are crowds in the drug store, laughing, joking, discussing. There are other forums on the sidewalks in front of the stores, in the cafes, in the filling stations, and in the post office, where a representative portion of the population gathers twice a day.

These people have a strong sense of responsibility for their dependents in the village. They join the volunteer fire department, make contributions to the Red Cross, lean heavily upon the service rendered by the local welfare department. It's an easy-going, shirt-sleeved town; dead, apparently. But it is well informed and it takes a definite stand on all impending issues.

Civilian normality continued until the German juggernaut rolled its way across France. Then there was a very profound change in public opinion. The people were suddenly in a grim mood for action, too. Long-held illusions of American security finally fell. The flame of war cracked and seared the isolation feeling, and men and women decided that America may eventually have to fight after all.

Many were tense with frustration, waiting to do something personally about a stronger national defense. In neighboring Ashe county an old gentleman who vows he is a devout pacifist organized a group of citizen soldiers on the order of the

Minutemen of 1875. Only a year ago the editorial columns of The News would have called such behavior "war hysteria," and poked fun at it. Now The News would take a different attitude.

But what the people were doing and thinking was less important than the spirit that compelled them. They appeared to feel that in spite of this country's potent industry and paper billions, it would not get real respect from the war-wise leader of Germany until he is shown conclusively that there are still plenty of people willing to go and fight his maniac claims.

Of course it is a pity that the lowermost classes of people were overly excited by the significance of the situation. On registration day several young men from Alleghany and surrounding counties volunteered for the army, confident that war was imminent and that they would be drafted in less than a week anyhow.

Rarely, though, have any of the people been more profoundly concerned about their historic independence than they are now. Most of them

Mythical Interviews with Famous People

Old Lucifer



Reporter:

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DURHAM

believe that if Great Britain should fall we would have no force at present with which we could stop Herr Hitler if he desired to take over our existing air bases and seize control of the Panama Canal. One mother told me that "a gun now in the hands of the British is worth ten sons two years from now defending our country."

By 1945 we may be prepared to meet any eventuality and all combinations of any. But that is five years away. People of small town America are ready to put their shoulders to the wheel now if the Axis powers should try to get the jump on us.

Small-townners are slow to accept dogmatic dicta and dislike to have their opinions formed for them. But while they are suspicious of rhetoric and bombast, they are sensitive to a sincere and reasonable appeal. Clarify the issues, explain the dangers which our American ideals face, emphasize the obligation of leadership which rests upon them, and the small towns of America will act with regular and quiet efficiency. At least, this is the way things are with the 1,000 people in the almost forgotten town of Sparta.

GREEN FEATHER

(Continued from page twenty-one)

no meaning now either. He had succeeded in destroying its power over him, and from now on he was going to face every situation in such a rational frame of mind.

Dobey took out a cigar, bit off the end, placed it between his lips, and started forward toward the club car. As he walked he grasped the handles along the aisle firmly, the train swaying under him he knew made him appear drunken, and the people around him already had enough reason to suspect that he was. He felt the eyes of all those behind centered on him, boring through his back.

The green feather stood there, poised in the air, faded and broken, but challenging. He must walk up to it now and pass it, and it would be destroyed and forgotten. The nude with the green feather by Manfield would become merely another painting, as fine a job as it was,—but he hated Manfield. The man was a fraud as an artist, vain, deceptive, and incorrigibly successful.

Now was the time to destroy it once and forever he thought. As he approached the feather he seemed hypnotized, unable to tear his eyes away. And the shape and color of it filled his whole field of vision so that every detail of its

structure was clear. Just as he came abreast of it he took his packet of matches from his pocket, trying to divert his attention, but every fibre of his body was on edge, until the beat of his pulse drowned out the sound of the moving train. He lifted his elbow and caught the feather, pitching it forward and down, and the hat rolled into the aisle like a head severed from its body dropping from the guillotine.

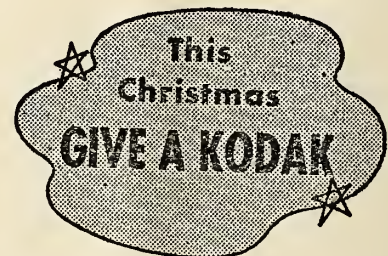
Dobey turned and threw himself down the aisle into his seat, and sat with his face petrified, his eyes fixed out of the window, turning hot and cold in turn, crushing the cigar between his perspiring hands, and out of the pit of his stomach emerged a clawing impulse to leap from the train, rush back to the city, and drown himself in his manuscript.

Dear Bobbie:

When one is so fortunate as to receive a good letter, he is one to the good in the Navy.

Few of us, perhaps, realize the significance of President Graham's statement that we must make democracy safe for the world

—from the CAROLINA MAGAZINE, 1917



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FOOL'S GOLD

I RODE WITH STONEWALL, Henry Kyd Douglas. University of North Carolina Press: Chapel Hill, 1940. 388 pp. \$3.00.

Henry Kyd Douglas was one of the Civil War's blue-and-gray boys who shouldered arms immediately after John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry in 1859 and battled continuously until the inevitable surrender at Appomattox in 1865. Privileged to live, fight, and work in personal contact with General "Stonewall" Jackson, Douglas served as the youngest member of that Southern militarist's staff; and at Appomattox (Jackson was then dead), Douglas' own troops fired the last volley at the enemy and were the last men to stack their guns in silent surrender.

This volume contains the war experiences of the young soldier Douglas. And because of his active participation in each battle, the book offers an extremely "close view" of the War Between the States. Not that it is peppered with violent "damn-the-Yankee" prejudices: the accounts are surprisingly lacking in signs of resentment towards the Northern troops. But the long view of the war is not to be found here. What Mr. Douglas has done is merely to retell the war from the standpoint of an individual who fought the battles, endured the defeats, watched the deaths, and was an eye-witness to the many trivial occurrences in warfare which never become a part of historical fact.

It is strange that Douglas' story was ever published at all. The only reason he first bothered to take notes on his war experiences was to please his sweetheart and erstwhile fiancée who, at the beginning of the struggle, requested that he keep a journal of his camp life. This he did; but after the war (for some reason he never married that young lady) he put aside his diary of events. Later, being confined in a hospital due to recurrences of war injuries (he was wounded six times) he conceived the idea of using his diary to write a series of "Papers" on Stonewall Jackson and the Civil War which would contain true anecdotes of the General and accounts of his conduct on different battlefields. Although he worked on the material at scattered intervals throughout many years, he never attempted to publish it. Placing his manuscript in a garret in 1899, he died in 1903, and the work was only discovered by accident last year. Now it is finally published.

I Rode with Stonewall is based upon a rich vein of material

on the Civil War—its men and officers, its battles and manœuverings. But the vein has been mined at great waste. In attempting "not to write a history" (as he states several times), Douglas seems to have written with no definite purpose in mind—other than that of presenting a rambling account of happenings. While Stonewall Jackson is doubtless intended to be the pivot-peg of the work, his character is not sufficiently strong to keep the rest of the material from slipping away from him. There are many references to Jackson, telling how he got his nickname, how he climbed a persimmon tree and couldn't get down, how he sucked a lemon with great relish throughout an important battle. However, the remarkable number of anecdotal paragraphs serves mainly to confuse; the possibilities for character studies are sadly under-developed; and the numerous historical details are too brief and too often inaccurate (as indicated by footnotes) to be of much value. The conglomerate mass therefore is much like fools' gold—it attracts with its glittering details and first-hand accounts but gives the finder few historical or literary nuggets to retain. And it is not sprightly enough to be chalked up as mere light entertainment. So, as it stands, the book might best be appreciated by Civil War scholars who could use it as "filling"

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sandwiched in between lengthy histories and light novels on the same subject.

The writing is divided into chapters describing battle after battle in logical sequence. Proper names of officers, horses, towns, valleys, rivers, men, and skirmishes issue in endless, unexplained confusion. Too often the author fails to indicate the characters of the men about whom he is telling jokes until after their funerals. This he does even with Stonewall Jackson, following his death with a very good post-mortem character study. And it might be mentioned that beginning with this biographical essay of the General, and throughout the remaining quarter of the book, Douglas shows what might have been done with the material. Maintaining fine balance, he integrates anecdotes, adventurous history, and biographical material in an entirely satisfactory way, using the Approaching End as the point of unity. Had he written it all like the last pages, "riding with Stonewall" would have seemed to have been a much more worthwhile occupation.

Despite these criticisms, however, the volume has its points: it is fairly interesting reading, lightly historical, and it offers an overwhelming amount of Civil War minutiae new and old.

—MARY CALDWELL

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F. F. BRADSHAW

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Captain Allen—"Very good, gentlemen; very good indeed"

Johnny Booker—Brigadier General in Cupid's
Light Infantry

—from the CAROLINA MAGAZINE, 1917

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FRENCH LEAVE

(Continued from page twenty-three)

lent and there was much to be learned. But never did we have that grand feeling of camaraderie that you have here.

In France the university is always in a big town, and consequently there is never any of this informal open-air life. Once your studies are finished you go home and that is all. No fraternities or football or publications or dances. There is only a struggle for a diploma. I have always thought that an American university is a dream land where you learn in the morning, play football in the afternoon, and dance in the evening. And what have I seen? Boys and girls studying all of the time with a rational physical education program which will give them the strength they shall certainly need later on. I hope that all of you realize how fortunate you are in a world where most of the people consider themselves lucky if they are still alive.

You and I face the great question of tomorrow together. And I am terribly grateful that here, with you, I have once again found something fine worth fighting for: a democracy still growing up and profiting by the mistakes of mine. Now I have discovered that all is not lost and that fifty million Frenchmen *can* be wrong.

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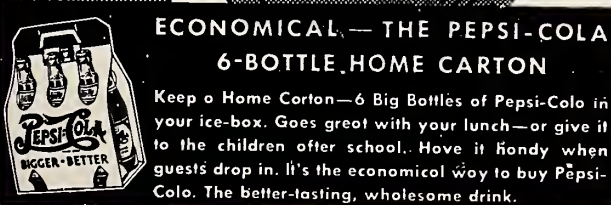
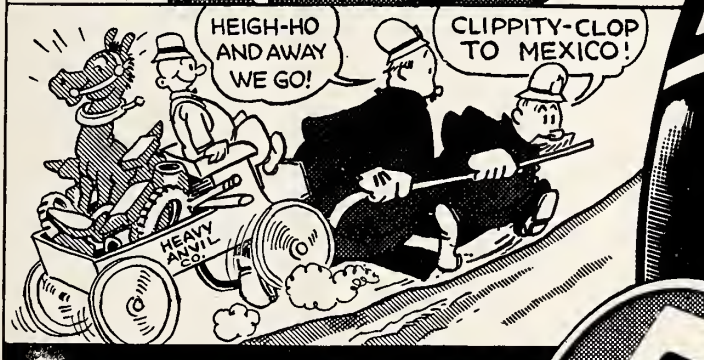
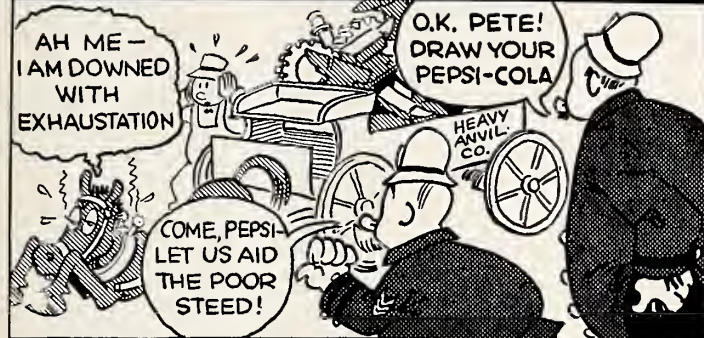
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CAROLINA

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S ENEMIES IN
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STUDENT AIRMEN

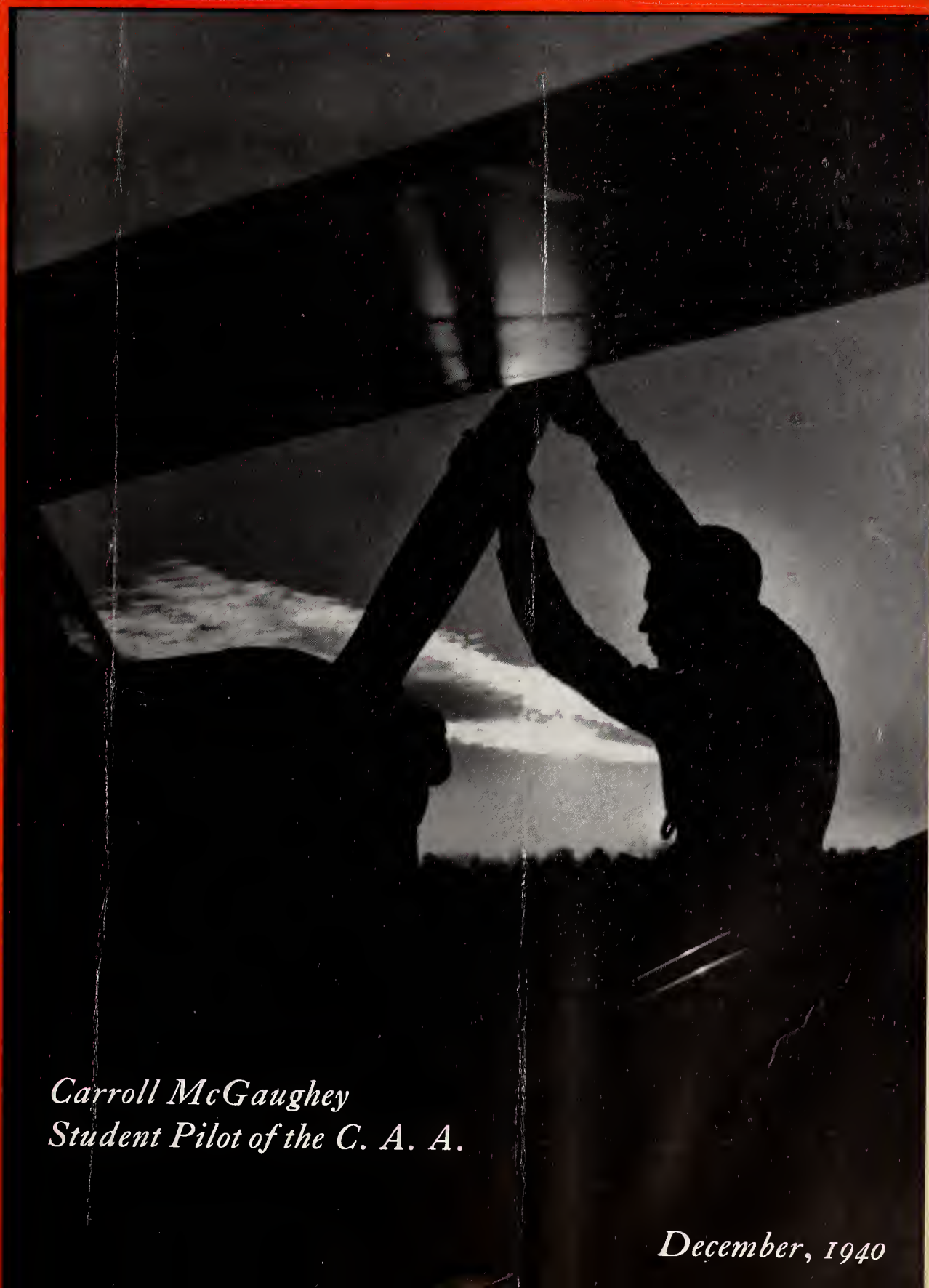
WAR MORALITY

SPORTS

FICTION

FEATURES

CARTOONS



Carroll McGaughey
Student Pilot of the C. A. A.



December, 1940

CAMELS

PRINCE ALBERT

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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

Established 1844



All-American, 1939-40

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(COVER PHOTO BY HUGH MORTON)

VOLUME LXX

DECEMBER, 1940

NUMBER 3

The Moving Finger



personals

SEVERAL nights ago, very late, we walked out of the local printshop thinking about the magazine which had just been put to bed. In the quiet of Chapel Hill asleep, when there are no sounds to overwhelm your personal doubts, we wondered about this issue. Full of student writing about the university, it seemed to taste of sophomoric cynicism and disappointed criticism. It pointed at things from different directions. And the constant question of war seemed to find a place to sit and shake its head on every page. There is a long dark alley that leads from the printshop to the street. At its end, we stopped in surprise. A thousand cheerful lights sent a multi-colored stream from Harry's to the Post Office. And then we remembered again, and smiled again. It was the regular holiday display. Once again the drab continuity of our days was removed by the tiny brilliant bulbs. There was no one to talk with, so we walked on home through the light shower of color, thinking of these four years in Chapel Hill.

Of editors who have rightfully complained. Of frustrated campaigns for decent ideals. Of peace movements and fervid *Tar Heel* editorials. Walking along, we knew that there was some dirt on Franklin Street that the pretty lights could not reach. And we knew that there were some student rooms where the lights could never penetrate. There would be new forms of the old disappointments and new people to point a finger. But then there would be more holiday seasons, maybe with newer and better lights. And as long as someone is there getting mad at things and fighting for principles and making fun of fools, there will always be gracious hopeful lights in the tired old Chapel Hill night.

microcosm

THE German pilots have chosen, among other choice spots, England's Coventry as a special bombing arena. And this is natural when you remember that this very old place now holds some of Britain's most potent armament works. Every

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few days the newspaper headlines carry boldface statistics about the new numbers of dead in Coventry. Those minor statisticians and major prophets, the cop on the corner and the barber and that fellow in Eubank's drug store, seemed suddenly to have taken Coventry into their lingo. Like "blitzkrieg," "pursuit plane," "naval tonnage," "communique" and others, it was one of those words which the Big Powers hastily hand down to the masses in time of trouble. And that is why we were a little perplexed the other afternoon by an English graduate student. Although we have been a little over-exposed to such specimens for several years now and have acquired some sort of a protective indifference, this little gnome of a chappie had us shaking our head in the natural bewilderment of a person who has met a graduate student



for the first time. He had been reading the reports about the bombing of Coventry and was obviously in a stew. He wanted to know why anyone would want to desolate such a peaceful little place. A place, he said with a weary wisdom, that many, many years ago had produced one of the earliest extant examples of English drama—the famed "Coventry Cycle." It was obvious that this little fellow carried with him some obscure dream of old England—some fantastic fairy land which might have been passed along by a high school English teacher who had made the pilgrimage to the Canterbury trail. Something in the hurt near-sightedness of his eyes told us that he had never heard of the huge factories that were grinding out armaments along the old pageant-trails of Coventry. And before leaving him, we gently plucked the newspaper from his lap, so that the nasty and irregular incidentals of this twentieth century tragedy wouldn't interrupt his bi-focaled concern for Coventry—that early English seat of drama.

two if by land

WE noticed an obscure news story in one of the papers that set us wondering. It said that Governor Hoey was beginning to organize an auxiliary defense unit known as a "home guard." Membership will be drawn from men who have not already been called to active service. The article was a bit indefinite concerning the work of this group, but there was something said about quelling any disorders within the state. Now we happen to harbour a tremendous hatred for any persons or groups who are trying to impede our national defense machinery these days. And we are unhappily aware of Nazi activities within this land. If this home guard—which, incidentally, is to be set up in other states—is destined to fight forces like that, and if it has any power, we think that it is probably a good thing. But there is something about the idea of a group of men regimented into a band of trouble-shooters that frightens us a little. Things like that can get out of hand in a very nasty way. We would hate to see a group like the Jehovah's Witnesses chastised by a gang that doesn't like its ideas. And we would hate to see a legitimate strike suppressed because some citizen claimed that striking isn't patriotic. There are some very ugly memories of similar cotillions in the last war, when spy-hunts were like Bingo and a strict adherence to the Bill of Rights could make a man an enemy of the people. Perhaps we are anticipating a trouble that will never come. But we can't help hoping now, as we are getting nearer and nearer to the fight across the ocean, that such organizations as home guards don't take advantage of the times to spill some cold water on our neglected home fires.

the chef's suggestion

THE German government, which, next to decapitating small nations, seems to love issuing official orders to its people, has just sent out a lulu. It says that "dogs, wolves, foxes, bears, horses, badgers and wild hogs have been legalized as meat." Now we had always thought that the German people were crazy about their leaders. But it never occurred that, as the high school girls say about their movie heroes, they "could just eat them up." Maybe we are wrong, but it seems to us that this latest official order contains a pretty accurate description of most of the high moguls of

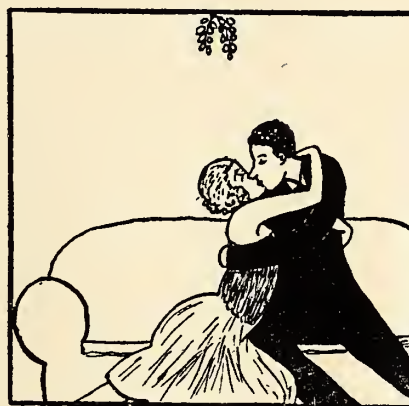
Nazidom. It is no great mental strain to imagine dear brother Goering as the "wild hog," or the talented Dr. Goebbels as the "badger," or Schact as the "fox," or the gaunt leader of the great Gestapo as the "dog." Surely these things are self-evident to us, and must be common knowledge to the German citizens who can examine the grandness of their leaders at close range. Although this diet might be rough on sensitive stomachs, it ought to go pretty well with a people who have been biting huge hunks out of each other for some years now. And if some totalitarian dietitian will carve a nice slice out of the part of the horse that goes over the fence last, one lucky Teuton will have the exquisite honor of being served up a piece of Der Fuehrer himself.

scientific surrender

RECENTLY we went to see the latest Hollywood Nazi film. Most appropriately, it is called "Escape." Now this is not a particularly bad movie, as movies go in filmdom's own peculiar idea of political propaganda. But, like the dubious book from which it derived a sort of after-birth, it contained a most phenomenal series of scenes. An American woman, doomed to death in a German concentration camp, is aided by a sympathetic doctor. He slips her the totalitarian version of our own Micky Finn and then pronounces her dead. In a coffin, she is taken from the camp and later revived. This bit of irregular action started us thinking about a new trend in Hollywood. It seems that the game out there these days is to find new ways to slip innocent Americans out of the Nazi clutches. But of all of them, the Micky Finn in "Escape" intrigued us most. We have recollections of a girl named Juliet who tried to get out of an embarrassing situation in the same way. But Shakespeare did not have twentieth century science in back of him, and his heroine died. Since Hollywood is frankly taking to the stump and passing off panaceas for our troubles these days, we must look for some moral message behind this "Escape." And the boys seem to be giving us a sure-fire way of beating the Nazis. All that we have to do is roll over and play dead. Then, after kicking our coffins around for a few innocent laughs, the big bad men will go away and leave us alone. There is no doubt that they have a point here. The folks who make our movies seem to be developing a brilliant political perspicuity to match the artistic excellence of their films. And once again they have made escape pay dividends.

renaissance

MR. Fish Worley's success as a promoter of the latent capacities of Graham Memorial must certainly be apparent to all. He runs the gamut from square dances to Beethoven with a variety that is both commendable and remarkable. But it was not until the Thanksgiving vacation just passed that we realized how the Graham Memorial program was inspiring a new love for good music to all of the boys and girls. One night we were up in the office trying to track down the perjured soul of William Faulkner in a freshman short story. The pleasantly sentimental strains of Liebestraum floated up in soothing relief. It was



a good chance to escape and we went downstairs to investigate. The main lounge was completely dark, but two large fires sent a very friendly heat throughout the room. Vaguely, we could see the silhouetted heads of music lovers. No one spoke as the record was quietly changed to some symphony. It was all like the hushed reverence for great art and we were mighty impressed. Graham Memorial seemed to have caught Art's skirt and pulled it down to the students. Then some one, by accident, turned on the lights. And all that we could see were couples—in various listening positions. Some of them seemed so fascinated by the records that they called angrily for the lights to be turned off! The scene gave us a new faith in the sensitivities of young America. And we are certain that the Girl Scouts, 4-H Club and other such organizations would be pleased to learn that our dating couples are getting a cultural uplift at Graham Memorial—which simply offers complete darkness, a fire, comfortable chairs and, incidentally, some classical records.

Sticks and Stones

A student editor from a small city discusses the enemies of the university and their sniping campaign throughout the state.

CITY OFFICIALS of my home town (New Bern, N. C., population 10,000) are not the foremost thinkers in the state; neither are they among the least intelligent citizens. They are the average sort—to be found in big towns and small towns the country over. It was, therefore, shocking and discouraging when I was told last summer by one that the Carolina Political Union was considered a radical and dangerous organization.

I countered with the defense that I often had used before: The University professes to be liberal and progressive; it therefore must hear all sides of political, economic, and social questions.

He admitted the necessity for hearing the viewpoints of the nation's leaders. "It is fine that you can hear speeches by such men as President Roosevelt, or Senator Taft, or Tom Girdler, that great steel manufacturer. But Norman Thomas and Earl Browder—that's something else!"

Is this man just eccentric? I asked myself. Does he really doubt the University? If so, is he typical of others in this state and elsewhere?

No, I wouldn't believe he was typical. Why there is Gerald Johnson, the Baltimore Sun writer, who is constantly praising the University for assuming the leadership in the South for a better state, section and nation. Mark Ethridge, the Louisville Courier-Journal publisher, regards the University as a top-ranker. Students from the North tell us that the University of North Carolina is considered THE college in the South. The enrollment of students from nearly every state in the union indicates that the University's reputation is nation-wide.

I was about ready to dismiss my fears. Certainly the impact of opinion elsewhere must persuade North Carolinians to believe in their own University, I rationalized. If Gerald Johnson, Mark Ethridge and countless others of their name and fame looked up to the University, surely the cop on the corner, the Recorder's Court lawyer, and the farmer back home must. Then, too, I reasoned, there are big names within the state, men who go to the bat for the University any time their help is needed. They are always ready to defend the institution. The alumni are among the leaders in the state. They will do nothing to

see their *alma mater* harmed. In fact, the General Assembly, which biennially passes the University's budget, is practically controlled by Carolina men.

Then my thoughts flew to the old bugaboo, the man who had rather defame the University of North Carolina and what it stands for than clip the coupons from his textile mill bonds—David Clark, of Charlotte.

Long before I ever thought of coming to the University I had heard of Davy Clark, the man who loves State college and hates the University. I was so young when I first heard of Clark that I thought the Textile Bulletin of which he was editor was some sort of State college student paper, and that he was the student editor. But by the time I was wearing long pants I knew that Clark was much more of a menace than any student editor (even the editor of the Daily Tar Heel) could be.

Back in those high school days I knew of David Clark. I knew that men in my state, leaders in my city were saying that the University of North Carolina was a hotbed of Communism, harboring men who attended banquets with negro communists, and men who sympathized with communist strikers in textile mills. These leading citizens placed themselves on the side of Carolina when its football team played Virginia or Duke or State. But between football games they said ugly things and muttered that something ought to be done.

I knew nothing then about the many savants who say that Carolina ranks with the best of universities. I heard only that the commerce school had teachers who were outright socialists, that University philosophy teachers were atheists, that radical Yankees were taking over the college from the good Southern stock, and that something ought to be done. With the stories of radical teaching and behavior came reports of Carolina debauchery. They believe in free love and communism, it was said of Carolina students. Any fellow who goes there is certain to come out a drunkard and ne'er-do-well. Look at so-and-so there. Honor roll student in high school; now look at him—flunked out and a confirmed sot.

I wondered plenty about the University that year and a half between high school and college. I was in a position for a while that placed me squarely on the side of the conservative, small-town, something-ought-to-be-done forces of humankind. I was writing editorials for a weekly newspaper in which I periodically attacked communism and the right of communists or any other ism-adherents to express themselves. At the same time I was beating the editorial bushes for Josiah Bailey, savior of the rights of man. I don't remember now, but surely in that atmosphere I must have turned out at least one editorial tub-thumping for "Our Bob" Reynolds, the man who was leading the great crusade against aliens. I do blushingly recall one blistering editorial against a Superior Court judge who impaneled three Negroes to serve on a jury trying a member of their race for murder. Also the full page editorial blast in the home town Negro weekly against the "dirty yellow journalist" who wrote the tirade against Negro jurors.

So there I was, fully in the middle of sentiment which pats Carolina on the back for producing a winning football team and then shakes its head and says something ought to be done about this wildcat radicalism at the University.

When I entered the University I had plenty of misgivings. There was certainly a lot of this liberalism here, and I wondered if Davy Clark didn't know what he was talking about. Every time I went home I heard the same mutterings: "Something ought to be done," "Frank Graham is a dangerous man with some of his ideas," "Are there really communists in the faculty?"

Question the fellow who was making the accusation and nine times out of ten he couldn't substantiate a single claim. He had just heard and was wondering, and thought that if what he had heard were true that something ought to be done about it.

There is no need here to point out the transition in my own outlook. Anyone who has been a part of Carolina knows that the liberal attitude permeates us all, that University men acquire a tolerance that astounds the good citizenry back home, that frequently we feel that we must restrain ourselves when we return home in order that the dry goods clerk and the corner soda jerker and the pool room loafer won't say that college has made us radicals.

I know of one prominent member of the State Legislature, a University alumnus, whose antagonism to the University and its principles is gen-

erally known. In the past he has held strategic positions in the legislature, but he has frequently lined up with the opponents of education and the University. There are many others like him; so when the University presents its biennial budget to its own sons, it still has trouble commanding loyalty.

Even with the Board of Trustees the University finds its footing uncertain. Last summer, for instance, Dr. Graham was questioned by Trustees at a board meeting about the "wildcat radicalism" at the University. When the unruffled president told them that the University would hold to its liberal principles or he would resign, the ram-paging Trustees subsided. Doubtful as they were about the University under a banner of liberalism, these Trustees recognized the folly of losing a president like Graham. But still, the seeds of the bush of reaction are there. They may yet grow and blossom into thorns to puncture our ideals.

It is evident, then, that the opposition to the University stems from two sources: Mr. Average Taxpayer, who knows only what he has heard and thinks something ought to be done; and Mr. Moneyman, whose corporation is being taxed in order that Mr. Average Taxpayer's son may be educated, who does the talking that Mr. Average Taxpayer hears, and who likewise thinks something ought to be done. Liberal University education means state-supported education, which means corporation taxes must help bear the burden. Manifestly, corporation taxpayers are going to oppose tax-supported higher education (and, in reality, all education). But they cannot use the direct approach; they cannot say "Teach what you want, just so it doesn't cost us" (which is what they really feel). Instead they drum up charges of radicalism, the flank attack. Mr. Average Taxpayer and his representatives to the Legislature bite this bait, and take up the battle-cry of the vested interests. Skillfully master-minded by the corporation men, the "just plain" citizen of the state, clamoring for any and all liberal scalps at the University, becomes a serious menace to higher, state-supported education. For, if they can manage to spray enough red paint on the University and its personnel, the corporation men can block any material advances in the University's appropriation. Which, of course, was their objective in the first place.

So far, I have presented only the problem, with a few of the causes. Logically, I should now give the answer, or my idea of the answer. But here

(Continued on page twenty-nine)



Wooden Nickels

They worked in a honky-tonk joint near the sea. They hated the same boss and loved the same girl and almost found a friendship.

THE last time that I saw Larry he was home on leave from the navy for a few days. His old cocky toughness looked more formidable than ever in the buff service blue. As everyone in our town does after being away, Larry had come down to the boardwalk. And, like most of us, he rubbed his hand along the musty cold metal of the railing and lustily breathed the winter sea smell. As I sat on my bench wondering if we should speak, a couple of nurse-maids in fancy uniforms walked by. I heard their rapidly intimate conversation in French. And it wasn't a terrible strain on the rusted remains of my sophomore French course to understand that they were admiring this big slob of a sailor. Hitching up his pants and swaggering his shoulders, Larry knew it too. And even then, months after I had convinced myself that she was only a sweet-mouthed name out of yesterday's tangle-maze, I wondered why Sylvia had ever loved him. But we were looking at each other now in a murky calm and trying to fight the flush from our cheeks. And the summer was dead and it didn't really matter any more.

So we shook hands as the cold winter bit into my back and made me cough. He playfully probed my palm with his big thumb.

"Still no callouses, Al?"

"No, Larry. Only on the seat of my pants, from reading a book, as Mr. Harvey used to say." He laughed at that and sat down beside me with an easy relief. I asked him how is the boy, Larry.

"Ain't bad, Al. Ain't bad at all. I'm in the navy."

"Yeah, Larry. That's sort of obvious."

As he looked at me quickly I regretted the foolish condescension of my remark. His face was tight with that same childish suspicion that he used to wear behind the counter last summer when I used "them phony college words." And all over again, in spite of the whole nasty memory, I found myself falling into that old protective intimacy.

"We got a couple of weeks off after exams. And there isn't much to do in this town now but sit here and watch the ocean. But I guess you see plenty of water, Larry."

When I offered him a cigarette he refused it, explaining vaguely that he was in some sort of

training. Some years ago he had played varsity football in high school and had done some boxing. And even now he clung to some cloudy phantasmia of himself "doing a comeback." That was one of the tragic things about Larry. He was always training to come back to something which he never had. Now he was flexing his hands while speaking. Hardening his hands for an imaginary baseball that would never be pitched.

"I hear you're doing good down at that there college. Well, like Mr. Harvey said, you was so smart you never even learned the first commandment."

"I remember it. Sure heard it enough. 'Never give a sucker an even break.'"

Now that he had mentioned Mr. Harvey, the dirty mess seemed to cloy at the false intimacy of the two of us standing alone. The wind had driven a fine sand grit that clouded my glasses. Cleaning them carefully, I was conscious of that old sneer half-hidden in his healthy eyes. When he asked me to come along for a few beers at the Windsor, I lied and spoke of an appointment. Then, before walking away, Larry cleared his throat and tried to speak casually.

"I guess you heard about our little friend Sylvia."

"No."

"Well she's rolling drunks in some joint in Greenwich Village. A hostess they call her. Hostess. Some hell of a fancy name."

For some reason I forced a silly and uneasy little laugh. "Yeah. That sure is some hell of a fancy name . . ."

It was so fantastic for us to be there. But I felt weighted to my slouch on the bench. Larry was standing still too. For a second we looked honestly at each other. It was too late for hatred and we were too young for real regrets. There was only wonder and nostalgia that crept from the bespectacled myopia of my eyes into the sightless excellence of his. Then there was nothing to be said but so long. Walking away, Larry the tough guy told me not to take any wooden nickels. He was flashing back that wonderful boy smile of his when the wind clouded my glasses again.

That was the last time that I saw Larry and I

hope that we never meet again. It is better to sit alone on a boardwalk bench whose paint has been bitten by the wet sea winds. Sometimes, even in winter, there is a sun faintly casting iridescence on the waves. The white foam of a wave breaking has the forever clean freshness of tomorrow. It bathes the sores of memories and a man can detach thoughts of last summer . . .

The neon lights from the number wheels in Harvey's Amusement Concession darted madly around. They sent red flickers out to the summer smell of Sunday night on the boardwalk. In all of the tinsel cheapness of the booths people were loudly playing nickels and hoping that their lucky numbers would win them cigarettes or silk stockings or candy. Behind the counters, bright flood lights sent down a brutal heat. And as the boys ran up and down to collect nickels and spin the electric wheel, hundreds of bugs collected on the sweaty wetness of our shirts.

This was my first night on the job and the players out in front knew it. I was uncertain and slow, missing the numbers and giving the wrong change. Larry, the nice looking, husky fellow who was in charge of my booth, was doing all that he could to help me by slowing down the wheel. But Mr. Harvey, smiling urbanely and dropping neatly expensive cigar ashes on his baby-blue sport jacket, was always walking by. Snarling at the boys to spin the huge wheels faster and keep the well fed resort folks fascinated by the fake red of the numbers.

A fat old lady with white gloves and a Pomeranian had been playing number 7. When the lights stopped Larry stood there smiling quietly. "Little eight, lucky eighta from Decata is the winnah." And he turned the wheel again. But the woman, clumsily obvious in her cheating, had flicked her nickel over to number 8. And now she was shouting that she had won. Her voice was loud and her motions were absurdly huge. All of the hundreds of players were looking and laughing as she screeched insults at me. Embarrassed, I grabbed a prize and gave it to her. Larry's low laugh came to me in gruff understanding. Reaching for another prize I turned to him and smiled. And in the mawkish cheapness of the game that kept us too busy to even talk we found a friendship.

When the crowd had broken away from us to try and win a doll from Greek in his booth across the aisle, Mr. Harvey walked over to me. He had a lean and dour half-smile that showed the putrid yellow of his teeth. And there was a meanness in

his voice that crept out along the edges of the rollicking sing-song of the old carnival man. He was saying listen here Al and giving me a persistent pat on my clammy wet shoulder.

"I seen you give that woman a prize she didn't win. Now prizes don't cost no fortune but that's no way to work one of them wheels. People figure it's crooked and they're out to get you. We got a little rule around here I want you should learn. We call it the first commandment. 'Never give a sucker an even break.'" Then Mr. Harvey began to clean his finger-nails with a large pocket-knife. Walking back to the middle of the boardwalk, he stood talking to his partners in coarse content.

Larry looked over to me and winked. And I winked back. Moving his big shoulders in a wonderful grace as he straightened up our prize rack, Larry said it was a lousey business. But it was money in his pocket. He said I'd learn to think about other things after a while. Then, winking again, Larry called out to the ladies to "get some hosies for your tosies." An old couple, tenderly prolonging their last years and linking stiff arms in mutual loneliness, looked over at his clean bigness and gave a tired smile.

And so it went while Larry was breaking me in to a job which I disliked more each day. In time I learned to catch the cheaters, save my feet by leaning on the counter as much as possible, and to have violent hatred for Mr. Harvey. And when I began to mutter curses behind the sleek cheapness of his strutting back, all of the boys accepted me into their secret little intimacies. During the long hot afternoons business was usually slow. We spent warmly confused hours looking out to the ocean and talking with boy dreams. Larry resented my education and I never mentioned college. Anyway, it was his world and I was the stranger visitor.

Sometimes, in the dull disgust of afterwork, we drank a few beers at the Windsor and complained about the pain in our feet. But at about one I always had to leave alone for the long walk home. Larry waited each night for his girl, Sylvia. She worked as an usherette at the Palace movie house. Her family, clouded and frightened with the suspicion of immigrants, didn't like Larry. And they had been meeting secretly for six months. He was proud of that. Boasting to me how he fooled that little greaser of a tailor. Walking home alone was lonesome, and I used to think of them along the beach together and maybe sitting for a while behind the big stone jetty. When the nights were lush with the sleep-smell of summer bloom, I

enjoyed the fullness of Larry's two-for-a-nickel world.

Sitting in our booth at the end of my first week, he told me about their plans for later in the evening. It was Sunday paynight and he invited me to come along with them for some wine and tomatoe pie at Anthony's. He said that Sylvia had done well in high school, liking books and things like that. And she wanted to meet me.

When he was sure that the very last stroller had gone to bed, Mr. Harvey ordered us to close up and come back for our pay. Our money came with a strange little ceremony. I didn't understand its significance until later. The boys were called in one at a time to the back-office. Then they were told to go right home and get a good night's sleep.

As Mr. Harvey's bald head poked out to yell "Al" I walked into the office briskly. I had certainly earned the money that was coming to me. He was standing before a long table loaded with more dollar bills than I had ever before seen. Giving me a wad of them, he said there would be a raise if I worked hard. Then he shifted his cigar.

"Don't tell the other boys what you're making. Some have been here longer and are making less. Just mind your own business."

The wad in my hand felt pleasantly heavy as I walked out. But, sitting down to count them, there were only fourteen dollar bills. Fourteen dollars for eighty four hours of slimy work. I felt so bad that I could have cried. All along the back counters boys were counting their pay and shaking their heads. Over at the side, Greek was practicing left uppercuts to Mr. Harvey's jaw. Only no one said anything. Soon the boys began to limp out to the comfortable bar stools at the Windsor. Neither of us felt like talking as Larry and I walked across the boardwalk to sit on the railing and wait for his Sylvia.

I saw her hurrying down and knew who she was before Larry said anything. Still wearing the cheap neat blue uniform of the movie house and letting her ample black hair float graciously over her ears, she had all of the direct beauty which sometimes comes with poverty. I mean that freak sort that is fated to a brief brilliance by the life that slowly dries it up. Even as she ran with girl-ish excitement, the freedom of her small body had the same mellow richness as did that untrained black hair.

When Larry introduced us she shook my hand. For a second there was that same half-suspicious and half-frightened withdrawal that I had met

from all of the folks who worked along the boards. To her, as with the rest, I was that "college guy who really didn't have to work." But Sylvia saw the pleased admiration in my eyes as an ocean wind teased a stray curl around her cheek. So everything was all right. Holding each other's arm in an awkward threesome, we crossed the street and went into Anthony's Italian Villa.

Luigi, the waitress who liked the boys to get fresh with her sagging body, took us to the usual table in back. And she brought out a bottle of cheap American wine. Because it was pay night, and she had been expecting us, she returned soon, smiling over a steaming tomatoe-cheese pie. While we sat and ate the large dripping pieces, Larry began to complain about his pay. Sylvia understood these things, listening in the dulled understanding of old troubles. As they tried politely to sip wine from the big chipped beer glasses, the frowzy lights were cruel to the washed-out dinginess of their uniforms. A man walked by the door and looked in. He was wiry short and dark. With the rusty muscles of the workingman growing old. For a moment Sylvia gasped, thinking he was her father. Then she sobbed on Larry's shoulder.

"He swears he'll shoot us both. And, Larry, when I come home he sniffs at me. Honest. Like as if he can smell what I do."

Some one put a nickel in the machine. Quietly, they got up and danced. The song was a rumba,
(Continued on page twenty-five)



—"so when Proff said, 'Now what do YOU think,' I got so flustered that I told the truth and said it was lousy."

Our One Hoss Shay

Our most sincere student critic leaves the university and offers the summation of an active struggle for a vital educational system.

WHEN you read this article, I shall be leaving Carolina. As one who has known and loved the University, I want to sum up my impression of its achievement and its failure. Since all of us here realize and appreciate the contribution this school makes to the life of the state and the nation, and since space is short, I am going to point out our shortcomings rather than our successes. We can learn more from them.

Both the state and the university are failing in their duties, it seems to me, and this failure is reciprocal. The state is failing in that it does not provide the university with adequate funds to carry out its purposes and in hamstringing the administration here at every opportunity. The university is failing to educate its students so that they will become intelligent and unselfish leaders of the state, and this failure has reacted against the university itself.

I am saying that the university is failing in its central purpose—that of educating the students who come here. My definition of education grows out of what has been said about the duties of the state and the university. Education involves two things: the intelligent acquisition of knowledge, and the development of a sense of responsibility to society—which means to the state, the community, and the nation. These two things may be called intelligence and character. Either is valueless without the other. Neither is being developed to a significant degree at this university.

The students of this university, when they graduate, have no understanding whatsoever of the basic problems that confront us here in America or of ways to solve these problems. They do not understand the functioning of our economy. They do not have a broad perspective of history as a vantage point for the present. They have actually gone through college without learning anything much, and they have been able to do this because of our low standards, to which I shall refer again.

More alarming to me than the lack of understanding is the lack of responsibility towards our problems and towards other people. Our graduates feel no duty at all towards taking the initiative in understanding and directing the affairs of society. Their general attitude towards authority, in student government or off the campus, is one

of cynical opposition. Taking this responsibility is the sign of character, and we are not developing character in our students.

Why are we failing to develop intelligence and character? Let us admit frankly that our task is tremendous. We are given students from the secondary schools of this state who have no conception of what studying is and who have had very poor training. The backgrounds of most of them are sterile and unintellectual. Our job is to take these students at a very low level and to lift them, somehow, into an entirely new plane of effort and achievement. It is clear that we must maintain a continuous development from their earlier lives, and at the same time carry them from the lower level to a much higher level, if we are to accomplish our purposes.

In order to convince a student of the vital meaning of his studies to his own life and happiness, you must first offer his studies which contain this vitality and meaning. For most students, the curriculum at this university is sufficient to drive him away from intellectual pursuits for the rest of his life. Secondary school has already pretty well done that, but he feels that college may be different. He soon finds that it isn't. He is off again in the old maze of Greek and Latin and mathematics and composition and history.

Now there is nothing intrinsically wrong with these subjects, but no student is going to be tremendously interested in any of them unless the connection can be made, and be made to mean something, between the subjects and the experience of the student. It is because the subjects they take have no integral relation to their own experience, *for them*, that most students, when they graduate, forget everything they learned in college. The most fruitful course offered in this university, to my mind, is the Freshman social science course, and it is fruitful because it shakes the student to his roots and creates militant controversy about human problems and attitudes. Even that course is too theoretical and far fetched for most of our students.

Unless we understand the complete shallowness and provincialism of our incoming students we shall never know how to deal with them. We do not blame them for it, but we try to work out

OUTLOOK

courses that start with their own lives, their own problems, their own interests, and develop from that into the larger theoretical and historical issues. Such training would mean the complete breaking down of present curriculum, the reorientation of the whole system towards the individual student, the abandonment of the competitive system and grading, fewer classes and more personal advice and contacts between teachers and students, and a totally different kind of advisory system.

We are failing in our standards of work. When Thomas Jefferson said that all men are created equal, he did not mean that all men of college age have equal intellectual capacities or interests. There is no innate reason why the structure of the universe and the problems of man should be grasped without effort by the minds of all. It follows that in order to approach the matter of education we must go through a certain elimination process, which in fact we do, except that instead of being based on ability it is based on an irrelevant financial factor. I don't want to go into this. Thorstein Veblen has shown how it developed that people go to college, not for an education, but because it is "the thing to do." But I say that if a college is to do the work it should do, it must keep its standards high enough so that those who are really interested in learning will not be held back by those of very limited capabilities and no interest whatsoever.

At Carolina, standards are lowered to the level of the lowest student, and as a consequence the serious student has to learn what he can by himself and despite the general low level. We have yet to learn that the way to get students to learn is not by lowering the standards, but by creating in the students as an individual the sense of the significance and interest of his studies.

I attribute little of the failure of this university to the administration. In my opinion they are doing an honest and thorough job with the limited resources and power they possess. In particular, I want to praise Dr. Graham, who is responsible for most of the recent progress of this institution. Not many students realize how he stands like a bulwark against the tides of provincialism and restriction that would flood in the day after he left. To realize this, compare Carolina to other Southern state universities.

The faculty contributes in great part, if not the greatest part, to our failure. I have already pointed out their effect on curriculum. Their stupidity in conducting courses simply broadens the gap between the student and the subject. As an example

I might point to Garrett's course in European History from 1500 to 1815. This fascinating period in human development could be made vital to any student. But when Professor Garrett comes into class every day in the quarter, takes out a sheaf of typewritten notes, and proceeds to read verbatim in a monotonous voice *the pages of his own text for the course*, students become cynical and indifferent and have no interest in the subject. For me, I know that I took this course voluntarily, without even needing the credit, because of my interest in the period, and I came out of it with complete disgust with the period and with the study of history.

In contrast to that, it is significant to me that the man whom I believe is doing more than any other teacher on the campus to stimulate students, to bring their studies home to them, and to develop in them a sense of responsibility and interest, is the man who is least strict about class attendance and formalistic requirements, and who seldom lectures to the class at all. That man is Dr. Louis Kattsoff, who not only teaches underclassmen more than most other teachers, but who was voted one of the most popular and capable teachers on the campus by students.

In our educational failure, students are no less guilty than teachers, although since the teachers are in charge of the process, they naturally receive a larger share of the blame. A prominent and intelligent student shocked me recently by saying that he got more from a pep rally than from a week of classes. Fraternities, athletics, and other activities irrelevant to the educational process occupy the time and interest of most students. They turn away from their classes in disgust to these activities, which are not a part of the educational function of a university, and instead of taking them for accessories to education they take them for education itself. Which proves the point that they don't know what education means because it has no meaning as offered to them. To be meaningful, extra-curricular activities should be related to the same sort of things as those dealt with in classes. Here we find action for action's sake. The failure to bring action and theory together is an example of our nation's life, as is the failure of student government to produce leaders of ability or to bring to the top men who do have ability.

Student self-government and the university both are failing to develop in the student body a sense of responsibility and an intelligent approach

(Continued on page thirty)

The C.A.A. and Five Credit Hours

Carroll McGaughey is typical of the students taking the aeronautics course. Mostly concerned with learning to fly, they meet a national emergency.

LAST WEEK in a small town in this state a speaker was orating before the over-indulgence of a banquet table. He was speaking upon the subject of defense, which seems able to make big speakers out of the smallest of men. And he was describing the students of the Civil Aeronautics Authority as "our great crusading youth riding the wings of liberty." After that phrase he took a big breath and got much applause.

There has been so much talk about these boys who are taking the CAA course that we decided to investigate for ourselves. Here, in Chapel Hill, unheralded and seemingly unaware of the great crusade attributed to them by that small town orator, a group of students have been going through the paces of a training course. Occasionally the campus hears the late afternoon drone of a Cub circling the airport in one of the many practice rounds. But, in general, the student body has tended to forget about its own miniscule version of preparedness.

One afternoon the Carolina Mag, represented by one renegade Tar Heel reporter and one over-worked photographer, set out to "write the story" of our local CAA. Carroll McGaughey, who miraculously manages to include this course in among his other activities, was kind enough to show us around and tell us something about the course. We thought that Carroll, big-man-on-the-campus, pioneer in student entertainment and leader in student life, was an excellent representative of the entire group.

But as he talked, and other student pilots nodded in agreement, there were none of the big-worded euphuisms that we heard from that man in the after-dinner speech. Like all of them, McGaughey is soberly learning the business of flying, with all of the adventure, study and methodical grimework entailed.

He wasn't discussing the war or crusades or even those wings of liberty. In the airman's language he was telling us about the first great thrill which comes to these student pilots: the first solo.

During the training period in a Cub, the student pilots sits in the rear seat while his instructor is in the front. There are controls for both seats and they are interconnected so that they move

together. After about eight hours of taking off, flying, and landing with the comfortable presense of the instructor up in front, the student is suddenly confronted with his first solo. The instructor crawls out at an unexpected time with the terse command, "Take her around once."

McGaughey described the exciting moment of mixed emotions as the student swallows his heart, opens the throttle and begins to take off in the usual way. Suddenly he notices the front duplicate controls, which had formerly been hidden by the steady bulk of the instructor. Now they are moving as though under the hand of some ghost pilot. Then "acres of instruments" bloom out before his unaccustomed eyes. He takes the ship off of the ground and puts her into a climb to gain four hundred feet of altitude, from which he is to approach the field and land again.

Concentrating on gliding in on a rectangular pattern which is called a 180 degree approach, he tries to make his first landing a superlative one. And it is a tradition among pilots that a first landing is usually a good one. These are the small victories and unspoken dramas which are occurring every day now out at the airport to McGaughey and his class. The sometimes thrilling but always serious business of flying.

For McGaughey, who has been doing things in a big way throughout his college career, this experience was his second. In fact, he is one of the few men ever to have flown a first solo twice. Several years ago he took private flying lessons and had already passed his first solo. It seems that in his sophomore year his money ran out. This year, when the University and the Government decided to underwrite the aeronautical education of 40 Carolina students, he started out all over again. And he says that he felt just as much of a greenhorn the last time out as he did at first.

When we asked McGaughey how he felt about the national significance of an organization like the CAA, he said it was obvious, by his participation, that he believed in it and approved of it. But that he was too busy learning fundamentals to bother with the abstract implications of his flying course on the government.

We understand what he meant as he told us of the work that went into his first eight hours of

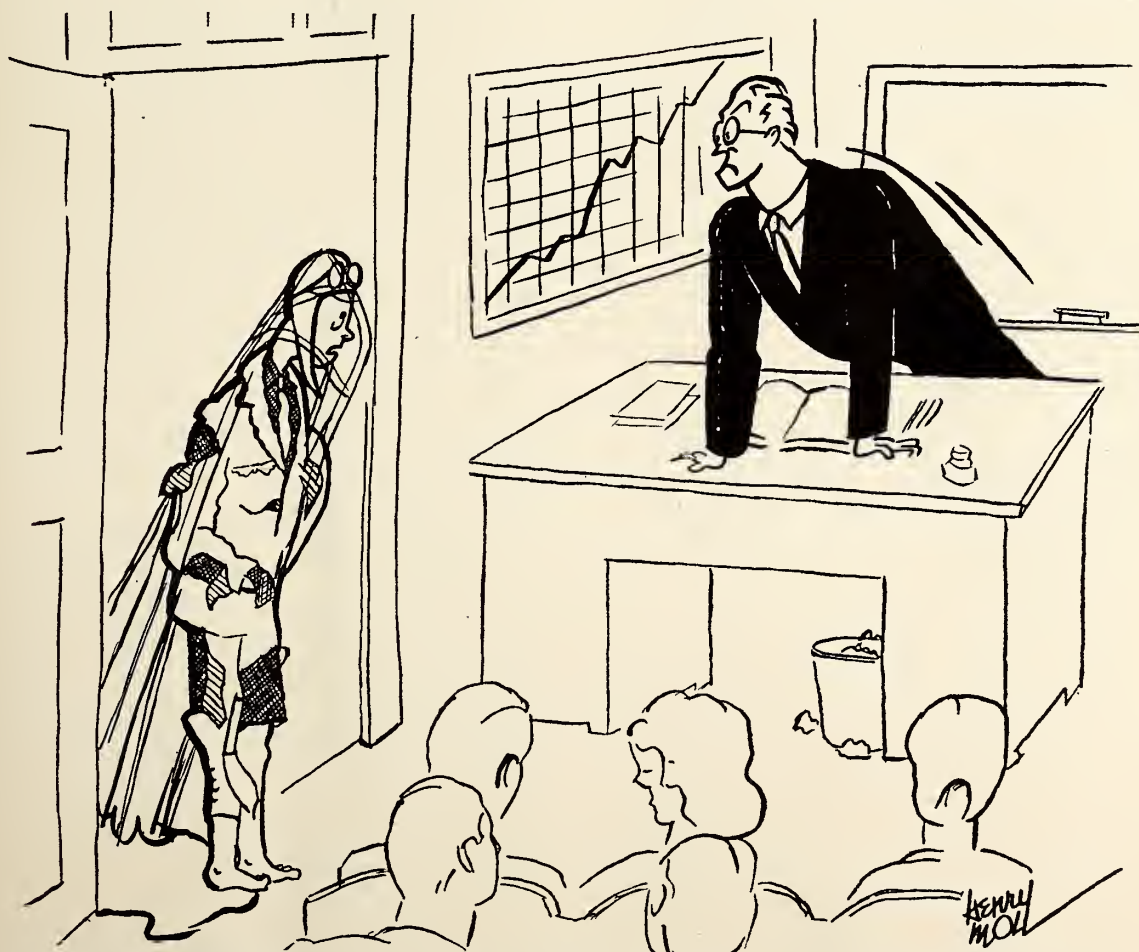
dual instruction, in which he was taught the elements of upstairs navigation. How to taxi a plane on the ground, how to spin a prop, how to take-off and make various approaches and landings. Some time between four and six o'clock nearly every afternoon, he spent an hour taking off, approaching, landing, taxiing back to the windward end of the airport and repeating the entire procedure. And nearly every time there was something that went wrong. That is, until the first solo attempt, when he made one of those traditional good first landings.

He told us that an old aviator's axiom is that "any landing you can walk away from is a good one", but of course that's airport humor. When the ground kibitzers murmur, "good landing," they have seen a plane come in on a smooth glide, lose flying speed and touch the ground on three points at once somewhere within 100 feet of the "spot", and then stick to the ground after that first dainty kiss.

Hearing from outsiders who claimed to have

a special knowledge that the CAA course just about eliminates anything else from a student's schedule, and knowing the fullness of McGaughey's campus life, we asked him about his schedule. It is, we think, a cause for minor amazement. Five days a week he has classes from 8:30 to 10:30. Two days a week he has an hour of physical training. Tuesdays a fifteen minute news broadcast from the local radio studio takes an afternoon hour, and from 9:00 to 9:30 he announces for a music broadcast from Hill Hall. His work as president of Sound and Fury takes most of whatever time is left until he reports to the airport each afternoon at four. After supper he attends ground school until 8:15. Three evenings a week he has important organization meetings. And every Sunday, from eight a. m. to 10 p. m., he works as a professional announcer for WPTF in Raleigh. Any remark here would be, to use understatement, superfluous.

The hour and 15 minutes of ground school five
(Continued on page twenty-seven)



"Uh . . . Beg pardon, sir. I had a little trouble getting out of my CAA class."

Graduate Students, Their Cause and Cure

Our clever Mr. Stein, with his accent still on youth, takes stock of the bibliographical brigade which he has joined.

TO THE average undergraduate the graduate student is a queer specimen of humanity, a ghastly combination of book worm and middle age spread. Its native habitat being the Library, from which it emerges for air about once every three months. I know whereof I speak, because up until last June, when the Honorable Clyde R. Hoey grinned me my diploma, I, too, was a happy undergraduate with nothing on my mind but the Tar Heel elections, "One More Spring", and Marjorie Johnston. I used to think that I would rather be dead than come back to Carolina for graduate work. But here I am back working for my master's degree and very much alive. Column writing to the contrary.

But there the resemblance to my undergraduate days ends. Once I was carefree, innocent, immature. Now all I have left is my immaturity, the chief reason being that the graduate school has the strange idea that a student who has just received his A. B. or B. S. is constitutionally capable of doing six times as much work as he did (theoretically) a few months before as a senior. Although the work, naturally, is more difficult and specialized than in the undergraduate school, it is the sheer quantity, the enormous amount of detail one has to plough through that wears down health and sanity. One of my professors, otherwise a charming and most understanding man, has the quaint habit of assigning his class about six books a day for outside reading so that no matter how much you try and how many hours you study for the course, you can never catch up in the required work. And, dear reader, some of the stuff they make you read!

Since I've been in the graduate school, I've changed several of my notions about graduate students but added a few more. First of all, I've discovered they're quite human—most of them. Some, in fact,—and they include several of the most intelligent degree seekers—are amazingly good company and a few inhabit the booths at Aggie's almost constantly and quaff his nectar of forgetfulness almost as faithfully as the residents of fraternity row. But for the most part, however, graduate students differ in many respects from the normal run of human beings.

First of all, the majority of graduate students

haven't time to play around. They've come to Chapel Hill for the Serious Business of Higher Learning and Scholarship (to be intoned with much awe and reverence.) Many of them are considerably older than their fellow students, have had regular jobs or at the moment possess teaching fellowships, have to pay for the privilege of adding a few letters after their names out of their own pockets, or are burdened with assorted wives and husbands. None of which is conducive to spending one's time at dormitory bull sessions or in the Arboretum.

Equally as important, of course, is the fact that their interest differ from those of undergraduates. Most of them come from other schools and consequently have no ties, no roots, no bonds with the University. And even those who are recent Carolina alumni feel as if they've lost considerable contact with the main student body. Most of their classmates are in that horrible place known as the Outside World looking for jobs or waiting for conscription. They haven't time for extra-curricular activities, and there's no place for them in campus politics. Ask Jimmy Davis, Melville Corbett, Louise Jordan, Jack Lynch or several other hangovers from the Class of '40, all of whom were Campus Big Shots last year, if they don't feel out of the swim of things. I've been a bit more fortunate. Sound and Fury has kept my coed contacts alive and I still retain an undergraduate Buccaneer mind. But I still tell the difference, and if I should return here next year, I'd feel like a stranger.

Perhaps the most obvious reason for the slight deviation from the norm in graduate students, is that while the general college is composed of all types of students, only a few of these types will ever take graduate work. Outside of those who want to take up law or medicine or those who've come back to Chapel Hill because they haven't got a job and don't want to hang around home, the most curious of the graduate breed are the Scholars—that group of serious-minded, humorless, super-intellectual pedants who spend their hours wallowing in footnotes and hunting up minute points on minuter topics, all of which will be set down in long, boring prose in long, boring theses with long, boring titles and allowed to mil-

dew somewhere in the Library stacks for the ultimate consumption of long, boring worms.

These Scholars have so much factual background and sheer bulk of weighty knowledge about their subjects they give everyone else in the class an inferiority complex, and their lengthy dissertations on such vital matters as to whether the strange use of comma in the first scene of the third act of "Hamlet" proved that Shakespeare had an Oedipus complex are superb cures for insomnia. It's surprising how few seem to get any genuine pleasure out of their work, and by the time they're through dissecting a poor subject, it has lost every spark of life it ever possessed.

I've heard several of the more learned of the group lecture on topics that could have been made vital and fascinating but which they presented in a dull, tedious, though undeniably scholarly (complete with references and several verbal footnotes) fashion. One of them I know has very cold-bloodedly set himself the task of writing an article a day. Not because he derives any enjoyment out of it, but because he hopes to get them in pedagogical journals where they'll increase his academic prestige and chances of obtaining a job. In his case graduate work is just a racket. Several graduate students are teaching freshman subjects on fellowships and with a few notable exceptions they feel that any attempt to make a subject alive or popularize it would be a disgrace to the teaching profession. Part of this attitude is due to their inexperience and painful attempts to maintain the proper dignity before their students, but this method of instruction is woefully prevalent among many full-fledged professors.

The presence of much of this academic sterility is as much the fault of the graduate school, itself, as it is that of the students. Although intensive scholarship is necessary in many fields and has produced many important studies and discoveries, the stress laid on it in the graduate school puts a premium on the prosaic, persevering, plodding mind and discourages students who are quick-witted, clever and genuinely interested in creative endeavor. Masters' theses and doctors' dissertations are *chef d'oeuvres* of dull, uninspired literature. But in all fairness it must be stated that their authors are not entirely responsible. It's hard to display any sparkle or originality when you have to show at least 10 corroborating statements for every small point you try to make, the net results being that theses and dissertations are often no more than assembled collections of notes expressed in correct grammatical form. Since no one ever reads

these ponderous tomes, their equally ponderous styles are encouraged. It's scholarly.

Graduate women require a whole book by themselves. Until recently none of them were under 40 or looked under 60, but within the past few years they have improved tremendously in looks, youth and sex appeal. And some of them, like Dicky Cannon or "Screwball" Parker or Mildred Brown, stack up most favorably with the undergraduate co-eds.

But the Goon Brigade is still here en masse. The number of freakish-looking females the graduate school attracts is phenomenal. Whether they're short or dumpy or tall and angular, they have faces that look like something that's just been blitzkrieged and figures that would turn either a telephone pole or a hippopotamus green with envy. They are usually the embodiment of Pure Mentality. In fact everything about them is pure; their opportunities are nil.

Dressed in some kind of sackcloth and wearing their hair in the latest Ubangi fashion, they wander about the campus solo or in little groups sopping up Culture, discussing the Finer Things in Life, and twittering about some hapless pro-

(Continued on page thirty-one)



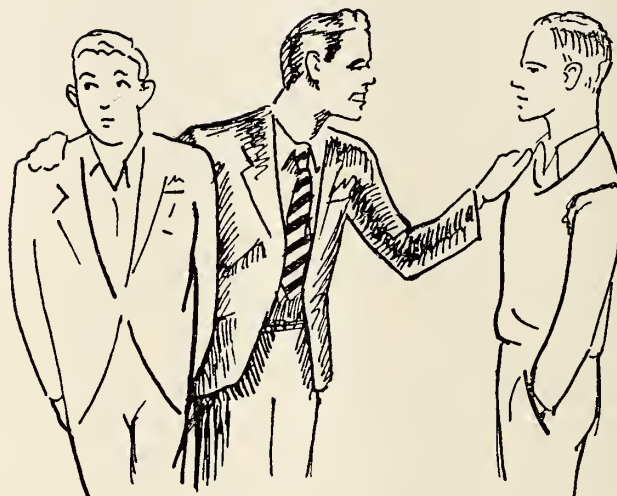
—Barnaby Conrad

The Pause th

Sketched During Chapel Per



His place on the campus is nil, his activities negligible. And he finds a peculiar sort of pleasure, and recognition, by plastering his name all over the bulletin boards. See Joe Doaks!



Although it is only December, this campus politician has already hit his stride. He is acquiring a brotherly interest in all stray freshmen and flashing the perennial 10:30 smile. He radiates his personality with a nonchalance that is frantic. Like the mosquitoes, his number will increase in the spring.



They sit inside the "Y" to ignore the crowd and drone in mutual admiration about the eternal mysteries. Our self-appointed intellectuals, they adopt Bohemian manners and write elegant verse satires. Their role is as unimportant as themselves.



These two only require a nick are the immortal jitterbugs who where they can twist and peck on other. And they spend four full of college that they picked up in

Refreshes

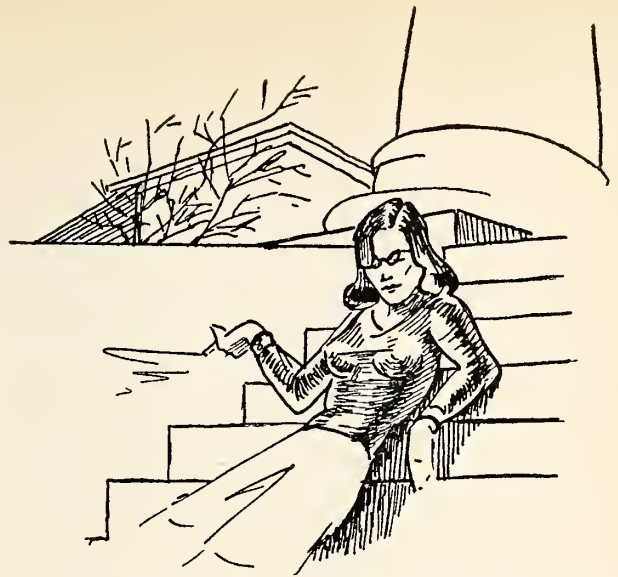
by Barnaby Conrad



And this is the little man who spends the whole of Chapel period walking around by himself. He timidly approaches groups with unwanted information. And he tells all who will listen that he is looking for his roommate.



the phonograph. They
days find a square foot
a wicked hip at each
ing up to the picture
school.



She is, by her own definition, a glamor girl. Her perch on the steps of South is traditional, and her couriers legion. Scanning all of the boys, she only speaks, in languid coyness, to the chosen few. Her most superb act is to stroll to her eleven o'clock class a good ten minutes late.



They meet each morning and find new things to speak about quietly. Passers-by shout hello and keep on walking. Their love is respected and they are rarely disturbed. Envied by all, they are the nobility of the 10:30 mob.

A Preface to Disillusionment

Our campus morality reflects the times as the sexy Conga has more appeal than the military march.

THE DAY of rosy-eyed moralists is dead—for the present at least.

Five or six of us were having one of those lazy gab-fests up on the third floor of Aycock the other midnight. And, as usual, a freshman turned the trend of bull toward sex.

We lulled along for about 10 or 15 minutes on the question of male-female relationships, when one young fellow startled us by saying, "You know, boys, Flossie Jo over in Raleigh told me the other night that the general run of her business has been dropping off. She says that there is so much looseness floating around that the young boys don't bother to pay for their sex anymore."

This was interesting because all during this fading fall quarter, we had noticed that there had been a general scoffing on the campus toward what our charitable Sunday school teacher would call the Straight-and-Narrow. Sure, there were a few moralists left, but when we saw inherent virgins losing their virginity right and left, and these same young men saying, "Hell, man, a good drunk never hurt anybody," we realized that something dynamic was happening.

If you happen to give 15 cents to the bright little newsboy outside of the Dining hall every Sunday for a New York Times as a lot of us do, you will notice a weekly feature in the book-review section on what leading authors think of literature during war-times. Almost universally, they have maintained that their work is stifled by the uncertainty of events. The world has driven them from their art, and they are befuddled. A man like Ernest Hemingway, whose literary grave was dug four years ago, is now once more in vogue.

So it is today with all of us out in the roaring masses. The common feeling of worry and intensity that we all get when we pick up our morning paper makes us want to escape the world outside and relax from the troubles that are certainly ahead of us. We—not of the intellectual elite—too, are befuddled, and we also seek a way out.

The only forms of escape are, naturally, the easiest ones. We want to see sexy picture shows, to get drunk and think of lewd, luscious women. To date "nice" girls and see how much "neck" we can get, to dance hot, pulsating rhumbas or congas,

or to sit and tell how many women we might seduce.

There are many, many concrete examples of this current trend in social behavior. They are sensational, true, but they are not merely sex for sex's sake. They represent what is happening everywhere as we look at our human frontiers. Today, we just don't know where we are headed. We don't know the difference between hot and cold, and so, naturally, we fall in with the hot. Most of us don't have a real political or social philosophy that will carry us through the unprincipled days.

We could point out, for instance, the case of two students who completely "pollute" themselves every night at an up-town brew factory. When asked why they don't get out of the rut and get something worthwhile done while they can, the younger of the two will blurt out from under a foam-frothed schooner, "Hell, boy, Jimmie over here is going to be called to the army any day now, so why not let loose and fancy free!"

Conscription seems to be the bugaboo of many of our finest specimens of moral man-hood. Many men who anticipate service in the army feel that their ends are shaped for them, and they take a "what-the-Hell-anyhow" attitude. A fellow who graduated last year wrote us a letter the other day, telling how after six months of "slaving for that lousey boss of mine, I have finally decided to tell him to give me a raise or go straight to Hell. After all, in a very short while I will be in the army, and polishing the bosses' apple isn't going to do me any good while toting a rifle around Fort Bragg."

Another part of our recreation of today is the conga and rhumba—rhythmic, hip-shaking dances that are spreading over the country like a fire through an Iowa corn field. The Conga is a simple affair that goes one, two, three, hip-out-shoulder-up-leg-out-head-back. The common expression when coming to the end of a series is to utter a small, sexy grunt.

As one co-ed we talked to who had just finished the Conga said frankly, "The Conga gives us all a chance for free expression, just as you can get from necking, except that the dance comes under

the correct moral limits." Without any doubt, most Conga fans will tell you that the real fun in the step comes in the sudden stop and the motion of "socking that hip-action home."

Then, there is the case of E. Carrington Smith and his shows on Franklin Street. Places were being sold at a premium in the half-block line that strung outside the Pick Theater one afternoon to see the French film, "Harvest." The word had been advertised in the Tar Heel and had spread quickly throughout the campus that "a real hot film" had hit the campus and a guy would be "a sucker to miss it." Of course, the sex-bent human ivory-hunters were a bit taken back when they realized that the film was a masterpiece. But they were right there to take advantage of whatever might have come to pass.

We asked the manager of the local theaters if the general trend of pictures from Hollywood had not become just a little loose during the last few months—or at least if the advertisements weren't just the slightest bit on the suggestive side. He promptly told us that 10 years ago both the trailers and the real pictures were a lot dirtier than they are today, although the students probably are quicker to jump at something that might be sexy today than they used to be. We assumed that the rising response to such trailers as "Hot Burma Nights with Dorothy Lamour" would be a fine example of the vigorous reception students hand the current cinema. And art snuggles purringly inside of a sarong.

One of the local brew merchants had an interesting point to make the other evening. He told us that the boys don't drink beer like they used to in the "good old days." Not only do they drink less, but they go about it in an entirely different way. The old-timers would drink beer because it was "their drink, just like milk shakes, cokes, or soda pop were the drinks of many others." He told us that today, most of the beer-drinkers do their muddling for the stimulating effect it has on them.

"Yes," this sage on human alcohol blotters concluded, "I'm afraid the day when a boy would come in here, drink from 12 to 20 beers, and then walk out without a hitch, is about gone forever."

It's hard to explain just why our morality has dropped as it has in the last few years, and particularly during the past few months. As for the longer period, we might look over the span of years of our nation's rough history in which we have lived and find out what has happened that might lead us astray from the straight course set

up for all of us in our Sunday school classes not so very long ago.

When most of us were very young, we saw lavish, carefree times, when all our cousins, uncles, and aunts were splashing in the pond of gay nights and bootleg liquor.

"Alas and alack" came into vogue late in 1929 and the early 30's. We reformed our bad ways, reformed prohibition with it, because we felt that we were once more a moral, up-standing people.

We can remember as we started dating that we had to buckle in to "see the depression through." We had honestly begun to mend our awful ways.

But, we never did get the hot blood of the twenties out of our systems, and when it became apparent in the middle of the 30's that we might have to "see it through" for ten or even twenty years more, we decided to have a merry time and forget the lack of food and clothing and "raise Hell while we can."

Then came the threat of war, and finally the ogre of twisted steel and bones hit us full in 1939. We grew up to age, and with the new year of 1940 come flat and unavoidable conscription. We now know that there are more hardships ahead of us, and it becomes perplexing for a man to milk a cow 14 hours a day and not find any milk in the bucket when he has finished.

The trouble is that we not only find the bucket empty, but we also see the cow turning all colors. We wonder, because we don't know what shade is the right. In other words, we haven't got anything in particular that we really will go all the way out for. We feel more like little ants in a jungle of elephants, and we would rather call the big fellows pink than anything else. Our gang isn't with us, and our only bond of unity is the gay, reckless way out.

Today, here on the campus, the evolution of broader morals has hit us full stride. It's a normal thing, as our New York Times book review section points out to us every week. Whether the future will see us biting as big as we bark, only the dogs of tomorrow can tell. King Sex isn't on any sort of a holiday on the campus. He just looks the other way a little more often than he used to.

We need an escape, and from here it looks like old man moralist, up there in his pure, white sanctum will have to take it on the chin—for the present at least. There are too many doubts that a little person can drown in a ten cent glass of beer.

Tom Went Home

Tommy wanted to go with old Pete and kill the Hawk. And in his sadness without a name he suddenly grew up.

THE SUN was settling in a notch between Thunder Hill and Turtle Back. And it so slanted down the long valley and across the cornfield, and so gleamed on flood-bent stalks, that the cornfield seemed a battlefield, after the battle is over.

Tom Wilson, just turned thirteen, sat in his back yard on a wall, and stared at his father's cornfield. His freckled young face was frowning because he was worried. He was thinking about Old Pete, and the hawk and his mother.

"Tom." His mother called from the kitchen. "Go get some wood."

"Yes'm."

He liked the sound of his mother's voice. But he didn't like being disturbed now. Now, of all times when he was trying to decide what he was to do. And the sound of his mother's voice made him feel guilty, because he knew already, he was going with Pete in the morning. Even if his mother had said she didn't want him to go, he was going. He was going with Pete to kill the hawk. Because the hawk had to be killed. Pete said so.

He walked out the hard ash path. And reaching high, he ran his hand along the clothes line, dodging when the posts came. He was looking at the dry brown gardens, where the snaps and the butterbeans, and the potatoes had been, and he was glad it was November, and he wouldn't have to pick them or hoe the gardens anymore.

The sun had sunk below the notch. The air was cooling and turning dark fast. The cool air made Tom's face sting all over, because the sweat he had got from chopping the wood was drying. And his face was red on his cheeks and brow, when he toted the wood into the kitchen. His mother was standing by the stove. She opened the oven and changed a pan of rolls from the bottom to the top shelf. Light from the hanging bulb was right at her back. The other end of the kitchen was dark, and he went down and cut the light on.

"Wash up now, Tommy."

"What we going have tonight, Mother?"

"I fixed your special tonight, Tommy."

"Sausage an' eggs?" he asked eagerly.

"Yessir, that's what it is." And saying this, she looked toward him, smiling.

He frowned and turned away. She looked back

to the stove, and wearily stuck her lower lip out and blew upward at a strand of hair that had fallen across her forehead. He knew this was just another way of asking him not to go with Pete in the morning. And it was such a nice way it made him feel bad.

While Tom was washing his father came in. He spoke to his wife, and then came over to the sink and spoke to Tom.

"What have you been doing this afternoon, Tom?"

"Nothin much, Daddy, just foolin round with Pete."

"Still running with that old codger, huh?" Tom poured the dirty water out, and refilled the pan for his father. Then dried on the towel that hung nearby. His face was clean and shiny, and no longer stung as it had before. He feared his father, so he said nothing. He went over and sat down at the table where his mother was already placing the food. Tom was hungry. His stomach felt empty and tight inside. The big soft rolls and the bowl of sausage and eggs looked good and smelled so good, that he wished his father would come on and ask the blessing so he could start eating. They did come and his father asked the blessing while they bowed their heads, and then his mother heaped the plates. They ate silently, and the scuffling sounds of knives, forks, and cups sounded lonely in the big kitchen. Finally his father spoke.

"What's everybody so quiet about?"

Tom looked up at his mother, she looked at Tom. And Tom looked back to his plate.

"What's he been up to now, Mildred?" his father asked. Tom, feeling this was a start against him, quickly explained.

"I just wanta go with Pete in the morning to kill that old hawk across the river, and Mother don't want me to."

"Well Mildred, I don't see why he can't go with Pete to kill the hawk." His mother looked down at her plate. And they were again silent for a long time. Then she suddenly looked up and, smiling, she said to Tom.

"Tommy, I know a much better way than killing the hawk."

They wondered what she was going to say.

"I've got some powder over here in the spice closet, that will tame the hawk! It will make him tame as a canary." Mr. Wilson smiled at his wife, then looked serious as Tom turned to him with a startled,

"Awww?"

"Yes," she continued, "we can put it in a trap and when the hawk comes after it, he will eat and be tame like a canary."

"Nothin can make a hawk tame. They're fightin mean all the time. Pete said so."

"This will, Tommy."

They continued eating in silence. Tom was worried; he didn't know who to believe. If what Pete said was true, couldn't anything make em tame. But his mother said it would. He'd ask Pete. Cause Pete would know, he was smart.

So when he had finished eating, and when he had helped with the dishes, he went out. He found Pete in Rennie's store. Pete was arguing. Tom leaned against the counter, and watched Pete. He was tall and thin. His grey hair hung thickly below his hat. The hat was old and had tin foil and matches sticking in its band. His grey mustache and the lines of his face drooped. Heavy lids hung over his eyes, the eyes were large and blue-grey. They were misty because Pete was so old. But Pete was still energetic, especially when he was arguing like he was now. Finally he saw Tom. He grabbed his walking stick and shuffled over to Tom, leaving the others abruptly.

"Come on, boy, we got work to do." As they went out the door, Pete turned and hollered to the crowd he had been arguing with.

"This boy's smarter'n all the rest of ye put together." They all laughed. A crowd was always laughing at Pete. But he didn't care. They walked down the road, and Pete was holding Tom by the elbow like he was a girl.

"Cin ye get the boat?" Pete asked.

"Yeah, Pete."

"Now don't fergit yer rifle cause I want ye to do the shootin fer me. My eyes ain't so good." They walked on silently. Tom wanted to ask Pete about the powder, but he was afraid.

"Pete," he said.

"Yeah?"

"Can a certain kinda powder make hawks tame?"

"Wha ye talkin' bout, boy? Can't nothin make hawks tame?"

"My mother says she's got this powder that will make em tame like a canary."

"Why ther aint no such thing, Tom! . . . She just don't want ye to go."

"Yeah, she don't like us carryin a gun." They had stopped under a light. And Pete's eyes were glittering. He shifted and stomped as he talked now.

"Tom we gotta have a gun! That hawk's gotta be killed, ye know that. If we didn kill him, it wouldn be long fo ther wouldn be no chickens or no little birds left round here. Tom, he's gotta be killed out once an fo all. An we's the ones to do it."

"An you don't think the powder'll work?"

"Naw, Tom. She's just foolin ye."

"That's what, she's just foolin me. . . . A'right, Pete. I'm goin! By cracky, I'm goin, an we'll get him."

"Now that's the way I like to hear ye talk, man. An it'll be fun too. Ye'll be glad ye come alright." They kept on down the road, talking noisily. When they came to Tom's house, Tom went in. He walked back to the kitchen, where his mother and father were. He blinked as he came into the light, and stood for a moment without saying anything. His mother was knitting. His father was reading. They did not look up. Annoyed at this, he spoke sharply.

"I'm going with Pete in the morning." They did not seem to hear him, so he repeated.

"I'm going with Pete in the morning to kill the hawk." Still his mother knitted and his father read the paper. Then he saw his father smiling behind the paper. And he knew he could go. They had argued, and his mother had given in. He turned without saying more and left the room. He got things ready for the morning and went to bed. Cause I have to get up early, he thought.

Tom lay with his eyes open. He was excited, and thinking how he would hold the hawk up and show it to his father when he got back in the morning.

Then the alarm clock was ringing. He got up and hurriedly put on his clothes, that were cold from lying out all night. He was smiling, and twisting and turning into his clothes like a machine.

Outside the dark was greying now. The air was wet and cold. Pete was there waiting for him when he reached the old sycamore, where the boat was. They whispered "good morning." Pete unlocked the boat, and threw the chain in. It sounded loud over the still river. They shoved off. Pete was paddling slow and easy, and so quiet the boat slid through the mist like a shadow. The mist dampened his brow. And it was so thick that they couldn't see the banks.

"We'll hit that ridge goin up above Amherst

Landing, Tom. And keep on it til we get to the big rock. The nest is back up behind it."

Tom nodded.

"We go kill the hawk, Tom."

When they reached the landing, the light was that of the real morning. And the first rays of the sun had forged ahead and over the ridge before the sun. Tom was anxious now. He kept close behind Pete, as they climbed the rough hillside.

"You think he'll be there, Pete?"

"Shore he'll be ther if we aint too late. Ye should've come early'n ye did."

"I'm sorry Pete. . . I 'spec he'll be there. It shore is steep aint it, Pete?"

"Yeah, it's pretty bad heah, but after we get on top it won't be so bad." They were breathing heavily, and sweating. They scrambled faster and faster over the rocks and through the laurel thickets. Tom held his rifle in front of him as a shield. Pete stopped and turned around.

"We gettin close now, so go slow an easy. When I hold out my hand stop dead still, ye hear?"

"Okay," Tom whispered. His heart was beat-

ing against his ribs like a wood pecker. His knees trembled.

Pete sank low in his step. Slowly his hand stretched out. Tom froze. Softly the hand beckoned Tom forward. Without turning his head, Pete nodded through an opening in the trees.

Tom saw it. There in the dead tree.

"Cin ye hit him from heah?" Pete whispered.

Tom nodded. Raised the gun. Aimed.

BANG!

The hawk fell from its perch.

"I GOT HIM PETE! I GOT HIM!" The old man stared speechless. Tom thrust the gun in his hand, and ran toward the hawk. Pete mechanically pulled the bolt back and ejected the shell. He looked up again. The hawk hobbled. Tom had not reached him yet. The hawk hobbled around in a circle on one foot. Tom caught him.

"Hit him, Tom!" Pete yelled. He hurried forward with the gun.

The hawk twisted and clawed Tom's hand. He let him go.

"Owww. Oh my hand!" The hawk winged awkwardly through the trees, skimming close to the ground. Pete came up with the gun. But it was too late.

"Why didn ye hit him with a stick instead of holdin him, Tom?"

"I don't *know*, Pete." Tom was almost crying because his hand hurt him so bad, and the hawk had got away too. And Pete was mad. Pete wrapped his handkerchief on Tom's hand, but he didn't say anything about how bad it was, or what a good shot Tom had made. So Tom didn't say anything either. And they walked back along the ridge.

The boat was skidding across the river, and as the bow rose with each stroke, waves made a regular flapping sound underneath Tom. They never changed. Four flaps to a stroke. He was thinking about this and wishing Pete would say something.

They reached the landing. And Tom felt like he had to say something. Pete was locking the boat.

"Pete . . . I'm sorry I let him go."

"Why that's all right, boy, we cin go back an get him agin sometime."

Tom knew Pete was saying that to be nice. He felt awful bad, and he wanted to cry, but he couldn't in front of Pete.

When they got up on the road, Pete didn't know whether the scratch would leave a scar or not, and

(Continued on page thirty-one)



"I busted Hell out of that Santa Claus business and now I'm working on the stork."

In Defense of a Game

The Daily Tar Heel Sports Editor believes that college athletics are a healthy and much misrepresented part of our student lives.

FOUR years of college athletics—what is to be gained? Ask any Carolina athlete if it has been worth it to him to have been out for football, basketball, track, baseball or any other sport four years, and if you find one who regrets his time spent in athletics, examine him closely. He will be one exception in a million.

People everywhere regret having given efforts in athletics and for several reasons. Even at Carolina there are those who have a right to regret, but I believe that the only justification for their objections is permanent physical injury. Some schools might not reward an athlete who was a squad member three years, but at Carolina the Monogram is awarded for service and not entirely for participation, and a man on a squad three years receives an award if he has shown a willingness to work.

We may rule that no one might rightfully regret having played any sport unless he receives a permanent physical injury. A student who missed the honor roll or missed getting a fellowship because of his participation in athletics has a slight kick coming, but, after all, sport wasn't the direct cause of his misfortune. Nor, if one is inclined to be fatalistic, can we help but point out that a boy might be hurt in another way even had he not been injured on the gridiron.

The pleasures of playing 17 years of professional baseball were enough, Lou Gehrig said, to make up for a future of idleness begun last year when medical examination showed that he had paralysis. The doctors said that his illness was caused by devotion to this game, which prompted him to perform daily regardless of occasional minor bone fractures or more frequent headaches. It's true that his financial income—well up in the thousands yearly—might have made it worth his while to enjoy his later life whether handicapped by paralysis or not. And for baseball's sake, Gehrig may have announced his willingness to do it over again, so that the millions of baseball followers in the country would remain loyal to the sport.

But there is little reason to doubt Gehrig's sincerity. Others who have been hurt also say that they would have done it again. Andy Bershak, an All-American end at Carolina in 1935-6-7, whose every block was bruising, is now suffering

from a disease that renders him unable to exercise too strenuously, nor can he eat all foods as he pleases. Bob Stoinoff, at present a junior, worked his way to a second team guard position on the Tar Heel eleven last year, and in the final game, against Virginia, was carried from the field with his knee so twisted that it will always slip out of joint and probably be too weak for much activity. Tony Cernugel and Zan Carver also developed trick knees in football, and there are many others who come to Carolina each year with trick knees resulting from high school football.

Participants in several sports willingly face also the alleged threat of athlete's heart, the existence of which is still hotly debated. A large portion of the medical world claims that athlete's heart is an almost-sure result of sports that exert the heart. Over-exertion causes the heart to pump much faster, and during this extra pumping process the valves around the heart are stretched. A tissue supposedly grows on the valves as a protection, and after the period of violent activity has stopped, and the man reaches the age of 45, this tissue tightens up on the blood flow and makes circulation difficult.

If such a thing as athlete's heart actually does exist, football, basketball, track, handball, swimming, lacrosse and soccer are harmful. Physical educationists believe that the body is built up to meet the extra demand of exertion, and that athlete's heart is not a danger. I believe in the honesty and sincerity of our coaches, and believe that they wouldn't subject boys to the possibility of such a condition if they believed that athlete's heart exists and has the effects it is supposed to have. Athlete's heart still constitutes a possible threat, however, to the value of football and all sport.

It is here that intelligent and experienced adult supervision can best be utilized in order that all sports may retain their fundamental—if sometimes forgotten—purpose: a healthier and more vital life.

I have tried, briefly, to show why four years of college athletics is not the bugaboo that it is made out to be by queazy writers who couldn't make a croquet team. Some writers have called football brutal, unsafe, gladiatorial and other such academically scornful names. Most of the time these

people don't know what they're talking about. My claim to knowledge is based on my experience on the *Tar Heel* during the last three years. My position has given me the opportunity to know the boys, watch them practice and see them develop under competent coaching and training.

Watching them, I have seen that they form a group greatly different from professional teams in big-business centers, crazed with prospects of huge gate receipts. That picture is not at all fitting for college athletics. These boys are out there every day having a very good time.

Despite the ballyhoo that goes toward producing larger gate receipts, which make the intercollegiate athletic program financially gainful, a college athlete somehow continues to be just a plain boy. It is almost remarkable that anyone can survive the present-day backslapping and remain stable, because for the benefit of hero-worshippers and newspaper readers, the college football player, in particular, is pictured, according to publicity copy, as either an iron man from the hills or a frail youth whose debut in sport was more or less accidental. No athlete is ever to be considered normal, although with or without examination we would be sure to find that all of Carolina's grid-men are.

The sports publicists and the advertisers for the movie industry are of about equal ability when it comes to applying superlatives. In season the football player isn't allowed to be any more at ease than those Hollywood stars who are seen only in stilted poses, and sometimes—although very seldom—football players do take their publicity to heart. One definite result of publicity is, however, that football players seem to tighten up in their attitude toward the publicity-givers, probably for modesty's sake. Now that their season is over, the football men have become completely normal again. This sophistication is seldom noticeable among other than football players, probably because they are idolized so very much more than other athletes.

Two looks in the Kenan stadium fieldhouse after the Carolina-Duke game last fall would have been evidence that four years of football was worth it. Many folks peeked in the Tar Heels' dressing room and saw looks of complete and sometimes-repressed happiness. Anyone able to look in the Blue Devils' locker room would doubtless have seen only looks of gloom and disappointment. Surely those two squads, and especially the seniors who had reached the end, were not simply "going through the motions."

The two squads were absorbing some of the lessons to be gained from sport, many of which have been listed frequently before: the spirit of "give and take" and self-sacrifice, pride, humility, determination, riding the breaks, how to take victory and defeat, fellowship, and sportsmanship in all of its phases.

Four years in athletics involves four years of something in addition to the experiences of the ordinary student—mostly sacrifice of time and energy. Back in the middle 1920's it was said that the World War was won on the sandlots of America, where the Yankee-Doodle doughboys had been toughened and had absorbed all of those intangible lessons taught by experience in sport. Whether made in jest or not, that somewhat rash statement contains some possibility of truth.

Four years in athletics is certainly well-spent, and I doubt that any Carolina athlete will tell you of anything but extreme pleasure resulting from his participation. An interesting question is whether Jimmy Davis will remember more proudly 15 years from now that he was President of the Carolina Student Body in 1939-40 or that he once ran a 4:12.5 mile. Davis himself is probably unable to answer that one now.

Sportsmanship is taught so gradually, though, that one never knows when he has become a true gentleman in sport. The permanent gains of four years of athletics, in the minds of the boys who participate, will probably be the incidents in their careers. In adult life, those few spectacular memories are what should give a fellow a feeling of personal satisfaction that as a boy he did his job well in athletics.

Recall, in the last four years of football: 1937—the Duke game, in which Andy Bershak blocked three men at one time in the open field; 1938—the Virginia Tech game, in which George Stirnweiss returned a punt 81 yards in the rain only to have his touchdown called back; 1939—the Pennsylvania game, in which Jim Lalanne threw two touchdown passes to Paul Severin and dashed 30 yards through the center of the line for another; 1940—all games, in which Lalanne, Severin and many others were consistently outstanding.

These are samples of occurrences in football that were spectacular in the minds of the public, and they will probably be long remembered by the boys who executed each play. But we seldom realize that each participant in sport has memories of individual flashes of brilliance—perhaps only one block or one tackle, but a hard one—to be proud

of. There are memories like these in the minds of everyone who has been on an athletic field—pictures flickering like movies, showing you in action on a screen that is your own imagination.

Everyone has those pictures in his mind if he has participated at all in athletics, and can reproduce many events spottily if not completely and accurately. One who participates in intercollegiate athletics need not limit his memory to games, for many days in practice are just as easily recalled. Jim Tatum, former star athlete at Carolina and present director of freshman athletics, has told his frosh football teams each year that the day he had the most fun was the day he helped Carolina beat Duke in 1934.

Anyone might have a similar experience, playing any game against any team, in which each skill and technique was perfectly executed. There are days like that for every athlete. Picture yourself on the tennis courts, dashing from fore-court to back-court, passing your opponent at the net and making good each lob return; on the baseball diamond, fielding every ball cleanly, and sliding

into base without bouncing; or on any playing field, feeling a sharpness and keenness in every muscle response. I have come to believe, following a slight bit of experience of my own and by watching Carolina teams, that it is those individual experiences that count.

"Off-days" are as frequent in basketball as in any sport, and during the coming cage season you'll have plenty of opportunity to see men go hot and cold from one night to the next. An "off-night" is only for the coaches to worry about, but when a man is "on," he feels as though he can count the stitches as he spins the ball in his hands. Then, if at any time, a man really "thrills to the touch."

Performances of the Tar Heel gridders during the past season are still fairly well remembered, but in the minds of the gridders themselves there must be many such memories. Similar memories are soon to be formed in the minds of all who are to perform in athletics this winter. It is those individual flashes of brilliance, to be remembered always, that make all athletics worth while.

WOODEN NICKELS

(Continued from page nine)

with a subtly fashionable rhythm that was cold along the dirty walls at Anthony's. But Larry held his girl in a boxy fox-trot and no one knew the difference. No one but me, who wasn't supposed to be there in the first place.

As they danced, Sylvia turned her head to smile at me. I saw her eyes, doped gently with that liquid passiveness of a woman holding to the closeness of her own man. They both seemed so small in that flop food joint. For some crazy reason, smoking my cigarette alone, I felt the ecstasy of self-appointed protection. Sylvia must have seen it too. For somehow or other, through that night and those that followed, we found a closeness. And it was not the fault of either of us that we unintentionally excluded Larry from it.

During the days, work was the same. Another Sunday had passed with that same humiliating scene in the back office. All of the boys spent their few free hours scurrying around town looking for other jobs. But Mr. Harvey, in a Rotary meeting, had remarked that he preferred to have the other good gentlemen leave his boys alone. And, as Larry said, we were up the well known creek without a paddle. Only the quietly accumulating hatred was a rash on our faces now.

Even when the orders came to speed up the wheels, we did no more than stand on the beach and throw hundreds of pebbles into the sea. We couldn't laugh at work any more without feeling that a gaunt joke was being played on us every day.

In the evenings, late, Larry and I had Sylvia. For him, the solace of sweet flesh that trembled in a sensitive child. For me, a wild suppressed infatuation that could only talk of high school English books. Sometimes we would sprawl on the beach in the early morning darkness. The bumpy sand shadows were invitations to hazy talk. Sylvia had a way of lying on her back and wiggling her soiled white shoes in little arcs. In the night the shoes looked fashionably white. As she and I talked Larry would sit quietly, and sometimes even sleep. But at last I would have to stand up and begin the long walk home. And I walked away quickly, never turning my head to see them together there.

I don't know how long we three might have gone on if it weren't for that Saturday night at Anthony's. We had gone there after work looking for the rest of the boys. They seemed to have been expecting us. There were three places vacant at the long table in the back room. I could see that they were excited from the way in which they

were eating and drinking. Some of them hadn't bothered to wash their hands after work. The dirt streaks along sweaty faces were almost comical. There was an uncertain quiet as we sat down.

Greek, from over at the doll counter, turned to Larry and took a quick nervous breath. He looked quickly to the others and began.

"Larry. We been talking. Tomorrow night we don't wait for old man Harvey to call us into the office like kids in kindergarten being taken to the can. All together we ask for more money. Tomorrow night, Larry."

All of the faces were drawn up tense, looking at my friend. He bit a huge hunk of pie. "Suppose he tells us to go to Hell, like he done last summer?"

Dick from over in the grocery counter was laughing. "Then we'll all join the army. And when we got hold of those bayonets—"

Everyone was joking and shouting and turning to Larry. Soon he began to laugh, and join the cheap wine toasts. We all expected him to lead, and he took over with his usual confident toughness. So we sat there and planned to meet after work. Then, for all of us, Larry would read off the demands. And he even made us hold hands in a solemn compact to stand together throughout the whole fight.

A heavy humiliating cloud seemed to have fallen away from all of them. They were unashamed and dignified for the first time in weeks. When Luigi walked by, Tony pinched her large buttocks. She struck out a stream of high-pitched Italian curses. He returned them with gestures. Then they both laughed. Soon all of us were joining in an almost hysterical bellow that must have even been heard in Mr. Harvey's big new home on Sunrise Boulevard.

And, in a funny way, I guess that it was. There was no doubt that he knew something was up the next morning. He might have sensed it in the Greek's cockiness or my own new smile. Walking around with that glib carnival smile, he spent the whole Sunday morning telling us about the old days when he worked for five dollars a week. But, looking to Larry for an occasional wink, the boys worked methodically and waited for the night.

Later on, Larry went next door for some ice cream. And that was like him too. Smiling comfortably and acting as if this were an ordinary day. All that I could do was to nervously walk along the front counter and watch the fishing ships nuzzle close to shore. Suddenly Sylvia was in

front of me. She was holding my arm and not speaking. Her face was full of a wild fear that made it more beautiful than ever. I attempted to smile easily and say that Larry was next door. Although she obviously wanted him, Sylvia didn't leave. As she stood there fumbling with her belt and looking at it blankly, I had to say something.

"You know, Sylvia, you look wonderful today. I mean that white dress is so young girlish and everything."

Then she gave me a quick hurt look. There was terror in the unnatural bigness of her eyes. All of a sudden she turned around and ran to where Larry was clowning with the Tindel sisters.

When Larry came back, I mentioned Sylvia's visit. He only shook his head impatiently and walked away from me. But we were all beginning to tense with the anticipation of the show-down that night. And anyway, I thought, it was time to start forgetting the impossible pain-flushes of my feeling for Sylvia. So neither of us spoke as we worked into the lassitude of early evening. Even the Greek was quiet, forgetting to yell out to the floozies who sometimes strutted by. It was a secret battleground, brooding and grooming itself for the fight.

At about six, Larry told me to go out for supper. After washing, I went to look for my newspaper in the storage space back of our booth. Larry's sing-song barking came back clearly through the thin board partition. Feeling good, and excited again, I was about to call out a joke. Then I heard Mr. Harvey speaking to him and climbing into our booth. The already-present conspiracy of the day made me eavesdrop. It would be something funny to tell the boys in our victory celebration later.

Mr. Harvey sounded as if he were speaking through the indulgent puffs of a new cigar being lighted. But there was a deadly slowness in his speech.

"Your girl friend Sylvia's old man just came to see me. . . . You're a sucker, Larry. You got her in trouble."

"I know. She just told me. What did the little greaser want from you?" His voice was different. Frightened maybe, but belligerently cold.

Mr. Harvey sounded affable and confident. "You know them foreigners. They think a boss takes care of things like this. He said you should marry her."

"That's all right with me."

"Don't give me no John Garfield movie stuff."

You know you was only playing around. You ain't never fooled me, Larry."

Now my big tough friend was whining. "All of a sudden he wants me to marry her. Now that it's done. I'm in no position to take care of her."

"Sure, sure, Larry. That's what I said. Sometimes you've got to be a smart guy. So I done you a little favor. Free. On the house,"

There was no fight in Larry's slightly suspicious, "Yeah?"

"It seems she has some cousin who lives alone in New York. I told the old man I'd give him fifty bucks to have the kid taken care of there. And no questions asked. He's coming back in half an hour—if you want me to give him the money."

A bewildered hurt made me sick inside when I heard him mumble o.k. and say he would find some way of paying Mr. Harvey back.

"You can take your time about that. A few bucks a week maybe. Only you got to be working to pay me. And that goes for all the boys. See what I mean?"

"I see what you mean, Mr. Harvey. There won't be any trouble tonight." The words came slowly in a mumbled despair. But they were said, and everything was over.

It was easy to slip away without them seeing me. I didn't even have the heart to say goodbye to the others. For a long time I walked along the beach, hating the smug purr of the ocean. The sight and smell of our old familiar places made me nauseous and finally I walked to the station. The New York train was just leaving as Sylvia started to get on all by herself. When I gave her what was left of my salary she began to cry and ask if Larry would come to see her. I shouted sure and so long and don't take any wooden nickels as the train rode away. It made long wailing laments in the chilled aloneness of summer suddenly old.

THE CAA AND FIVE CREDIT HOURS

(Continued from page thirteen)

nights a week will give him five credit hours. In this course he learns elementary meteorology, trigonometry, navigation, map reading, theory of flight, theory of motors and civil air regulations.

The rest of his flight training will bring his total CAA flying hours to 35 or 40. During this

The
story
of a boy
who
went to
war . . .



I RODE WITH STONEWALL

*The War Experiences of the Youngest Member of
Jackson's Staff*

HENRY KYD DOUGLAS

Stonewall Jackson depended on him, General Lee complimented him, Union soldiers admired him, and ladies in Maryland, Virginia, and even Pennsylvania adored him—this dashing, handsome, lovable, young Henry Kyd Douglas. He rode with Stonewall; he fought by the model of the incomparable Ashby; he lived, joked, and courted with gay Jeb Stuart. And through the long bitter years, he clung to the Southern cause, fought its battles, and endured its defeats. In telling his own exciting story this young soldier gave an intimate close-up—perhaps the first entirely accurate one—of the great leader whom he served. Here Stonewall Jackson appears as a gravely humorous and knowable man—who could tear the gold band from his cap and tie up the hair of a little girl, who went through an entire battle sucking a lemon, who once indulged his fondness for persimmons by climbing a tree from which he was unable to descend.

"I have read many novels about the war between the states, and some histories; never, that I recall, have I read any narrative that gave me a keener sense of what it was like, day by day, in the army than does Henry Kyd Douglas's 'I Rode with Stonewall.'"—Lewis Gannett, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

"For those who like to read about the war as it was instead of as it might have been, Douglas, born a hundred years ago this year, is this year's man."—Ralph Thompson, *New York Times*.

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time he will have done spins, various training "stunts", spot landing, cross wind landings and take-offs, sham forced landings, figure eights, power turns, 180, 260, and 720 degree approaches and a cross-country flight.

When Sam George, McGaughey's instructor, feels that he is to be trusted to take care of himself away from the airport, Carroll will take his cross-country flight. He will fly the route from Chapel Hill to Burlington to Raleigh and back twice—first with his instructor as passenger and then solo. He reads his sectional map for landmarks and attempts to fly a straight course to each airport. For the first time he will approach a strange airport and land there without any previous knowledge of that day's conditions there. He will have to watch for planes without an already-acquired knowledge of what other planes are there and where they are likely to be. If flying is crowded he will have to know his traffic rules and follow them. He will "go somewhere" for a change instead of flying endlessly around his own field.

Although we had spent an entire afternoon with McGaughey and watched him go through all of his training paces, the matter of war had never once come up. This was strange, and we wondered if it was like that in all of the CAA squadrons in America. It was hard to find answers. In terms of our newspaper talk and more romantically-verbened senators, boys like Carroll were doing little less than conducting a dress rehearsal for war. The movies and the radio commentators have made swooping avengers out of young men who can fly a plane. And today air-mindedness seems to be a signal for some battle squadron.

Then it came to us that these boys, out there every afternoon at the airport, are quietly going about the business of learning a job. Their eyes are open to tomorrow but they are very much concerned with today. They are continuing the fullness of their daily life, though most of them do not have the versatility of a McGaughey. For some of them flying is an adventure. For others it is the beginning of a business and for others an entrance into an army career. There are some cynics, some idealists, some plodders. And although most of them seem to quietly anticipate war, they are planning their aviation lives for peace. Undramatically, without the bombastic European fanfare, they have stepped into a national emergency. But then, like Carroll McGaughey, they return to the undisciplined and graceful tempo of campus life.

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STICKS AND STONES

(Continued from page five)

I'm stopped. You can't work an overnight change in the tendency of man to believe what he is told without questioning the motives of the teller. If many of the people of the state have acquired the impression that the University is not 100 per cent "American," we can only slowly break down this feeling.

It is by no means a new problem. Here is part of an editorial which appeared in the *Tar Heel* September 25, 1911:

"Time and again it is said that 'the University is out of touch with the people of the State.' What this rather indefinite statement really means need not be discussed. If such a dire condition of affairs exists, it is because the people of the State do not know what the University is, what it stands for, and what it is doing, and not because the University seeks in any way to stand aloof. The University is a State institution, maintained and controlled by the people of the State. It is of the State, and for the State. . . ."

President Venable strove to make the boundaries of the state and the University conterminous. Presi-

dents since him have recognized the necessity of explaining the University to its owners. The various divisions of the University contribute to the total effort.

But all these agencies have limitations on the amount of good they can accomplish. They reach far into the corners of the state; but the unfavorable talk, like a deadly gas, moves everywhere. News that a Carolina student has declared he will not fight in an imperialistic war gets a more complete coverage of the state than announcement from the sociology department that it has finished a survey of farm tenant housing conditions.

The most powerful agency for breaking down the antagonistic spirit of some of the state's citizens is the student body, present and future. The fellow who comes from Bear Wallow or Charlotte or Elizabeth City can combat the something-ought-to-be-done-talk on its own level. He can interpret the University to his homefolks, make them conscious of and proud of the institution which is bringing to their state a name for justice, humanity, liberalism and real freedom that no cotton mill or corporation journal can ever attract.

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To All



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OUR ONE HOSS SHAY

(Continued from page eleven)

to problems on the campus or off it. Thus we are failing in the twofold purpose of education. We do not develop intelligence and a sound background of knowledge. We develop only a negative conception of character—a man who *doesn't* cheat, *doesn't* drink, *doesn't* do anything a gentleman wouldn't do, whatever that is. We have a morality of social restraint and custom, instead of the positive morality of Christ or Socrates or Thomas Jefferson. We have no discipline of work and no self-discipline of character. Freedom to us means the lack of restraint by authority—which is actually license. Freedom to us means the right to publish a dirty humor magazine. There is your moral factor. There is your Wendell Willkie conception of freedom.

Can we not learn that freedom is found through responsibility, that character is the acceptance of this responsibility to our school and to our society? Not only freedom, but the greatest happiness, is found in that acceptance. But our students would rather die—literally, they would rather go every twenty years to Europe and die on the battlefields—than to accept responsibility for society and for creating a new and better order of things, with all the intellectual work and weariness and the political and social action and struggle that this would require. So it is that we have no coherence in society, no unity. Our freedom is anarchy, our authority is force.

Students of Carolina, these words are true. Your own poet and greatest soul, Thomas Wolfe, saw this as no one else has seen it. He said that America is lost, and it is. You are lost in your own lives here at Carolina. You can never be found until you have found yourselves and your own

purpose in society. You can never be found until you come to consciousness of principles and obligations underlying your lives. Do not be deceived by the passing flux of events—the lights, the yells, the games, the drinks, the rides, the casual kisses; it is not in these, but in things of vastly greater and more profound meaning that truth and happiness lies. Only in the good life is there any value, and therefore any significance or happiness. I do not say, as some have said, that virtue is knowledge; but I say that virtue is impossible without knowledge, and that to find happiness and the good life, you must find knowledge.

Students, your opposition to me has caused me much pain while I have been a student here with you. Yet I say now, that had I not criticized you and your lives as I have done, I would not have been true to my own conscience. It is not in social approval, but in integrity to one's own ideals, that the greatest happiness is found. And there is a happiness, an intensity, and an honesty and greatness far beyond this hollow mummery that you call life, that you live here. Life is to write a poem, to love a woman, to seek the truth, to seek virtue, to find dignity, to learn greatness. I want life for you, in a profound richness and fullness that you do not know.

Holiday Greetings

—: • :—

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A Happy New Year
to All**

GRADUATE STUDENTS

(Continued from page fifteen)

fessor who is in no mood to talk shop and who would much rather look at something agreeable like apple pie or Frances Dyckman. Several of the girls have graduated from schools like Wellesley, where they develop social consciousness, or Salem, where they develop inhibitions, and they haven't gotten over it yet. One little number we've run across is the only female in captivity who wears a Phi Bete key around her neck, but in her case it doesn't make much difference. Of course, when you get a coed with an Einstein brain and a Gimghoul face, the gods have been good to you. And every now and then the graduate school produces such a dream.

Naturally, I fully realize that any of the graduate students who come under the categories mentioned above could answer me most bitinglly and with much truth by saying that my viewpoint is adolescent, that I lack the true scholarly mind, and that undergraduates just fritter their time away on vain and useless pursuits. They could reply, I say, but they won't. They'll be too busy compiling bibliographies to answer this article. In fact, they'll be too busy to even read it.

TOM WENT HOME

(Continued from page twenty-two)

he said that he would be around, then he went on down the road toward Rennie's store.

Tom went home. He walked fast, carrying his rifle in his good hand. He wanted to get home quick, without seeing anybody. His hand was throbbing.

He went in the back to put his gun behind the door. And there was his mother, sitting like she was last night. She looked up when Tom came in.

(Continued on page thirty-two)

TEXACO
In the Heart of Town

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TOM WENT HOME

(Continued from page thirty-one)

But he turned his back on her, as he set the gun behind the door. He almost wished she wasn't there.

Then he turned around. He didn't know what to do with his hands. They just hung. She was still looking at him and smiling sad like. He edged his hurt hand behind him. He bent his head to the side, and blinked, because tears were filling his eyes. He was looking at the wood box and he didn't even see that it was empty.

"I let him go," he said.

He raised his head slowly. And he saw that his mother was looking out the window, and tears were in her eyes too. He looked at the box again, and he saw that it was empty.

"You need some wood, don't you, Mother?"

"Yes Tommy. . . . Yes I do."

"I'll get some now," he said.

When he went to the door, Tommy turned to look at his mother. She was gazing at him with a soft and sad smile. She started to speak and then turned away with a sigh. Feeling grown up all at once in a tired way, Tommy walked out filled with a nameless sorrow.

TO BE MYSELF

To be myself, I know,
In one fulgurate blast
That dissolves my will
Coagulates my dreams
Palsies, deafens, blinds,
And rumbles in crescendo on to death—

What sands must be tracked,
What winds appeased;

Whose wrath incurred
And talloning circles be evaded,
Tho he open every scab;

Whose lips be caught and kissed,
While her breasts chill against my breast;

Where the road leads
By my parched bones;

If there is to be one strain of music more,
One moments peace,

One glimpse of my own face,
Or a slacking of my one thirst,
There is no turning back, from where I go.

—ALBERT ROUSLIN



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Carton that says

Merry Christmas

CAROLINA MAG

— ESTABLISHED —
EIGHTEEN FORTY-FOUR

On ---

HORACE WILLIAMS

JOHN GIMBALL

JOHN WOLF

JOHN EATING

JOHN

To ---

JOHN WIGGINS

JOHN STEIN

FICTION

CARTOONS

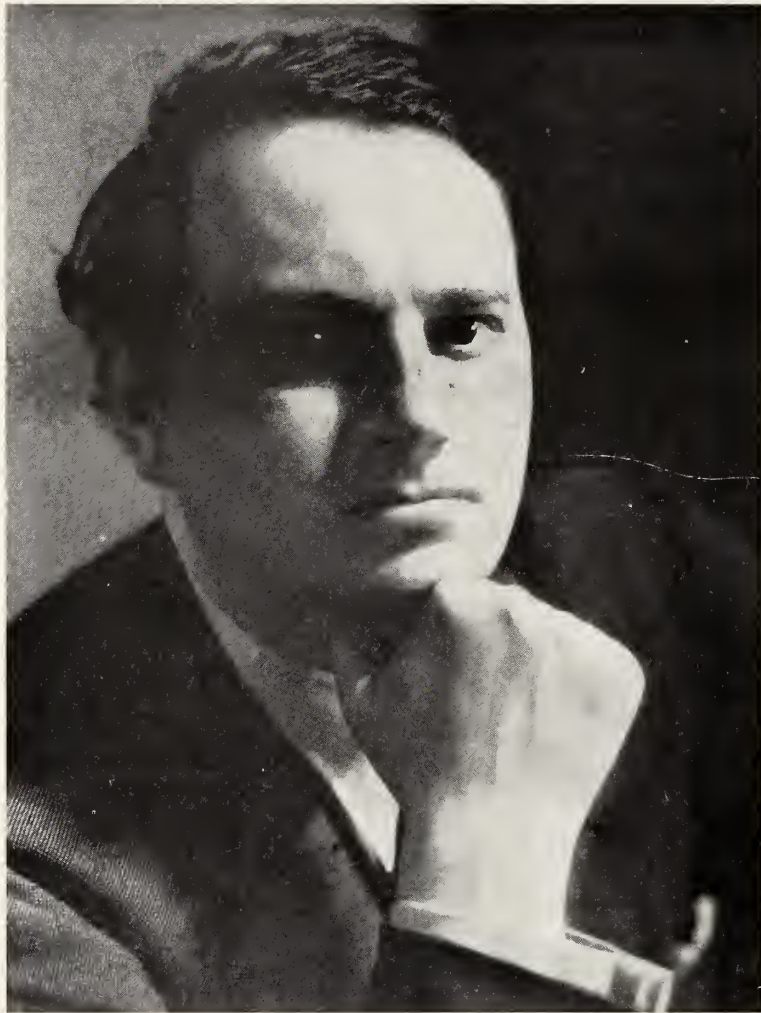
REVIEW

*Horace Williams' Pupil,
writes his story*



January, 1941

Announcement ---



We Take Pride in Presenting

The Thomas Wolfe Memorial Award

* * * *

Chairman Paul Green of the Thomas Wolfe Memorial Fund Committee has honored the CAROLINA MAG by announcing an award, in the name of our former student contributor, to be presented to the writer of the best literary article of the year.

* * * *

All Undergraduate and Graduate Students of the University of North Carolina are Eligible for This Distinction

There are still three issues of the MAGAZINE in which articles will be judged.

The Carolina Magazine

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

Established 1844

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(COVER PHOTO OF DEAN F. F. BRADSHAW BY HUGH MORTON)

VOLUME LXX

JANUARY, 1941

NUMBER 4

The Moving Finger



gownless in gaza

THIS ISSUE of the Mag is being devoted, in one of those unfortunately late tributes, to the memory of Horace Williams. Dean Bradshaw's article in the next few pages tells the story of Williams' teachings and we do not need any encomium here. But there is one fact about the late philosopher that is generally overlooked. For some reason, and we have always preferred to believe that it was because he saw through the cheap racket of the academic degree world, Horace Williams never acquired a Ph.D. And, by the strangest accident which must still amaze some of our contemporary local doctors and so-called masters, he managed to instruct five decades of Carolina students without any alphabetical suffixes to his name. Essentially a teacher, he actually managed to remain one in a community where teaching has become an unavoidable interlude between select and private dissertations. And everything would have been very fine indeed if someone, who certainly must have sweated like the dickens for his own doctorate, hadn't decided to have some fun

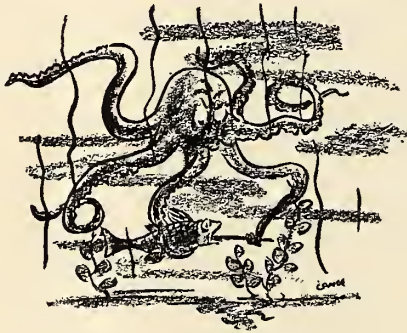
with the old gentleman. One day Horace Williams was sitting at home in his study. And we must assume that he was, as usual, cogitating. The telephone rang and he answered it. "Is this Dr. Williams?," asked a disciple-like voice. It may have been the result of too much cogitation, but the teacher answered with an innocent "yes." "Like Hell it is," shouted the mysterious caller as he hung up. But things turned out well because Horace Williams soon had it all figured out that only a student of his could have been wise enough to pull so neat a trick.

j'accuse . . .

WHEN THE Daily Tar Heel's managing editor, Charlie Barrett, wrote his excellent series of articles exposing the textbook scandal over in Raleigh, we were very grateful to him. And somewhere along the line Charlie came across some very interesting tid-bits about politicians. It seems that the textbook which was finally accepted by the State Board of Education, the one which has,

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by authorities, been called inferior to that prepared by two university professors, contained a series of portraits of contemporary state politicians. And there was, with each picture, some laudatory remarks about the gentleman. Now the Board of Education for some reason deleted these interesting features from the final accepted form. And we are a little perplexed by all of this. We are not in a position to judge any of the stories going around to the effect that the men who did the picking know as much about education as does Tony Galento. And we do not know if there is any truth in the charges that the book selection was made on the ground of political bias. But we do think that anyone connected with a state government ought to know, at least by rumor, how important politicians are. They ought to know that they control legislatures, find their way into highway commissions, relief agencies, administrative



posts, tribunals, water-works, departments of weights and measures, offices of public welfare and sometimes even to educational agencies. We would like to believe that the State Board of Education was humanely concerned with the development of these tots when they went above professional advice and prescribed Mr. Warren's history book for them. And that is why we were surprised and dismayed when we learned that they had taken out all of those excellent pictures of the politicians who have such a genial and gigantic effect upon the present and future lives of these citizens-to-be. Modesty in ordinary mortals is admirable, but in big men it is unnecessary. After all, state salaries are usually small and these men must have some recognition for their sacrifices. And what could be a finer ode to immortality than to have your picture plastered all over a fifth grade history book?

imperial hearst

MR. ORSON WELLS, whom we remember as dividing his time between reincarnating William Shakespeare and incarnating grotesque men from Mars to give conniptions to the sedate New Jersey landscape, has done it again. And although his latest activities threaten to cause riots all of the way from Hollywood to Washington, we are rather proud of the bearded thespian. Some time ago he was brought out to Hollywood to work on a movie. All that was known about the picture was its name, "Citizen Kane." Wells was writer, producer, director and chief actor, and everything was conducted in a most artistic secrecy. But recently the quiet, so delicately tendered, was exploded. It developed that the Wells opus, costing his studio some \$800,000, presents this Citizen Kane as a man remarkably similar to that old light of our young lives, William Randolph Hearst. The picture follows its "hero" through such familiar scenes as the founding of an imperial newspaper chain, the personal boasting about starting the Spanish-American war, the making of an obscurely talented "woman friend" into a big-time performer and the final retirement into an immense fortress-estate. Now it seems to us, here in Chapel Hill with no boss but the benevolent Publications Union Board and with no censor but ourselves, that Orson Wells is doing a public service. But Mr. Hearst is not at all happy about the affair. His army of lawyers are threatening all kinds of suits and reprisals. And there are hints, made positive threats by the gory record of the Hearst papers, of very serious smear attacks on Hollywood. And there is no doubt that the movie center, by at least being a place of some talent and thought and cosmopolitan life, is full of those things which the Hearst press could attack with a billious dexterity. At the moment, it looks as if the film is going to be suppressed. And so, although we admire Orson Wells' courage and point of view, we are a little surprised at his naiveté. And someone ought to tell him that you don't take time out to write an obituary about a tiger who, although his claws are curled with age, is still very much alive.

idiot's delight

THE OTHER day we heard about a story which is so fantastic that no one will believe it. And, perhaps, it is just as well that way. It seems that there is a fellow named Tom who lives

in a neighboring city and is a sort of an idiot. Not bad enough to be put away, he has a flimsy and bewildered mind. But he has strange moments of intelligence, and on successive days imagines himself to be either a radio announcer or a foreign correspondent or a news commentator. The war, with all of the weird stories of fights and killings, appealed to him. As the local radio station played up the war more and more, Tom became a constant visitor. The studio people were kind, and they didn't mind the idiot boy who walked around imagining himself to be an important executive. When Tom shouted an order they humored him by making believe that they obeyed. He became a weird sort of mascot to them all. The program director, a sympathetic young fellow, became Tom's special friend. Now the director used to prepare a summary of the day's news every evening and sent it in to be read by the announcer on duty. These were usually interpretations of the news and after a while it became Tom's jealously maintained duty to carry them in to the announcer. Sometimes he would sit down and write out a summary—just as his friend did. And the director would tell Tom that they were very good indeed. One day, excited by the director's praise, Tom substituted his own sheet and carried it in to the man at the microphone. And the announcer, who didn't know the difference and who only saw the usual accounts of battles and deaths and sinkings, read off Tom the idiot boy's interpretation of the news of the world. When the studio realized what had happened they sent out frantic notices explaining the catastrophe. But everything was all right. For no one, sitting at home after work and waiting for the usual comment, suspected that anything was wrong. And the only one affected seems to be the genial program director, who now has delusions of grandeur and imagines that he is Tom.

... dies the swan

FOR SOME time we have felt that Chapel Hill has actually discovered the war. We could not be certain of course, but there were signs. A few couples, on their way to an evening visit to Gimghoul, happened to listen to a news broadcast on the automobile radio while searching for a dance band. Occasionally a professor, searching wildly for a modern parallel that will give some sort of life to his fossil-like meanderings in class, will mention the war. An ivory-towered poet who still wears short pants recently got himself a

modest campus notoriety by making the remarkable discovery that war was bad. But these things were accidental and there was still a goodly brigade which believed that chaos would be polite enough to take a detour around the village limits of Chapel Hill. But a recent consideration by the Law School Dance Committee settled things em-



phatically. As we understand the case, there was some sentiment about either foregoing the annual dance or giving the proceeds to British War Relief. From latest reports we gather that Winston Churchill and his cronies will have to struggle along without any financial aid from our local bar-risters. But that is hardly the point. What is really and truly significant is the fact that Carolina students have reached a point where they are actually considering giving up a dance! The time must now be terribly out of joint. Let dollar-a-year men make speeches and let the Army men make plans. Chapel Hill is awake to the war and will soon file a petition for admission into the United States of America.

rattletrap satrap

SOME TIME ago Henry Ford published an advertisement in many newspapers. It was a very charming thing, with just the right combination of modesty, statistics and good old American plain speaking. In it Mr. Ford, whose adventures with the workingman read like the Nazi plan book, purported to tell the story of his dealings with Labor. There were statistics to "prove" that they were better off than any other workers in the automobile industry. There were comparative salary

listings and such poetic references as that about the number of "disabled" workers who had jobs at the Ford plants. And it was, all in all, a pretty nice pat on the back that Mr. Ford gave to himself. While all of this sudden forthrightness with the American people has been coming out of the usual secretiveness of Detroit, the CIO has been trying to organize the Ford workers. It is part of an old old campaign which has, in recent years, been met by brick-bats, labor spies, servile state militias, stooges, strike-breakers and other such evidences of Henry Ford's beautiful love for his employees. But this time the CIO has moved in with full force, carrying the blessings of leading government officials with it. A few days ago they demanded that the workers be allowed to vote

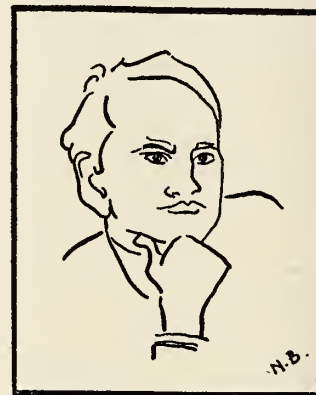


upon whether or not they wanted a union. This was a simple request indeed. And if the folks out in Detroit were as supremely content, as much like a Rotary Club poster as the Ford advertisement made them out to be, there would have been no doubt that a union would have been refused. But for some weird reason, perhaps his digestion, Henry Ford refused to sanction this vote. Now we know that the *Dearborn Independent*, Mr. Cameron and other delightful Ford mouthpieces have been instructing the workers about the horrors of unions for years. And we know from the advertisement how happy these lucky people are. And it must be that dear Mr. Ford, who has tirelessly and sublimely nursed his people along into that wonderful world of green houses and green peas and green dollars, distains to disturb their mass production wonderland for the ugly necessity of a vote upon their constitutional rights.

cost accounting

NOW THAT we have reached the home stretch in our editorial stint, and as that final glorious day of *finis* is almost discernible, we feel

ourselves getting a little mellow. And although the identity of a successor remains a mystery that only the annual spring circus can solve, we throw this advice out to all misguided young men thinking about making the great leap. If and when you are ever editor of a college magazine, and if—as they most certainly will—contributions are thin and far between, here is a sure-fire formula. All that you need to do is to find a couple of folks who are willing to write articles that attack other folks around here. There are sure to be answers, either from the victims themselves or from their friends. Then you will of course print an answer to the answer and may indeed be on the way to discovering the elusive perpetual motion machine. In this issue we have two attacks on articles which were printed last time. Even if the works were



sheer nonsense, which they are not, we would have printed them in utter gratitude. Other publications, like the *Saturday Evening Post*, may boast about their slightly superior circulation. And other magazines, like *Fortune*, may have slightly higher advertising rates. But the *Carolina Mag* will stolidly ride along, majestically proud of the two graduate students who (1) actually read it and (2) took the trouble to submit an article. If a man has simple desires in life such a demonstration can make him modestly happy. And so, with our faith in our fellows temporarily renewed, this is the message which we prematurely pass along to a hypothetical successor. Hit 'em in the right place and they will hit back. Only you had better be an expert at shadow boxing and, incidentally, be able to execute a quick duck.

The Teacher

Horace Williams inspired, provoked, criticized and agitated. But for over fifty years he taught his boys a philosophy of living.

"We took philosophy seriously in those days, and each of us had his own. And together, we had our "philosopher" For half a century he had been a dominant figure in the life of the entire state.

"He was a great teacher, and what he did for us, and for others before us for fifty years, was not to give us his "philosophy"—but to communicate to us his own alertness, his originality, his power to think. He was a vital force because he supplied to many of us for the first time in our lives, the inspiration of a questioning intelligence so of course, throughout the state, the bigots hated him, but his own students worshipped him to idolatry. And the seed he planted grew—long after Hegel, "concepts," "moments of negation," and all the rest of it had vanished into the limbo of forgotten things."

—TOM WOLFE, in *You Can't Go Home Again*

THE EFFORT to understand and interpret an unusual individual promises both gain and risk. Whatever of genuine knowledge, technique and value his life affords may, if understood, become part of our common wealth of culture, enriching the usual life. But it is all too easy to confuse this essential meaning with the private peculiarities of the person studied and become fumbling and narrowed disciples of the insignificant. Surely this is the unforgivable sin against the universal truth of a great life. A great person cannot be imitated, just because his greatness is precisely his refusal to imitate.

Accordingly, as the "disciples" of Horace Williams celebrate the master's passing and attempt to transmit and universalize his method and message, they are faithful only if critical. Their dependence is in direct proportion to their independence. In this cult only the heretics will be orthodox.

A few hours behind the schedule he had announced ten days before to his nurse, "Professor Williams" died early in the morning following Christmas day. For sixty-two years he had consciously and concentratedly endeavored to understand life. For fifty years he had with enthusiasm and complete devotion tried to be a real teacher. During the last two years he had repeatedly said, "I want to try being an angel for a while now. I have been at this long enough." And so, whimsical to the last, with quality maintained as quantity diminished, there ended the physical presence of the "Socrates of Chapel Hill."

The facts of his record as community gadfly, stimulator of youth, and "interference" for south-

ern liberalism are manifold, vivid and beyond dispute. They are partially and interestingly presented in his own style in "The Education of Horace Williams." The philosophy, teaching methods, and way of life which he embodied will be ready now, since he is gone, for objective description and critical analysis.

Among his earliest recollections was the arrival of Sherman's Cavalry which took all provender from the Gates county farm on which Dr. Elisha Williams and his family lived. And "for two years the family did not know where the next week's food would come from." On Horace, the oldest, of six, fell the leadership in farm work and he liked to recall racing and winning over grown men in chopping cotton and pulling fodder.

When about eighteen he attended an academy where the principal was physically able to discipline his unruly charges and could hear a Latin lesson without using a text. This perfect scholar was a graduate of Yale and came in young Williams' mind to evidence the superior scholastic standards of old Eli.

After the academy Horace clerked two years for a Quaker merchant. Receiving bed, board, and two hundred and seventy-five dollars cash for this two years work, he saved two hundred dollars and enrolled at Chapel Hill in the fall of 1879, 21 years of age. Here he discovered two new realms of value. Charles B. Aycock, president of the Phi Society, addressed the freshmen on the honor system. Often in later years Prof. Williams traced back his absolute belief in moral integrity and in the educational value of the honor system to that speech of Aycock.

The other educational birthday was his discovery his sophomore year that memorizing Euclid was not geometrizing. When the teacher had "blinded" him by changing the symbols of a geometrical figure Horace worked to become independent of the symbols. The "moment of insight" when he "saw" the proposition for himself was a new and dramatic experience. It became for him ever after the goal and mark of all real studying.

These undergraduate years were also his time of wide reading. During four years he left Chapel Hill only once. One of his self-help jobs was that

PERSONAL HISTORY



Horace Williams: "Hegel of the Cotton Patches"

of librarian. This gave him constant access to the books. He occasionally remarked that if he had come along in the day of large book collections he would probably have killed himself reading. As it was he was able in his time to satisfy his drive by literally reading the entire University library. Thus probably originated both the safety and intensity with which in later years he criticized purely extensive reading. His later rule was not to read any book he could understand at one reading.

In 1883 he received here the A.B. and also the first M.A. the University gave for work, rather than as an honorary degree. But this academic equipment did not satisfy him. He reported that in teaching school the next year he could not explain to his class why minus three multiplied by minus three equalled plus nine. He could see the nine but where did the plus come from. "When guinea pigs, or apples multiply you get more of the same. Why this peculiarity of the minus in mathematics." His teachers at Chapel Hill had not prepared him for this situation. He turned to Yale whence had come his thorough and competent academy instructor. With the approval only of his mother and with vigorous disapproval of other friends and relatives for his excessive educational ambitions and northward drift, the intense and independent young Southerner arrived, a southern King Arthur at the court of the Connecticut Yankee. And it was just fourteen years after the close of the "War of the Rebellion."

At Yale he seems to have had three great insights. He became permanently addicted to "New Englandism"—an individual way of life. President Dwight told him there were at least a hundred thousand places where in the Bible was verbally in dispute rather than verbally inspired. To an intense Protestant mind, ambitious to be Christian, this news was almost a fatal jar. Then came his own discovery that his Yale teacher was wrong in saying Paul wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews. This shook his faith not only in the book but in Yale. This thesis, which despite faculty protest was his graduating address at Yale, won him a fellowship at Harvard. So to Harvard, and Professor Everett there, a Unitarian, went his riper intellectual appreciations. Probably this experience, lead him also from theology to philosophy.

After the two Harvard years the thirty-year old scholar turned his thoughts westward. It was the time of "go west young man." Summers in Michigan and a Yale classmate in Seattle convinced him that in the West were the men and mountains, the

geographical and mental visions spacious enough to attract a philosopher so agonizingly and recently emancipated from the sectional and sectarian.

But just then, Chapel Hill called him and refused to accept his initial refusal. Southward, then, he turned, convinced that the south must soon tread the same path from provincial sectionalism and creedal orthodoxy which he had painfully travelled. Possibly he, a Southerner, could most surely and speedily, because knowingly and affectionately, lead in this necessary transition. From then, 1890, to the last breath he drew, Horace Williams bent every resource of time, money, talent, and influence to this one end, intellectual emancipation of the south through stimulating the intelligence of young southerners.

By this purpose he judged his day and by it was anxious that history justify his life. In his choice of methods to this end he was pragmatic and relative, but the end itself was absolute and ideal. He was in a sense unscrupulous and freely used what he aptly termed "teachers license." But from the ultimate value of his work, teaching a boy to think, none of the village diversions of the flesh nor academic vices of the spirit were able to divert his time and energy.

Since he regarded philosophy as a way of life the philosophy teacher always had time in his study, to consider, discuss, and direct student life and activity. "His boys" needed exercise; he helped launch intercollegiate football. Diet is essential to a clear head; he helped open Commons Hall and resigned from the committee because all profits were not put back into better food. Youth responds pedagogically to competition and in activity discovers new powers; he sponsored and coached debating not as winning through points, statistics, quotations and tricks but as competition in analytic thinking. He understood history as pivoted around clear-sighted individuals of stubborn conscience; he took up contemporary campus issues on class and urged his students to "take a stand" at mass meetings and "vote their convictions" in campus politics. He was very proud of the occasion at the height of fraternity non-fraternity feeling when he spoke on the issues at the request of the students. A fellow faculty member had warned him of probable heckling and egg-throwing. At the end he heard two fraternity men talking as they left the hall. One said, "Well, he gave us hell." The other replied, "Yes, but he told the truth."

This interest in student life also projected itself

(Continued on page twenty-nine)

The Free Zone

The Germans offered Yvon an escape from the concentration camp. And for a while, even in captivity, life seemed very dear.

MAY I come in, son?"

"Come in, Father."

The door clanged shut as the priest stepped into the room. He said nothing for a moment. He came over and sat down on the only chair. Yvon Barbisson was seated on the bed. There was a tense quietness.

"I hardly know what to say." The priest was middle-aged. A streak of grey tinged his hair. He spoke quietly; in his dark eyes there was a look of indecision.

"Yes, Father. I can understand your feeling. I myself, feel as if words now were sort of unimportant." Yvon, dressed in his tattered clothes, appeared insignificant. In his pale blue eyes, and in the determined energy with which he held himself, however, there was an indication of what he might have been.

"Have you made your decision yet?" The priest looked at him now.

"No."

"There is not much time left."

"How well I know, Father." Yvon gazed a long time at his watch, almost wistfully. "My friends tell me that freedom is cheap. I think maybe it's too cheap."

"I cannot advise you, Yvon. As you know, we of the Church, often have to do things we don't want to. All I can do, is to help you once you have made your decision." The priest looked out the window and watched the prisoners walking in the yard outside.

Yvon followed his eyes. He knew most of the men. He knew many who had already been shot. He knew many who would be shot, perhaps. Outside the gates of the concentration camp there were the fields, rolling away into the dark hills. There wouldn't be much of a crop this year; even, with the bomb craters, however, the land was still something which he felt a part of. This was his country, whatever had happened to it.

"Father, I want you to prepare me, now. Whatever decision I take I will feel better and stronger in it. Once a slave has recognized his slavery, perhaps it isn't so hard. It probably comes natural. The decision though—that is the hard thing." Yvon kept his eyes on the land outside—the men

walking back and forth, and all around the guards with their guns, and their stiff attitudes.

The priest prepared the small Sacrament table, and Yvon watched him. It did not take long. After the short service the priest stood up and shook hands with Yvon.

"Yvon, a man can only do what he thinks right, and feel right in his own mind. I know that you will do that. I will remember you. Eternity and life are both very long. Good-bye, my son."

"Good-bye, Father." Yvon watched the priest leave; the door shut in such a final manner. He went back to the bed and sat down. It was very quiet; occasionally the rustle of guns, sometimes the noise when a gun came in contact with a button on the coat of one of the guards, or touched the entrance gates.

The men outside walked and walked; yet, always their faces showed that they did not see the ground in front of them. They were thinking, thinking, always thinking what they should do. These men had been important; they would be given a little time to make up their minds. He had walked with them. Maybe some of them were thinking what he would do.

The Channel was not visible from the concentration camp. It was not far away, however. He could remember now how on a clear day the English coast could be seen. The sun would shine down and away from the beach it would look all blue, with here and there white caps, rolling on and on, all the way from France to England. From France to England. It was not far. He had crossed the Channel many times. It was far now—as far away as Freedom is from Slavery. That is very far, he thought.

He could hear the sound of planes. English planes. They came over every day now. It was worst of all at night. Then you couldn't tell what was going to happen—huge ripping noises would sound all around. The quick, dizzying, sound of a plane swooping nearer—the shaking noise of the anti-aircraft batteries, then the dull vibration as the waves from the crater where the bomb had hit swelled through the whole countryside. Once the camp had been hit. It had been in the exercise ground, however, and no lives had been lost. It wouldn't have mattered, though, to many. The

FICTION

Germans could have said that so and so was killed by the English in one of their merciless attacks. Of course, they would have probably killed him in a few days, but that didn't matter.

Yvon looked at his watch; the hands stood at the hour of eleven. That left five hours. The sun was high, shining down with full warmth though the wind still came through the sun's heat.

"Yvon, well, it's the day. And I hope you have made up your mind sensibly." Pierre Renan stood inside the room; there was the sound of the door as it hinged back into the wall. Pierre was tall; the sun had made brown his sturdy features. The feeling of the outside seemed to follow him, and his natural good-nature seemed to fall in with this atmosphere.

"It's good to see you, Pierre." Yvon rose and walked over to him.

"Cigarette?" Pierre sat down; his manners were easy and unstrained.

"Yes, thanks. These must cost you a lot. I haven't been able to get any at all." Yvon lit the cigarette, then sat back, drawing long on the cigarette. He realized again how good a cigarette tastes but he thought principally of how good they taste after a meal when you can sit in front of a window of your own home with your family there and look out onto the land.

"There is such a thing as foolish patriotism, Yvon." Pierre likewise lit a cigarette and watched Yvon. His face creased in ample lines of well-being and friendliness. He leaned over as he spoke, the action making his eyebrows bunch into little bundles.

"I know that Pierre. I have put this decision off as long as possible. The truth of the matter is, I think I am afraid of death." Yvon was tight-lipped as he spoke. He got up and began to walk up and down the small room.

"It's not only difficult, mon ami; in most cases it's foolish. When one is defeated the only sensible and civilized thing to do is to realize this and adjust oneself to the unpleasant details. Things will come out all right in the end."

"Civilized. That's the word that bothers me. I wonder what would have happened to France had Joan of Arc been civilized." Yvon was silent a moment; he looked at his finger nails, slowly moving one of his fingers, as his thoughts went on.

"Those days are past. There is no place for heroics in the modern world; there are too many machines. The sensible thing to do is to face the facts and make an unpleasant reality into a more pleasing one."

"I could do something like that — something heroic—if it were a matter of moments. I could face death calmly, I think, if it were a quick flashing, surging emotional reaction that carried me there; I can not sit down and plan my death, however."

"I'm glad to hear that sensible outlook, Yvon. You must remember that the Germans have been extraordinarily patient with you—merely because you happen to be a very influential person in France. All you have to do is outwardly conform to a few requirements, then your life is free to do with as you please."

"What a foundation for the future France. God have mercy on her! Of course, my dying for France would matter very little, if looked at from one angle."

"When the news finally got around, it would be such a long time that most people would have probably forgotten who you were. By living you can help by your influence, however diluted it must be. One man's death, a hundred or ten thousand, for that matter is not going to change things." Pierre talked earnestly, moving his head from side to side to emphasize his words.

"Yes, Pierre, I shall not die, for France is already dead. It is dead through people like me—and, shall I say it?, you—people who are intelligent enough to value themselves far above their country. I don't suppose it is really selfishness. None of us even know any more, what we were fighting for. The Germans did. We lost. No. I am afraid I shall throw away the only opportunity I have ever had to be great. I shall throw it away because I am not great, because our people are no longer great." Yvon curled his lips in a cynical smile; it was a smile that threw his entire opinion of himself in pitiful clarity. He moved restlessly, and looked at his hands again. He did not look up.

"You will not regret your decision, Yvon. You see, one always thinks conditions will be worse than they turn out to be in actuality. The Germans are not a bad sort of people; then again, France will soon be free."

"A slave never realizes that he is a slave. He can even read about slaves and feel sorry for them, raise money for them, and cry over their fates. As you say, the Germans are a pretty good sort of people. I have never doubted that they were. It was something else—but none of this sort of conversation amounts to anything." Yvon got up and walked over to the window. His face changed as he looked out of the window, and when he turned

(Continued on page thirty)

Stein: a Study in His Aesthetic

A graduate student climbs out of his wraps to overpower Sanford Stein's protest with a collection of highly entertaining foot-notes.

MR. SANFORD Stein (whom a headnote describes, with cruel irony, as "clever") calls backhandedly for a reply to his memoir, "Graduate Students, their Cause and Cure," in the December *Mag.* He might as well have called for an answer to any lyric poem concerned with a distressing situation—Milton's "Methought I Saw my Late Espoused Saint" or (to provide a closer parallel) Eddie Guest's laments, or "The Empty Cradle."¹ There simply is no satisfactory answer to such expressions of the inscrutable human soul. Here's how someone feels about it, we can say, and let the matter drop.

We can say, here's how someone feels about it, and let the matter drop; but of course we won't: we are such stuff as dreams are made on² and in a time when that charming romancer Freud is still beloved we hate to be Misunderstood. In self defense we must sift the materials and analyze the methods of our monument,³ document,⁴ or what-not⁵ as Mr. Stein creatively endeavors it. We must, to use one of those to-say-it-differentlies dear to George Saintsbury's heart, see ourselves as Burns saw the dear old lady in "To a Louse." Is it too much to hope that we shall face ourselves breast forward?⁶ However difficult the task we

shall do that glorious thing, our best; we shall endeavor in this study (1) to look at the subject through Mr. Stein's twinkling young blue eyes, (2) to test those eyes for myopia, astigmatism, and spherical aberration, and (3) fully to express our deep gratitude to the entire staff of the University of North Carolina Library for unflagging encouragement, but especially to Miss Georgia Faison, reference librarian, who doubtless would have been of inestimable assistance in the preparation of a bibliography if one had been needed.⁷

Being a graduate student, we⁸ must begin with a study of the background. Fortunately, our survey of the subject can be brief.⁹ Mr. Stein, a native of Bayswater, N. Y., was born in Bayswater, N. Y.¹⁰ Here our sources fail us and our further comment must be conjecture, based, as we say, on internal evidence. Our guesses might not be so well supported by puns and the like as those charming tales of Shakespeare's poaching; but we shall be as creative as graduate endeavorers can be after a dozen years with our nose in the noose, or vice versa. First let us look on as young Sanford hurries home from Public School—and well might the lad hurry: he is pursued by a telephone pole and a hippopotamus,¹¹ both frightfully got up in

¹ See Louise Pound, *American Ballads and Songs* (N. Y.: Scribners, 1925), p. 16. "The Empty Cradle" is not there, but something about as bad probably is. Whatever is there, it is as pertinent in a discussion of the graduate system as Mr. Stein's yawp.

² Those who are interested can ask any freshman how to locate this adaptation of the immortal bard. We mention the borrowing to show that we know as well as Mr. Stein how little interested we are (genuinely, of course) in "creative endeavor." We just borrow, that's all, and all we are we owe to Stevenson's *Home Book of Verse*, rev. ed., and our mother.

³ I. e., "Graduate Students, their Cause and Cure," not, as usually, "Flower in the Crannied Wall" or *Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet*.

⁴ See n. 3, *supra*, and read after "usually": "the Vincent of Epstein Adam."

⁵ See n. 4, *supra*, and read after "usually": "that similar item fascinating to youngsters, a Victorian piece of furniture designed to hold useless bric-a-brac and dust."

⁶ It probably is.

⁷ Being a first quarter graduate student, Mr. Stein has not yet learned that graduate students do not, as he unkindly suggests, spend their time "compiling bibliographies." In the first place, most of them don't know how (as an introspectionist of Mr. Stein's accomplishments should realize), and those who know don't trust themselves. Anyhow, Miss Faison is very accommodating, and when graduate students (who we'd say know a trick or two, if you ask us or not) can foist off the dirty work on her, it's her feet, not theirs, that get tired running around looking for those last ten pages of theses. Graduate students may be overweight, near-sighted, meek, overbearing little shrimps, but not all of them are pure and simple fools. To our personal knowledge there have been graduate students at Chapel Hill who have renounced bibliography and spent their time as variously and usefully, and al-

most as intelligently, as undergraduates: one, for example, paying calls and bumming drinks (he is now reformed, we presume, for he is teaching in a public high school); another spent hours waiting for lines to get out of the way so he could eat quietly in old Swain Hall; a third devoted every drizzly night to reciting the original Greek of Euripides and his own genuine verse in the cemetery; another ruthlessly entered a round-robin card game with some undergraduates and supported himself and his poor old mother for two years on the takings. To those who say, "O yes"—*mais oui!* if their hair is long enough—"but that's not what graduate students are here for," we need only say this: "Nor you, my dear sophomore." (Styled by Old Belly-Growler, as the undergraduate realist would have Jane Welsh call her dour Scot jo.)

⁸ Who am here influenced by the editorial usage even more often sported by John Temple Graves II than by our serious Mr. Bishop.

⁹ After all, we are essentially humane and do not care for *le persecution pour le persecution*. Yet a thorough examination of the subject might be highly beneficial for some people. Indeed, if it were not suggesting a study more horrifying in its implications than a distinctly mortal creature can bear, we would suggest to Mr. Stein, "Gnothi seauton—Get wise to yourself."

¹⁰ 1940-41 *Directory of University of North Carolina*, p. 106. Unfortunately, the *Directory* gives only present addresses, but we may be reasonably certain that no one of Mr. Stein's fertile genius would deliberately settle in the suburbs when even a few leavings of Greenwich Village still lie near Washington Square. Hence he must be a native of Bayswaterian.

¹¹ We are sorry if the fancy is less attractive than that in Dr. Seuss' *And to Think that I Saw it on Mulberry Street*, but after all, Dr. Seuss did not have to contend with looking at things through Mr. Stein's eyes. See p. 15 of the *Memoirs*.

THE ARTS

last year's styles and carrying those ponderous tomes, last Sunday's *New York Times* and next Sunday's *American* comics, under their respective bean pole and salami arms. Frightened within 2.54 cm. of his life, the boy makes a vow to get even, his teeth gritting and his little fist clenched in a gesture of defiance. Though we must break the continuity of our account to do so, we are impelled by pride in our author's daring originality to say here (and now, to coin a phrase) that he did get even. "The Goon Brigade," he tells us, "... would turn either a telephone pole or a hippopotamus green with envy."¹²

¹² *Loc. cit.*

The careful reader will note here a graceful compliment to the graduate coeds, who are credited with the rare ability to turn a telephone pole (now generally black with creosote) or a hippopotamus (the most phlegmatic of animals) green with envy.

The expression, "green with envy," also illustrates Mr. Stein's vigorous, creative invention of new and improved modes of expression. Possibly it was suggested by the lines,

I've never seen a purple cow
And never hope to see one,

or, more likely, by those obscure lines on the genus pink elephant, The dipsoderm has pinkish skin
From liquid fire that glows within.
His eyes are green, his ears are blue,
And swimming spots complete the view.

For the settlement of certain source problems of this nature, of course,

But we must return to our history and briefly summarize our precious bits of fact. The story is simple. In an abandoned loft young Sanford came one day upon what most children would have seen as but a dusty pile of cards. To him, however, it was as the burst of sunlight upon the China Sea, and his heart swelled like those warm and scented waters caught in the embrace of a summer breeze. He had found the entire series of Chesterfield's "Girls of the Gaieties"¹³—Irene Castle, Theda Bara, Billie Burke, and that glamorous Latin, Etta Cetera. His favorite was Miss Burke, fresh as May and frilly as an Evzone's dress uniform.

an exhaustive study of Mr. Stein's readings is sorely needed. We tend at the moment, on our admittedly incomplete evidence, to lean toward the theory that our second citation gets the source. It will be noticed that in l. 3 green is specifically mentioned. We cannot agree with Professor Düber (*Englische Studien*, L (1940), 486) that green might have been "suggested by Mr. Stein's biliousness one [more] spring," though Mr. Stein is at a period of life when a little dose of sulphur and molasses might work wonders. The real weakness of Professor Düber's thesis is that he has obviously misread Mr. Stein's first paragraph, where it is clearly stated that Governor Hoey "grinned me my diploma" "last June," i. e., June 1940. Only a very sick man, ordinarily, can be expected to have written such a sentence; but Mr. Stein goes on to dispel the fears naturally raised both here and in a *DTH* column for September 30, 1940: "Here I am," he admits, "... [still] very much alive." (*Memoirs*, p. 14.) Because the phraseology of the *Memoirs* is uniformly loose, we may assume that the meaning here is "in very good health."



"I simply said, gentlemen, that my wife insisted upon my going to the masquerade as Superman."

Next to his heart he pressed the picture, and it taught his heart to flutter.

At the same time his mind was elevated to thoughts of creative endeavor. Before his eye swirled pictures of elaborate stages, of that very Stage whereon Life itself is portrayed—its burning romance, its maelstrom of beauteous women,¹⁴ its multifarious claptrap of musical comedy. Here were to be no ugly creatures stalking dusty streets, no desolation of the heart of stultification of the mind. All, all would be real, with the profound reality of musical comedy dreams.

From the moment of his pressing that picture to his heart, Sanford Stein was a dedicated spirit.¹⁵ He could no longer call himself a youth. He had reached adolescence. In the first great pounding drive of this new period in his life, he dedicated his creative energies to musical comedy and graduate study. We can see him now, daily chafing, long in classroom pent, or wand'ring (O lost, lost!) the library stackroom corridors (O sterile, purblind alleys!), or escaped to the clean fresh air of Aggie's and freed for pursuit there of the Musical Comedy and the Eternal Verities (to be intoned—O nauseous Steinism!—with much awe and reverence). There are those, we presume contrary to reason, who profess to see no conflict between Mr. Stein's chief interests. Mr. Stein, however, has obviously found nothing to recommend such a view. In two months he realized his error¹⁶ and with great force and candor has set down his bitter disillusionment in memoirs more eloquent than Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. It

is his "passionate notes of protest against the soul-scorned by the soul-searing materialism of his day, inimitably sung,"¹⁷ which we are now to examine.

Most graduate students, Mr. Stein points out, "haven't time to play around." He is quite right,¹⁸ especially in explaining why. The graduates are basely interested in getting ready to make some money for themselves before their Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes wear out on carrel chairs; the undergraduates are interested only in higher things—the next spring and the next check from home.¹⁹ Naturally, the graduates' "interest [*sic*] differ from those of undergraduates" and they "have no ties, no roots, no bonds with the University," which is, to them, merely a place to get an education.²⁰ Owing to this misconception of the true nature of a university, a "most curious . . . graduate breed . . . the Scholars" has developed. "Few seem to get any genuine pleasure out of their work," but some are marvels of efficiency and energy. One, for example, "has very cold-bloodedly set himself the task of writing an article a day."²² Then there are some others, ever closeted with inhibitions and social consciences, who surely must enjoy their work at least as a means of escape comparable to the penning of *Memoirs*. We speak, of course, of the Pure Intelligences, the telephone poles and hippopotami. With the enumeration of this class Mr. Stein is finished (with the Pure Intelligences anyhow). He has dispelled those frightful visions that chased him home from school.²³ By the simple expedient of facing his oldest and most press-

(Continued on page thirty-one)

¹⁴ Those of our readers who do not recall the practice of cigarette manufacturers of inserting in their packs pictures of baseball players or other figures attractive to sporting people may still see evidence of the practice on the Camel pack, verso: "Don't look for premiums or coupons . . ." The note is as much a remnant of the old days (when Piedmonts and Sovereigns were popular, and One Elevens were the American Tobacco Company's leader) as Mr. Stein's cracks at the graduate students. (We could cite ten corroborative examples, the minimum acceptable in this sort of study, according to Mr. Stein; but see n. 9, *supra*.)

¹⁵ The child's futile attempt to blot out the picture of the telephone pole is clearly visible here. He had not learned that he must, in the end, come directly to grips with his problem. The brilliant *Memoirs* now under consideration are, we fear, only one result of his awakening to the true nature of his difficulty.

¹⁶ Cf. Mr. William Wordsworth's similar but inferior passage in his *Prelude*.

¹⁷ Dean Pierson would have been glad to clarify the situation last spring. We suggest, however, that it would have made no difference to a young man with Mr. Stein's dedicated nature. After all, he had graduated, to the infinite amusement of the Governor; and after the first, he had to find the way to having at least one more spring in Chapel Hill.

¹⁸ Professor N. I. White of Duke University missed a great phrase when he failed to insert this in his recent study, *Shelley*, like Stein's *Memoirs* "a literary event of the first magnitude."

¹⁹ He would have been right if he had said the same of many

freshmen, whose names are by now in the hands of their advisers. The main difference between graduates and freshmen, in this respect, is that the graduates know how fast the subtle thief of youth humps along.

²⁰ We once knew an undergraduate interested in learning things (name upon request), but he was paying his own way through school. More typical (to speak with Mr. Stein's fine frenzy of exaggeration) were our friends, the farmer boy who was afraid to flunk (and did) because his father wanted him to work either at college or on the old home place, and the brat who wanted tearfully to know what his mama would think of that F.

²¹ Mr. Stein suggests (*Memoirs*, p. 14) that this should read: "to get a few letters after their names." When he has been a graduate student a little longer, he will probably have heard the expression, "nothing but a union card," but few people use that ugly (and slightly inaccurate) expression openly. The putatively radical institutions of higher learning don't like it.²¹

²² To be particularly impressive, we are footnoting our footnote. Besides, we wish to acknowledge that institutions not only don't like anything, they can't. That's the beauty of the statement—a beauty sedulously modeled on Stein (Gertrude, we mean)—that it's nonsense, able like chameleons to take on the safest color no matter what carpet it's called on.

²³ Mr. Stein seems to have met a fool, a wag, or an education student.

²⁴ We speak of the old visions only, not those substantial creatures who dogged the trail of last year's young *DTH* Columnist.

The Slugger Wears Kid Gloves

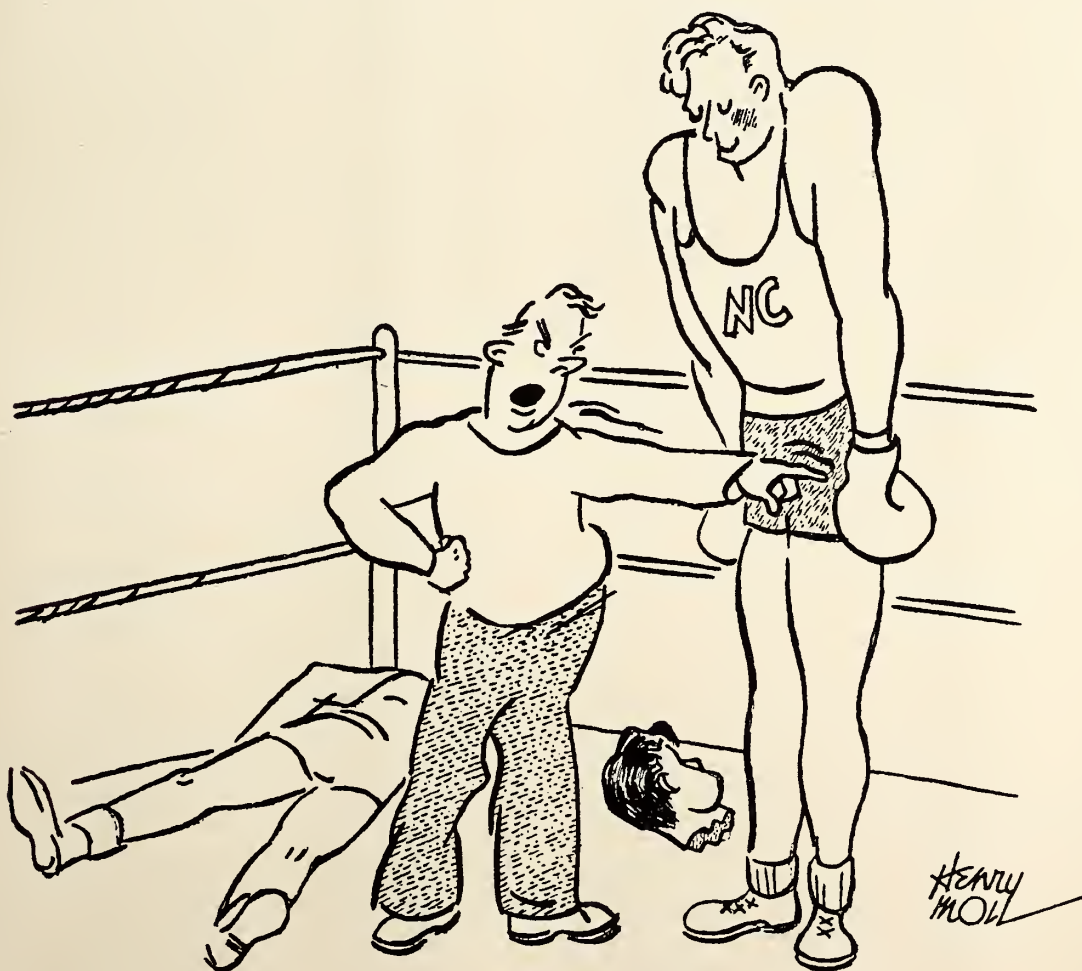
Gates Kimball had lived a full life before he entered college. And he never hits an opponent harder than is necessary.

IN SEVERAL respects, Clyde Gates Kimball, the strong boy with the quiet demeanor whose fame is spread from his native town of Winston-Salem to the boxing rings of the Pacific Coast and back again to the gridirons of the East, is an unusual specimen of a college athlete.

Possessor of a physical strength that far overshadows any furor he could create verbally, Gates is the exact opposite of the popular idea of the big, powerful college hero who isn't at all modest about what he has done for his Alma Mater. He performs poorest in competition against minor opposition, refusing to trample an outclassed foe. And as much as he thrills to the satisfaction that comes from a well-timed body block or a crackling right-hand punch, the stocky ex-sailor has definite

plans for foregoing a professional try at either boxing or football for a commercial position. Thus he is bringing to an end a ten-year athletic career that began when a scrawny 115-pound boy of fifteen years slipped away from home one afternoon a decade ago to attend football practice at Reynolds High in Winston-Salem.

Gates and brother Fenton were aspiring for halfback jobs on the scrub eleven without the consent or knowledge of their parents, who were bitterly against their sons' participation as a result of a grid death in the city some years before. At any rate, it was three weeks before Mr. and Mrs. Kimball knew that Gates had taken the first step on the road that was destined to lead to national recognition, but then it was too late. The next year



SPORTS

the wisp of a youngster weighed 150, and was playing substitute guard on the varsity. His senior year, twenty-five pounds heavier, the improving youth was regular center on a team that included "Snookie" Smothers and "Bunny" Hines, both of whom later starred at N. C. State, the latter now being assistant director of intramurals at Carolina.

Being by nature adventurous and having never seriously thought of going to college, it was only natural that the boy should seek some means to appease his wanderlust. The following October after graduation, Gates Kimball joined the Navy for a four-year term. He trained at Norfolk, Virginia, for three months, and then was transferred to the U. S. S. Idaho at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, where he met two individuals who did much to shape his ring career—Ken Overlin, present Middleweight Champion of New York, and Bill Boyd, later king of the Pacific fleet and now a heavyweight under the tutelage of former Champion Jack Dempsey.

Kimball remained there a year, and during the time was coached by the two in the ways of the ring. Boyd and Gates remained together for the duration of their terms, while Overlin got a special release from the service to enter the professional ring. During those short months, however, the pair banged Gates around the gym unmercifully until he had learned, by necessity, all the tricks of the trade. Overlin, then as now, didn't have a powerful punch, but, in the words of his pupil, "he hit often and in the right places," so it's little wonder that Kimball was a near-finished product even before he entered the ring for his first fight.

And that was a memorable occasion. He went against a big, gawky farmer's son named Banks from the training station, and, by admission, Gates was as apprehensive as Banks must have been. The two began swinging, and before the first round was over Banks was on the canvas. Immediately Jim Stanton, the ship's trainer, and several others wanted Gates to turn professional, but the promising puncher refused.

In 1935 his ship was moved to Pacific waters, and Gates, tipping the scales at 193, used his poundage in making several All-Fleet selections while playing tackle on the ship's football team. At the other tackle was Slade Cutter, former All-America choice and captain of the Naval Academy eleven, who acted in the capacity of player-coach and first gave Kimball the idea of going to college. In addition to football, and boxing, which he did

during the off-season, Gates played basketball and pulled the No. 4 oar on the ship racing crew. Besides excelling in athletics, he was First-Class Gun Captain of a 14-inch gun, and was section leader on his vessel that touched at Panama, Hawaii, the Midway Islands and other points around the Pacific.

Contrary to popular belief, Kimball was not heavyweight champion of the fleet. In fact, he fought but one fight in fleet eliminations, that being when his friend Bill Boyd, who was the real heavy king, was stricken with ptomaine poison and was unable to go on. Gates won that one, as he did all the bouts that he was able to pick up.

Several months before his term expired the now famous gob agreed, with several of his fellow footballers, to accept a scholarship of the University of Washington and to enter school in the fall of 1937 after a short visit home. He left the coast in August for Winston-Salem, where his fame preceded him, and caused him to be matched with Jimmy Johnson, a local "Y" fighter of some note, in a charity affair. The unsuspecting Johnson was the victim of a third-round kayo that immediately attracted the attention of state schools, mainly Carolina and Duke. Casey, as his intimates know him, spent a day at each, decided that he couldn't back out on his friends across the continent, and left for Washington. There he almost registered, began to wonder if he wasn't a little far from home, and returned in three days to enroll at Carolina. He was two weeks late for school, and his folks didn't even know that he was within three thousand miles of North Carolina until he contacted them from Chapel Hill.

Bob Smith was his first acquaintance, he and Paul Severin became close friends, and of course he met Jim Lalanne right away. When the "little shrimp" was pointed out as "this team's quarterback," Gates laughed, thinking that on the coast the little Louisianian would have been drawn and quartered by the husky sailors. That year and the next he was held out of boxing in favor of winter grid drills. The fall of his sophomore year he went through agony while the Southern conference was trying his case for eligibility. The rule concerning eligibility of service men was first brought up at Duke, and this attracted the attention of the conference. "I nearly went crazy," says Gates, "before they told me that it would be o. k." A loss, both to Carolina and to Kimball, was fortunately avoided when he was declared eligible. The

(Continued on page thirty-one)

One Hundred Pesos Is the Prize

Alicia was the most beautiful horse in all Mexico. And was not Joaquin right in entering her in the famous race?

THE SUN was hot. It made Joaquin's fat face glisten with perspiration and a pellet of sweat ran down the ridge of his nose and hung on the end like a crystal earring. It was a beautiful day, and inside Joaquin life bubbled so that he had to sing to keep from bursting. "Luna que se quiebra sobre las tinieblas de mi solidad," he sang in a healthy but very bad voice.

"Oho, Alicia Mia," he laughed, patting the neck of the horse under him, "I think you do not like my singing. But I feel good, my Joy, I feel very, very good. It is not every month that we come to town, and did not Guadalupe come to me in a dream last night and say something big would happen to me today? Eh, My Little Goat? Did he not say that? Perhaps I will win much money on the cock fights. Perhaps I shall win so much money I can buy for you the silver headstall I saw in Mexico City last year. Would you not be the most beautiful horse in all Mexico then, My Pet?"

Alicia's ears went back at the sound of her master's voice but went forward again immediately. Her neck was arched proudly and her sleek shoulders swung with a soothingly rhythmic gait that was not a walk, not a trot. It was as though she were afraid to jar the man trustingly relaxed on her back, but sharing in his anticipation, she wanted to get him to their destination as quickly as possible. She looked neither to the right nor to the left but doggedly kept up the pace that she had started an hour before. Business-like as she was, Alicia was not unaware of her unusually exuberant finery. The hackamore had smelt of oil when Joaquin had eased it over her head this morning and the polished conchas on the tapaderos had flashed as he swung the heavy saddle onto her back. Never had he spoken so tenderly to her nor stroked her so often. Even the pack mule, following behind, realized that she had been brushed for a reason, and instead of lagging behind, as she did when Joaquin got supplies from the ranch, she trotted briskly at Alicia's heels.

It was a magnificent day.

With the coffee, sugar, flour, salt, and salt-licks for the sheep, packed securely in the big canvas bags, Joaquin's thoughts turned to refreshment and his feet to El Molino Roho. Leaving Alicia

tied to the hitching post, he ambled down the street nodding and smiling to everyone whether he knew them or not. His spurs jingled happily and people turned to look at this little fat man who seemed so full of the joy of living. He pushed open the swinging doors of El Molino Roho and was immediately hailed by a man Joaquin had met several times at the cock fights, a person called Santander.

"Hola, it is the vaquero himself! It is the prince of the woolies come to town!" He had a nervous appearance that constantly made him look like a frustrated homing pigeon and Joaquin did not like men who made fun of his sheep.

"Come sit down, vaquero, and wash the wool dust from your throat." Joaquin did not want to sit down, but there were two of them and he was afraid they would laugh at him if he declined. He drew a chair up to the table.

"This is Mario Esteban, who owns the Rancho del Corte Madera and this is Joaquin of the Sheep," said Santander, waving a bony finger in the direction of the sleepy, complacent Mario.

"Do you go to the cock fights today, Santander?" asked Joaquin by way of making conversation.

"Cockfights?" said Santander scornfully. "Who wants to watch pompous fowls strut and scratch when horses run."

"Horses run?" said Joaquin timidly.

"Oho, Mario, listen to the man from the wilds! As provincial as an outhouse he is! Surely, wool-farmer, you have heard of the race today?"

Joaquin looked blankly at him.

"One hundred pesos is the prize and you have not heard of the race! Everyone will be there and Mario's horse will win the prize and he will add twenty acres to his ranch, eh Mario?"

Mario smiled, and his eyes squinted up like a pig's.

"El Rey Los Reyes has never lost," he said with significance.

Before Joaquin could stop himself he blurted out: "My Alicia is the fastest horse in all Alvarado!"

Santander looked surprised for a moment and then burst out laughing. Even Mario managed a chuckle.

FICTION

"Your Alicia! You mean the soapfooted goat that pulls your wagon?"

Joaquin burned. "My Alicia pulls no wagon. She is the fastest horse in all Alvarado."

Santander assumed a mocking tone. "Why then don't you enter this fleet-footed mare in the race this afternoon and show us all how a sheep horse can out run a cow horse? It will be a novel sight when El Rey comes in second to a cart horse."

Joaquin longed to stick a fork in Santander's face. "I *shall* enter the face," he said excitedly, "and you will see how my Alicia flies!"

Santander winked at Mario. "Of course you have the entrance fee of ten pesos, Joaquin. A prosperous sheep merchant like yourself must think it a paltry sum."

Ten pesos! Joaquin had spent all his money on the supplies.

"I - I have no money," said Joaquin humbly, "but I will offer to you my mule and supplies until I have the hundred pesos."

Santander laughed. "And when your precious Alicia comes in last I am left holding the haltar rope of a worthless louse-ridden mule, I suppose? Oh, no my friend."

Joaquin was crestfallen.

"Perhaps Mario can use an extra cart horse on his place, eh Mario? Will you extend the peasant ten pesos on the thing he calls a horse? Until it captures the prize?"

Mario smiled and showed his yellow teeth. "I need a horse to haul hay. I will advance the ten pesos, but perhaps its master does not have confidence in the animal and will not take the chance on losing the race."

Joaquin paled. Alicia in the hands of that gross tortoise! It was unthinkable. But was he not told that she was from the finest stock in Mexico when he won her at the lottery so many years ago? And did not everyone who saw her say that she was the fastest horse in all Alvarado? And did not Guadalupe himself come in a dream to say that



Pan America: La Conga leaves its mark upon the student body.

something big would happen to him today? One hundred pesos! With that fabulous sum he could sell his sheep and buy the little ranch in the valley that he had wanted for such a long time. Alicia would be a real cow horse then! The silver headstall from Mexico City would flash so brightly on her head . . .

Ten fretting horses were lined up at the end of the big pasture that served as the race course. All the riders but Joaquin were on their horses laughing, talking, betting among each other. Joaquin stood near Alicia's head whispering soothingly to her and rubbing her soft nose. The crowd that had gathered to see the race frightened her as much as it did Joaquin.

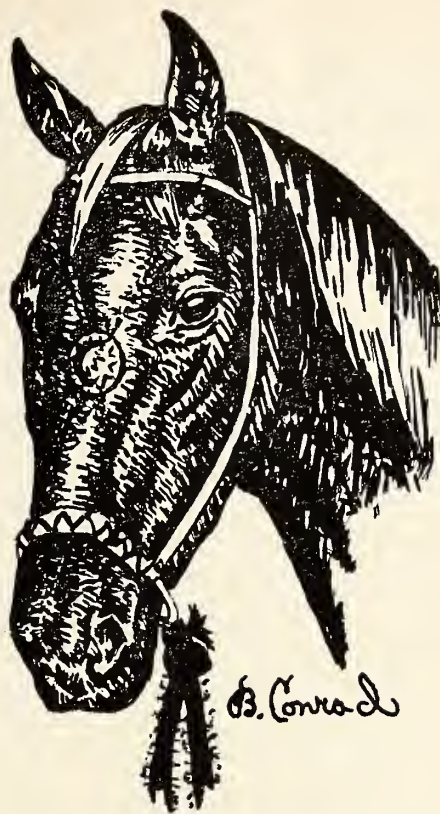
The starter called for everyone to get ready, and Joaquin saw Mario giving last instructions to the young boy who was riding El Rey. Truly the big black horse was beautiful. Fear stuck needles into Joaquin's heart.

"You must run as you have never run before, Alicia," he whispered, "for if you do not win, I lose my all." He swung into the saddle as the starter called the riders to the mark. "Go" the starter shouted, and Alicia lept forward like a stone from a sling. Just behind her was a pinto and next to that was El Rey. As he glanced to the side, Joaquin could see that El Rey was a good length ahead already and he urged Alicia on with his hands and knees. He was not conscious of any other riders' presence and realized that El Rey and Alicia must be out in front.

"Fly, my dove, fly" he said to Alicia between clenched teeth. And Alicia flew. The gap between her and El Rey grew smaller and smaller until barely a foot kept Alicia's head from being even with El Rey's. Then Alicia was ahead of El Rey. Then she was way ahead, and now she was two lengths in front of him! Joaquin turned and waved at El Rey's rider.

Then it was that it happened. Alicia's beautiful leg went into a gopher hole up to the fetlock and over she went throwing Joaquin from the saddle. Joaquin looked up from the ground where he lay in time to watch El Rey sweep past with his laughing rider. Joaquin put his head on his arms and huge sobs shook his clumsy body. He looked up again to see Santander catching Alicia for Mario. His tears made little mud craters in the dust.

At last he got up and went into town by a round about way in order to avoid seeing Mario with Alicia and the big crowd gathered around them.



No one paid any attention to the little fat man who untied his mule from the hitching post and walked slowly out of town, his face wet with tears.

He trudged along with his hand on the mule's neck and occasional sobs escaped from him.

"Guadalupe told me a big thing was to happen to me today, but I did not know it was to be the tragedy of my life" he said through his tears. "I could not know he would betray me. My poor Alicia in the hands of that Salamander!"

But then he stopped crying and drew himself up to his full five and a half feet.

"I can get my Alicia back, perhaps. If I can sell my wool for a high price and perhaps win a lottery or a big cockfight pool, Mario might sell my Alicia back. It is not impossible. First I think I am on the best of terms with the person who controls everything and then my Alicia is taken from me. I do not know. I just do not know. Perhaps He will find favor with me soon again and give my Alicia back. Perhaps. Who knows?"

He heard the clop of shod hooves on the mud road and turned around. Down the street, surrounded by a laughing throng, came Mario—riding Alicia. He bounced up and down on the silver laden saddle, transferred from El Rey's back to

(Continued on page thirty-two)

He Makes No Apologies

Harry Wolf's common sense course in Labor Problems has all the direct vigor of the war veteran who was once considered a Big League baseball prospect.

HARRY WOLF, world war veteran and former big league baseball prospect, teaches a course in Labor down in Bingham Hall.

In recent years, as college students have stepped out of their raccoon coats and moved into a keener understanding of the complexities of American life, he has become one of the most highly respected professors on the campus. With an easy and colloquial speech, with the pleasing mid-Western lack of affectation, with a positive belief that Labor is a dynamic element of our current economy that must be studied with common sense, he has done much to combat the falsely acquired notions and prejudices of scores of Carolina students. Today, when so many crack-pots are making fantastic statements and as hysteria looks for its usual scape-goat, Wolf continues to calmly go about the business of teaching his course.

His formula is as direct as himself. It is to show how whether men are striking or working in Gastonia, so that they can buy clothes and food, so that the store keepers can make a living, so that the store-keeper can send his son to Chapel Hill—to show how all of these prosaic things hit the college boy and girl squarely between their eyes. No ivory tower dilettante who rolls his r's in chaste invitations to the muses, he makes no apologies for Labor. For him it is neither an ugly frightening word or an utterly sacred one. But he will insist that it is a definite part of our economic system which feeds us, clothes us and gives us homes to live in.

Dr. Wolf likes to tell the story of a student of his a few years back, who got a job in one of the Burlington mills. The boy was just an average collegian who took Labor Problems because he had heard that Harry Wolf was a good prof. After having worked in Burlington for a year, he found that a union was being organized within the mill. A technical question about organization was holding up the proceedings. The Carolina alumnus, pulling something out of his memories of that course in Bingham, was able to settle the trouble and, incidentally, received a better position in appreciation of his knowledge. Dr. Wolf gets a chuckle out of this one, and a more serious satisfaction in realizing how his teaching in a college classroom finds results in the grub-work of everyday life.

A typical Wolf class is more than a lesson in economics. It is a daily rebuttal of the cries you hear Tom Girdler and the Association of Manufacturers and other benevolent dictatorial industrialists raise about the labor unions being undemocratic. And this is done by showing the organic position of Labor to those very industries and industrialists that denounce it most vociferously.

The son of some Pennsylvania manufacturer, for instance, may start the ball rolling by asking Wolf, "Isn't it true that labor unions are working toward the destruction of our system, and that they are really alien to our society?" (These questions are still being asked. Our educational system is far from universal.)

He will tell the boy and the class that he is dead wrong, that the claim that labor unions are largely radical groups working for communism is a lot of hokum.

He'll point out that our whole system is based on what a man can bargain for. There's really nothing uppity or theoretically economic about it. It simply means that all of the returns in food, clothing, shelter, picture shows or anything else come from how much we can demand. If it is hard to replace our services, then we can demand a whole lot. If we are easily replaced, then we can demand little.

Then Dr. Wolf will lean back in his chair, raise his eyebrows, and punch hard; "The place of the labor union is to take the great mass of workers who individually are unimportant and form them into one, single unit, that has a fair power to bargain collectively."

The examples are many and simple. Perhaps from the family businesses of the boys in class, perhaps from the more notorious cases of a Ford or a Vultee. But the principle has been applied. The students have learned the simple lesson of the bargain. Then the course moves on to a more intense study of the elaborations of the simple idea: the AFL, CIO, ILGWU and other union structures. Labor, the burly barometer of a nation's progress, has been given the dignity of a college classroom.

"To have a four year breathing spell," he explains, "in which to find out what the economy and the government is heading for—to see how we can turn our whole system of production to provide for

CAMPUS

what we have forgotten all of our specialization is for—the people and their individual liberties. Here is what students should know when they get through with Labor Problems or with any other course.”

Wolf has more than an academic approach to the working class. As a kid—and that’s the way he would put it—he grew up with the central Kansas grain and factory workers. His parents and brothers and sisters were plain people.

During his younger days, he played baseball. Rumor tells us that he received a Big League offer and would have moved up to big time ball had he played a little longer. He only admits that he used to play with some amateur clubs. That’s the way he is: why speculate on the past and what would have happened had we done so and so; let’s think about tomorrow and what we actually can do.

As an undergraduate in Kansas State Teachers college, Wolf really got his start in labor and economics. One semester, he took a sociology course under Walter E. Meyers, who felt that the job a man held best determined the way he would live. Hence, he taught more economics of the labor variety than he did sociology.

In the middle of his undergraduate days, the war broke out in Europe, and took with it, Harry Wolf. As a boy back in Central Kansas, he once saw a picture of the uniforms the marines wore. He hadn’t seen any large body of water beyond the Mississippi, but he always wanted to join the marines.

“It was just a kid ambition of mine that I couldn’t resist when the call to arms came,” he explains it.

He got his first taste of the Atlantic seaboard when he was shipped down the South Carolina coast to Paris Island, where he drilled with the leather-neck marines. Soon after, the Yanks started coming.

Wolf was one of them. His taste of the Big Show was short, deep, and bitter. On June 4, 1918, he was hit, wounded, and in October sent back to the states.

On the afternoon of the fourth, the Germans were making their big summer push through Belleau Woods. The drive seemed to be checked for the moment, and a counter-offensive was ordered. Two companies of marines were dispatched to clean out the barbed netting and snipers who would hamper the drive. Wolf’s company led the charge and on the first sally he was drilled through the leg by a machine gun slug.

In October of 1918 he was back in the United States—this time ready to teach. He finished his course at Kansas State Teachers and moved on to Chicago, where he spent one year getting his MA.

He went to a little Presbyterian school in Jackson, Illinois to get his first taste of being a college professor, and liked it.

But his schooling wasn’t finished as yet. He felt that his background in labor and economics was not sound enough to be a first rate professor. So he went back to the University of Chicago and got his Ph.D.

While doing work on his thesis, he made one of the most important friendships of his life, Dr. H. A. Millis, now chairman of the National Labor Relations Board in Washington.

He learned a lesson from Dr. Millis—one that he has tried to teach all his classes since. It was that all the power of our nation, all the tremendous plants and great markets all meant little more than people. We have lost sight of what all our economic life is for—to satisfy the basic wants and needs of our people.

Even now at the beginning of every course he teaches, he impresses upon the students this very same fact. He feels that no course in labor or any other economic subject can be complete unless this basic fact is recognized. Naturally, out of this belief springs the conclusion that if our economy is for the people and their individual rights—and these alone—then the majority of these people should be given better opportunities and a more equal share in running the economy than they are now.

His approach to the present defense crisis is novel and refreshing at a time when every reactionary can wear the badge of patriotism and strike a blow against the people.

“Today,” he will tell you, “there is a tendency to magnify strikes like the Vultee walk-out in the California airplane factory. We cannot condemn strikes today as in any other time. First we must get the background and know the facts involved. Without this we are merely speculating on something we know nothing about. Today, there is a threat that we will lose all our gains, such as limitations on the right to strike. But, I have faith that President Roosevelt wants to see our basic liberties and advances carried on.

“Labor showed itself to be patriotic in the last war, and it will do so again. For its loyalty and complete cooperation, it will receive as it did the last time, even greater social gains than it has before. I think that labor will show as much restraint as any other group. Their leadership will be great.

“It is true that industry does not want to rashly

over-expand and then be caught short. So, too, labor does not want to be caught short.

"In a way, it might be good that the present crisis has come. It causes an awareness of what we are about that is not prevalent at other times. An emergency confronts us in which we must stop and figure out ways to put 10 million unemployed back to work and methods of aiding our still handicapped farmers in their vital work of feeding the nation. We will find a system that will provide for more stability, more equality of opportunity and equality of distribution—or at least we will try our hardest.

"Yes, and it is up to us to figure it out. We've got to think harder than we ever have before. We've got to let our Congressmen know what we are thinking and how we've got it doped out. When we get a blue-print of economic recovery in our minds, we should then come out with it. So you see the crisis might actually help us.

"We've just got to be aware and conscious of what is going on around us. We should have an opinion on every step that our government takes. If you and I do that, we've done our part for America. For, remember, you and I alone might not be able to do much, but, all together, we form a nation in itself. Each little part adds up to that solid, conglomerate one."

From this, one can see that Dr. Wolf thinks of all the people of our nation as a whole so that they can be bettered individually.

His courses are himself and all these people—the fellows picking up trays in the Dining hall, the cocky little foreman who will be building the wing to the library next Spring, the janitor who makes our beds every morning.

He affects us all. His influence spreads beyond the little sign marked Chapel Hill. His message is to the end that our unbalanced civilization should not overwhelm but should serve us.



"... and should you see a lovely, lonely Latin girl arriving—tell her that there's a one-man welcoming committee with ideas of his own."

The Death of Francois Villon

Villon's death is a mystery and some say that he is still alive. Here is an idea of how the fantastic poet-rogue may have met his demise.

IN THE FALL of that year of the 1640's it was cold in Paris. You could see the small white clouds scudding across the sky and the wind coming in gusts up the street, pushing the leaves along the gutters.

And there was always the singing in the cathedral always you could hear it in the evenings in the Fall of that year.

Francois climbed out of the garretwindow down to the ground. He climbed down the big vine onto the ground. A call from the window and Francois turned quickly, motioning for silence.

But by the frontentrance to the parishhouse the Father was standing in the doorway. The old priest was standing in the doorway, his hands folded under his gown. He was just standing there listening to the music down the street.

"A nun has escaped," the Father said without taking his eyes from the street.

"Yes," said Francois Villon, "It is so."

He thought: Damn, Father, I know it; why is it you say this to me now to me?

"I am going now," he said, "To vespers."

But he did not move.

"It is good," said the Father, slowly now turning to him for the first time. "You have much need."

Then Francois went. Francois thought: The foulmouthed menial, you have need, you have need, the hell you sordid soul, I have need. The hell you say to your bastard son, bastard son of the church never admitted, a fine way it is to talk.

Then he had reached the church.

Francois Villon opened the heavy doors, the heavy carvedwooden doors that let out the heavy organ music groaning into the street, and went in.

Kneeling, he thought: You bastard son, who wants to be a poet, why are you here now, with Her in your room, here now. Maybe you did not know how it would be to be haunted here by a nun's suppressed laughter even here in the church to be haunted. Maybe you did not know how it is to hear birds in the chapel, to hear bells toll lost lost way up the birds circling among lightshadow arches, and to image always in the background Her laughter suppressed, a voice singing in the Wilderness.

A beautiful voice. Only this small happiness of

late, and the Father will never know. He will never find out. Never. Nor anyone.

For two years have I loved her as a canary in a cage, never closer. Only to be free to be to be.

And then. And then suddenly it had been easy. It had been easy to help her escape.

Someday to be faraway free. One day soon perhaps faraway, far from Paris forever.

It was so easy, and it was a sin against God, and he would go now.

Francois arose and went quickly from the church, down the dimlit aisle woodshadowed in stainedwindow light. The music heavy groany moaning pushed him down the aisle, and he went out, shutting it in behind him.

Once in the street he felt better. It was much better in the street, in the late evening street with the lamps just lighted. The church had been a bad place to go and he had known it would be, but now he was glad mainly that he was out.

Then it was when he rounded the corner he saw the Father no longer stood in the doorway and down a little way there was a crowd with torches gathered below the garretwindow, and upstairs there were lights moving back and forth.

He knew then the Father had seen him come down that evening.

And someone was crying. Someone was crying. And the voice that cried he knew to be Hers and suddenly suddenly it was his voice.

Then the earth moved, whirled about him, the walls closed in, sky and street merged kaleidoscopically, and there were people spinning down upon him as if toward some vortex at the center of which he was. And someone shouted: There he is. There is Francois Villon. And he knew this last to be real.

His legs started to move. There was no thought but only impulse, his legs carrying him back back stumbling backward.

Then he turned and ran.

Down a black alley, a narrow cobblestoned alley, he was running now blindly, and behind him the voices then the torches held high came streaming into the black alley. And Francois ran, his feet

(Continued on page thirty-two)

Putting Wings on "Our One Hoss Shay"

A young instructor attempts to answer Lee Wiggins' recent criticism of certain fundamental faults in the university set-up.

(When we printed Lee Wiggins' outspoken article, "Our One Hoss Shay," in the December issue, we anticipated a great deal of angry reply. T. J. McCullen, whose answer appears here, is in complete disagreement with Wiggins. Although we are printing it in the interest of fairness and because we believe that it represents the opinion of a considerable segment of the student body, The Carolina Mag in no way identifies itself with Mr. McCullen's point of view. He has not convinced us that Wiggins is wrong.)

THE University has suffered much adverse criticism from a few of its alumni during the last few years. Recently Lee Wiggins joined this rank with "Our One Hoss Shay," his swan song, which proposes to "point out our shortcomings rather than our successes."

Assuming that "all of us here realize and appreciate the contribution this school makes to the life of the state and nation," he immediately begins in a powerful vein, powerful because he is a fiery critic who can neatly turn a phrase. To assume that "all of us here" are aware of the contributions Carolina makes to society is not to justify a completely derogatory account of our school; for, since our publications have wide circulation among a surprising variety of people, what impressions will inevitably result if only trenchant vituperation tells the story of the University?

First of all appears the remark that the University does not educate students who come here. A rather broad statement, anyone would say. We cannot condemn Wiggins' definition of education: "the intelligent acquisition of knowledge, and the development of a sense of responsibility to society." We do object, however, to a statement that students here do not gain something of the two. In addition to realizing a few cultural benefits (qualities not included in the antecedent definition), every intelligent student who attends Carolina develops some understanding of the basic problems that confront us here in America; and a brief talk with the average student convinces us that he has a more workable conception of how to solve these problems than has yet been proposed by our critic. He wishes to make of each student a leader in the state. He ignores the fact that the most selfish and alarming society results when hordes of people set themselves up as leaders. A successful university must produce many leaders, but more intelligent followers. And Carolina is doing just that.

A complete survey of the accomplishments and whereabouts of all our alumni is impossible; still, a glance in one direction will suffice to show the absurdity of Wiggins' broad statement: let us consider the number of people educated in Chapel Hill now serving on the faculties of various colleges and universities. From the small junior college on up to the country's most outstanding university Carolina alumni are frequently to be counted among faculty members. On the other hand, by instilling in the minds of its students the fundamental worth of any individual who, in all situations, will exert his better powers, Carolina graduates men willing to share a bunk on the lowly job. Some of the students still value the old American way of hardships for building both muscles and character. Not having to suffocate in a snobbish, aristocratic atmosphere, they see life as it is represented by all humanity. To create that vision of life is to educate people.

As for the attitude of "cynical opposition" to student government, we may suggest a comparison with some other schools. No one would say that all students are imbued with the "Carolina Spirit of Living"; yet, anyone has to admit that most students are influenced for the better by the long tradition of our student council. With this thought in mind, we call attention to campuses on which students are hardly aware of an honor council, where the instructor has to proctor all quizzes and examinations with a very untrusting vigilance. It is there that the instructor who would report irregularities is warned by a dean to be careful if he himself does not wish to be on trial. Whereas our instructors can turn to the honor council for help, and know that at least an inquiry will be made, instructors in the contrasted school can only meditate the problem, hoping to discover a new means of enforcing some kind of discipline.

Since "for most students, the curriculum at this university is sufficient to drive him [them] away from intellectual pursuits for the rest of his life [their lives]," another comparison is necessary. We have Latin, Greek, mathematics, composition, and history—surely we do. However, how many schools grant any noteworthy choice (as Carolina does) in selecting a course of study? Realizing that

OPINION

some minds have no affinity for theorems and formulas, our authorities allow students to choose a classical language rather than mathematics. Name a few other schools which do the same—if you can. Is any Carolina student forced to study history merely as history? It seems that our course in social science (which, by the way, stands alone in the praise uttered by Wiggins) is the answer. How many other schools have such a set-up? How many universities have a department comparable to our department of Rural Social-Economics? What curriculums include a course such as Dr. Hobbs' North Carolina Economic and Social? In this course students concentrate on the various regions of the state to gain an understanding of the social-economic needs and possibilities of each section. How many universities have chemistry and sociology departments, not to mention others, in which local, regional, and national problems are so adequately studied and set on the way toward solution? Carolina has all these advantages—whereas few other schools do; yet the curriculum is labeled not only inflexible, but intellectually cramping!

Meeting the accusation that our system does little to attack the problem of provincialism of the incoming students, we quote Paul Bellamy, editor of the Cleveland "Plain Dealer," a progressive editor of a remarkably progressive newspaper:

To a large extent the University of North Carolina is responsible for that state being the most progressive and the least provincial in the South. Under the influence of its faculty and its graduates, the Tar Heels have flowered into as enlightened a group of native Americans as can be found anywhere.

No state has a better right than North Carolina to boast of the intellectual freedom and cultural leadership of its state university. In too many instances public-supported colleges are essentially places to have a four-year vacation at the expense of the taxpayer. . . .

With European culture in danger of being wiped out America may be left with the responsibility of preserving Western civilization as we have known it. In the defense of democracy, institutions like the University of North Carolina constitute an important barricade.

Such praise coming from an impartial observer, one from a section prone to look on the entire South as ever hopelessly provincial, is proof that Carolina has not failed and is not failing.

In the great drive to make Carolina an institution not bound by local prejudices and narrowness—more important, to lead the state and the South from provincial ways—the administrative officials and the faculty work together. Directed by President Graham, who purposes to keep the University free and progressive as long as he is connected with it, the other officials and the faculty strive to make ideals realities. Progress is possible, to a large extent, because the University is not a dictatorship—of one man or a prejudiced public. Until one sees a university at which no faculty senate exists, where regulations calculated to please a few dominating personalities in the state come directly from the president, one can hardly appreciate the Carolina method of accomplishing things. Our administrative bodies and our faculty are, in comparison with those of many schools, indeed progressive, and the students who associate with them acquire some of their qualities.

If, as is stated in "Our One Hoss Shay," personal advice and more contacts between teachers and students are such valuable assets (and we would not hesitate to acknowledge that they are), we should be glad indeed when we again compare Carolina with other schools. Excellent students have left universities of greater fame and come here chiefly because they learn that here, in addition to the high quality of the work, a student can enjoy a closeness to the faculty which is not to be realized in larger schools elsewhere. Certain it is that faculty members never refuse to converse with, or advise, any student who feels that he can profit by conversation or advice. The only requirement is that the student know what he wants and be prepared to talk sensibly.

To say that the elimination process by which it is determined who shall receive a university education "is based on an irrelevant financial factor," rather than on ability, is to overlook the important work of the self-help committee. If this university is not a poor man's school, where is one to be found? Has anyone ever had two Carolina deans tell him that any boy or girl who is unable to pay for his or her education has no right to be in school? (Another school which may be mentioned has two such deans.) Instead of fostering that attitude, our administration maintains a group to see that the capable student does have an opportunity. No doubt, there are hundreds of boys who always will include Ed Lanier in their lists of men most interested in poor boys. Many others will say that Mr. Hinson "put" them through school; and,

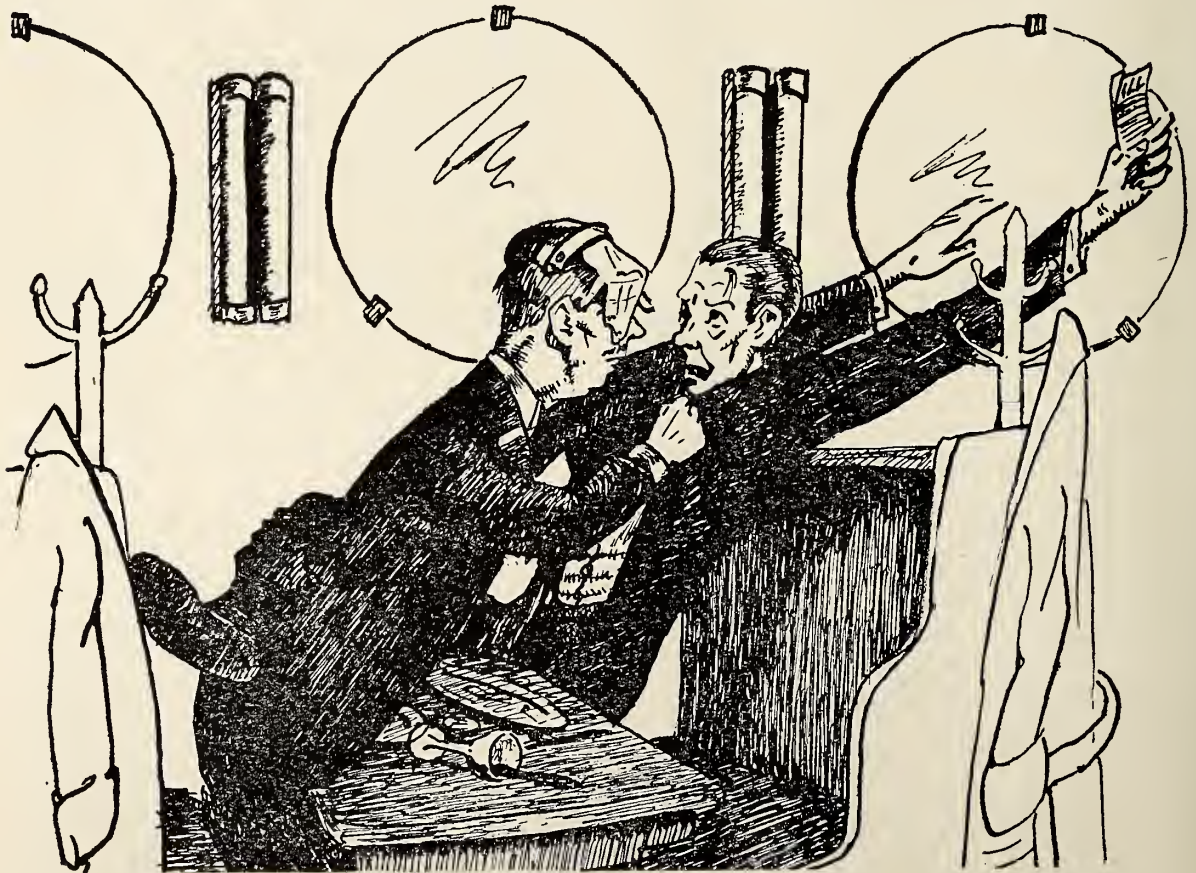
though Obie Harmon has gone from Chapel Hill, plenty of dishwashers and waiters will remember that he had work for almost anyone who did not mind getting his hands dirty. Knowing that the University was built to serve all kinds of people, many boys who unconsciously follow Mr. Harmon's advice about not being too choicé in looking for work continue to find that Carolina does provide for anyone to become educated. As one of the self-help students, I have learned the truth of these statements. Furthermore, I have observed that the "working" boy is accepted, socially and otherwise, along with other students.

How can anyone write, "At Carolina, standards are lowered to the level of the lowest student . . ."? Obviously, the writer has never known students of that level. He should know some—for whom any standards whatever would be too high. There are such students, but they are soon eliminated. They are forced out by showing the individual the significance of his studies. Certainly not all students learn this lesson: some are incapable; some have not enjoyed the proper environment during their more plastic years; others are indifferent and

indolent. Let standards be what they may, no university can make a genius of an inferior mind. Having no skill in alchemy, the faculty cannot take minds of baser metals and turn out products of gold. Still, some wonders are being effected in Chapel Hill. Memories of a few freshmen to be used for comparison with their qualities as seniors are adequate proofs.

Likewise, many faculty members can be singled out as men who are vitally interested in education in the better meaning of the word. They are not lowering standards; they are not indolently choosing the easiest paths. With the inadequate appropriations of the legislature, which often fails to acknowledge the needs of the University, they are directing all of their energies toward the improvement of the school. Their eyes are ever open to detect capable students, and they are inspiring all who can and will to attain some degree of success. Fortunately, they are not trying to effect wonders, or to develop tin gods; and a conversation with any of them will reveal the fact that nothing is further from their desires than to turn out, foot-

(Continued on page thirty-two)



"Don't be difficult, old man—after all, you paid for the theatre tickets!"

—BARNABY CONRAD.

Our Kitchens Are Disgustingly Clean

The daintiest hot-house product can eat safely—if not sensitively—in Chapel Hill. Dr. Richardson does such a good job that he ruined our wonderful scoop.

WE WERE going to have the greatest scoop that ever was. We were going to do the finest, most extensive job of muck-raking since Lincoln Steffens knocked out his "Shame of the Cities." We were going to rip the cloak of secrecy off of the eating places in town and expose the boys in the back room. We had great plans, Editor Spies and I. We knew it would be a wonderful story, exposés always are. Early last month we were all set to start our "investigations."

Then we found out that a good natured, short little man with a small black moustache, who sits in a small office in the Public Health Building in Old Fraternity Row, had gotten there before us and cleaned up the boys in the back. We further found out that since 1936 he had been sitting in that office keeping Chapel Hill healthy. Seeing to it that the four or five hundred food handlers in the city wash their hands and faces, keep clean and behave properly.

His name is Dr. W. P. Richardson and he is directly or indirectly responsible for the general well being of Chapel Hill's 3,000 residents and 4,000 students. Obviously one of his department's most important functions is to supervise the eating establishments in town and on the campus. He explained that those eating places on the campus are not under the department's supervision, though the University Administration has made it a policy to have its dining hall inspected regularly by the department, and to have the suggestions of the department's inspectors carried out in full.

In short, the doctor's efficiency cost us our great story. When we went to see Richardson he said that every eating place in town had received an A rating for the past month. Ratings are based on 1,000% and grades are marked as follows: 900-1,000 is A, 800-900 is B, 700-800 is C. If below 700, an establishment is not allowed to remain open.

A rating average as high as that indicated some sort of cleanliness. It meant that the boys in back were no longer smoking and flicking butts into the soup. It meant that they were putting a little soap on the dishes instead of using a damp rag. It meant a regular systematic clean-up in every restaurant, coffee shop and cafe after each meal. It meant that the good doctor with his staff of two

inspectors, a sanitary engineer, and a part time veterinarian who handled the meat inspection were clamping down on the bistros of Franklin Street.

We decided to take a look for ourselves. We knew that we couldn't vouch for the food. We didn't know how old it was, or where it came from, or how, or even if it was food at all. But we could spot surface dirt, grime, dirty rags, dishes, cigarette butts, exposed food and general disorder. Realizing that our aesthetic sense was not as easily offended as a woman's, we brought Miss Olive Conescu along so that we might watch her female reactions.

Miss Conescu was of immeasurable assistance. She poked her head into the various nooks and crannies of kitchendom known only to womanhood, withdrew her head and remarked "all clear." We tramped up and down Franklin Street one rainy afternoon, and the verdict was the same each time.

With one or two exceptions we were graciously received, told to look around as much as we liked and take as much time as we desired. We were surprised. Dr. Richardson had told us that "every-one will do their best to cooperate," but we hadn't expected to be allowed to watch the boys in the back actually going through the motions.

The Carolina Inn was our first stop. We were not concerned with the beauty of the kitchen or the authenticity of the china. We were looking for dirt—good old fashioned dirt—and when we left we knew that the Inn deserved its A rating. A germ would die of loneliness. The same may be said for the University Dining Hall, the Graham Memorial Grill, Spencer Hall and other University controlled eating establishments. The University Dining Hall, with its 125 food handlers, is above and beyond reproach. Its kitchens and facilities are as clean, if not as friendly, as mother's.

As pointed out already, the campus eating places merely follow the suggestions of the Health Department, and are under no legal obligation to comply. This holds true for Fraternity houses as well, Dr. Richardson remarked. "But there we have another story. In fraternities and in registered boarding houses the people living there will actually keep the place clean and check up on various health regulations, for they are living and

eating there and it is to their advantage naturally to check the rules."

Dormitory stores are also inspected and follow the suggestions that are handed in by the inspector, though the inspections are less rigorous and more informal.

Speaking of the Administration's cooperation, Dr. Richardson remarked, "The public health work that is being done here at Carolina is taken as outstanding among the universities of the country. The public health mindedness of the Administration is noticeable and not many other departments have such support, or are asked for as many critical evaluations or opinions from an Administration as we are."

Franklin Street's eateries came next. They can not, of course, compare in cleanliness or facilities with the Inn or the UDH. But, essentially, they were clean. The University Cafe, the Campus Cafe, the Marathon Sandwich Shop, Harry's Delicatessen and the College Sandwich Shop all gave us permission to look around and help ourselves. The Cafeteria asked us to please come back a little later, but not wanting a dress rehearsal we didn't bother returning.

Although the Carolina Coffee Shop also has an A rating, it would have nothing to do with us or our story. The manager would not permit us to enter the kitchen. He sat at a little table looking at us as though we were the wrath of God and kept murmuring, "I'm not interested, you can't go in the back."

Of the Franklin Street places Harry's has the largest, cleanest kitchen. Though a far cry from the Inn and the University Dining Hall it was easily the most impressive. The others follow in a fairly close order. Occasionally a disagreeable stench arises, a dirty towel is brought into play, or a cigarette butt is boiled with the potatoes. Nothing really bad though. When the noonday and evening meals begin, and the pressure really begins to be turned on, the boys in the back are apt to forget themselves. But from outward appearances they are well behaved, cleanly clothed and working according to Hoyle.

The kitchens are generally well stocked, the dishes neatly piled, the silverware and glasses dry

and stacked. Again, we were surprised, and we asked the little doctor for some explanation. He had it and gave it to us in one word: cooperation. He explained, "Restaurants are required to post their rating sheets, and usually put them beside their registers. When their average drops below 90% we take their rating down and give them a day or so to make it up. It doesn't pay them to fall below A."

A Chapel Hill restaurant has never received a fine from Dr. Richardson's department, nor has any place ever been closed up.

Inspections are held once a month, and all employees must receive a health check-up once every three months at the Public Health Building. Once a year, the employees are given a thorough, complete physical examination. Inspectors, when making their rounds, check up on the food, sanitation, health certificates, equipment, cleanliness facilities, personal equipment, maintenance, storage, lighting and screens. The regulations (state cafe regulations) are set down by the State Board of Health. The milk and meat supplies are subject to Federal and State Agricultural Departments inspection. The local veterinarian inspects every piece of meat and Dr. Richardson explained that milk is under the meat ordinance. It is estimated that the average daily milk supply consumed in Chapel Hill is about 1,020 gallons a day.

The local health department receives its power from the State, and was established in 1935 as a state and county organization. One of its numerous functions is to handle field training for the State and to give undergraduates a chance to obtain practical experience. At present a few undergraduate nurses from Duke are studying here under Dr. Richardson's department.

Dr. Richardson's object, simply stated, is to carry out a program that is reasonable and adequate, and at the same time one which will keep his department above the average. In 1938 his department won a certificate of merit in a conservation contest.

He's a nice fellow, Dr. Richardson, and doing a good job. But in keeping Chapel Hill healthy the good, good doctor muffed the wonderful muck-raking story that was planned out in the occult mysteries of the MAG office. And we're glad.



Get It While It's Hot

American Politics has become such a profitable field that any alert university ought to offer a new course in the old art of cheating the public.

THIS ARTICLE is the beginning of a campaign at this university to persuade the administration to include in the curriculum a course in one of the most popular and profitable occupations now patronized in this country. It is my sincere belief that it would be a great thing for this school to be a pioneer in the instructing of students in the various methods of organizing and maintaining a political ring.

Why no one ever thought of it before is beyond me. If a man can become a political boss without any education beyond grammar school, and that's been done, think what some bright young lad, without too many scruples and with a college education, could do.

The purpose of the course would be to prepare young men for a career of political bossing. Naturally, there would have to be a limited number of students included in the course, since if too great a number were to be turned out this field would become just as crowded as so many others are. As it is, there is a very sufficient number of suitable locations open, waiting only for someone with adequate qualifications to show up and take them over.

The following are excerpts taken from a book recently published by a very successful organizer of a political ring. They tell me that he is now, after transferring his location, doing a wonderful job coordinating reform in his present situation, where he has wide influence over several thousand men, directing their activities from behind a mahogany desk which he has had placed in his cell. These excerpts will tend to give some idea of what one who took my suggested course might expect.

"To become a political boss one must first manage to set up and control a political ring. This also applies vice versa. That is, to have a political ring one first must become a political boss. Now that that is clear, it must be pointed out that there are several types of political bosses.

"There are probably three of these types that stand out as being the most successful. Type number one is the slightly over middle aged man who exemplifies the fatherly tributes. He is gray haired, with a faintly-to-be-seen bald spot to add to his gentle appearance. Round, cherubic cheeks and an equally round little belly, coupled with a habit

of saying, "Bless me," add much to this characterization. Type number two is the fellow who was known as "Butch" when he was a boy and has never changed, or at least has assumed this mould since he has not the outward evidences of the paternal example. He is a blustery, forceful element who overwhelms all opposition by sheer weight of words and if necessary his own or somebody else's fists. Usually somebody else's since a political boss must think of his career, which cannot be pushed forward from the seclusion of a hospital bed. That is simple common sense. Type number three is the "behind the scenes" savant who directs and coordinates all political moves through front men. He either does not wish to or fails to qualify for the other two main examples of political bosses and therefore carries on his profession secure from the interruption of well-meaning but misinformed public reform committees.

"As to the best type of boss one should attempt to be, that is hard to say. Circumstances determine, in most cases, the proper course to take. For instance, if one wants to hang up his shingle in a small town, then he should adopt the "Bless me" atmosphere, for there every one would get to know him and respect him as a kindly, churchgoing, civic-minded citizen. In a fairly good-sized town, say of several hundred thousand people, the more forward type of boss would be the most practical, for there he could organize on a scale large enough to quell any silly uprising against the best interests of the town. But in a very large town, the correct procedure might be to set oneself up as a secret minister to the public welfare. This would eliminate the necessity of having to deal in person with large crowds of irresponsible and misguided citizens.

" . . . Assuming that one has set himself to the task of leading a metropolis, whether it be large or small, into the light of prosperity and national significance, he must decide upon a few of the more elementary methods of procedure. While this requires considerable study and preparation, it may be said here that nothing is so valuable to a prospective political boss as a knowledge of the fundamentals of political ring organization.

"In the first place the aspirant must prepare himself for his high position of trust and confi-

SATIRE

dence by acquiring a minor political office or two, especially those of sheriff or commissioner of public safety. This experience will enable him to come in contact with those officials already in power who will likely be somewhat bothersome in the future. These men will be weeded out in the years to come as our hopeful climbs to higher realms in his ever-strengthening fight to free the public from slavery and ennui. As soon as he has acquired enough background he shall decide upon the way in which he shall turn, i. e., which type of political bossing he shall assume. From there on, his road is his own, to be blazed by him and for him, since the people never know what they want and wait only for someone to tell them what to do.

" . . . A few hints as to the activities which a political boss may pursue to the great benefit of the public might be appropriate. First on the list is to influence the city fathers to put poll registration on a permanent basis. Then, with the aid of an intelligent and self-sacrificing registration official, the head of the ring may get out the vote of long dead citizens whose names have failed to be removed from the rolls. This procedure, while considered unethical by some misguided souls, is one of the best ways to get right-minded and public spirited men into office. After all, those who have passed on to the other shore would have probably voted for the best men anyhow.

"Of course, such methods as the above require a large number of active supporters who are willing, for a small remuneration or for some minor political office, to get out and do their part for the public welfare. The best means of acquiring this body of workers is to increase the size of the police and fire departments, and by creating such much needed officers as "Caretaker of Public Spitoons," or of "Street Cleaner Who Follows Street Cleaner To Pick Up Cigarette Butts Which Latter Street Cleaner Throws Away."

"Exceptionally large and cooperative police and fire departments are a virtual necessity to a modern political boss in order to keep down the crime waves which tend to sweep through a city at intervals. They are also excellent things to have around to subdue recalcitrant property owners who refuse to pay the higher taxes which are required to support these numerous defenders of the public well-being.

"It always helps a political Napoleon to have the governor and a few of the judges of the city, county, and state in accordance with his views. In this way, any troublesome bills which might be passed by the legislature of the state would subsequently be vetoed by the governor. If, however, the legislators should be stubborn and pass the bill over the veto, why the judges would, upon appeal, declare the measure unconstitutional, on the premise that—well, premises are rather useless things and hard to understand, so we shall just assume that a premise would be used.

"It is always a fine thing for a political boss to sponsor intermittent rallies with free eats and drinks for the public, at the public expense—what they don't know certainly cannot worry them. These rallies should be timed to the arrival of some senator, governor, or possibly even the President himself. Such exhibitions of the people's confidence in the local boss are quite convincing and often lead to national notice. They also lead to indifference in national political circles as to the policies of the boss's administration."

All this is very well, and helpful information from one who should know what he is talking about, judging from the fact that the writer was once the leader of a very successful and profitable political ring. Nevertheless, it falls uselessly on ears which are unprepared to receive such edicts. It is for this reason that I have suggested such a course at this school.

The student should be taught how to make his influence felt upon incumbent public officials in order that they may someday be excumbent, if they fail to live up to the dictates of the people's benefit. He should learn how to collect graft decently, modestly, and unobtrusively. He should be taught how to leave a back door of retreat always open for the time when, heaven forbid, he should be required to go into forced retirement because of uninformed and jealous aspirants to public fame. These and many other things must be explained and illustrated. If this is done and my suggestions followed I feel sure that in future years we shall see numerous shining examples of Carolina alumni in the ranks of politics in this state and country, leading the way to glorious new eras of unemployment and depression.



THE TEACHER

(Continued from page seven)

to the life beyond the campus. The overtones of his class-room were not as of a place where credit toward graduation could be obtained, but rather of a scrimmage ground or dress rehearsal for life. To him his boys were potential Luthers, Washingtons, John Marshalls, Galileos, da Vincis, Darwins; his classroom was like the Centaur's school for young heroes. His study where he could be found, a ready listener any evening, was a kind of combination between confessional chamber and oracular hermit's cave.

And this result was not achieved without some of the sacrifices which hermits offer. In reflecting on his life Professor Williams frequently expressed the feeling that he had "failed with the faculty," that he had not been a "success as a citizen." To be always in good health and always available for his students he had abandoned social life, "research and publication," conferences and meetings, committee work and administrative duties, conventional amusements—in short most of those mores of the village and campus that make for widespread acquaintance, popularity, or reputation.

Also in "sticking pins in stuffed shirts," as John Rice of Black Mountain College described Professor Williams' impact on the state, he had naturally made many enemies. During the first twenty-five years nearly every preacher in the state preached at least one sermon against him. The community criticized him for playing tennis with students, for mixing farming, dairying, and banking with teaching. He opposed bond issues for roads, resisted laws stopping him from keeping horse and cow on his lot, was slow to install plumbing, telephone, and automobile, scratched the straight party ticket,

and did not always attend church. Frequently the trustees were asked to call for his resignation and when his criticism of the University administration became embarrassing, students were once prevented by the dean from registering for his logic courses.

In later years his heresies continued. He even stated publicly in 1917 that there was no principle at stake in the war and that America should stay out. He had stood early for the rights of labor to organize and later against much social legislation. He probably, through his students, prevented a Scopes trial in North Carolina but laughed publicly at what he called "the altar boys of science." He stopped attending football games and said publicly that football had "become a nuisance." He early studied the Russian Revolution and even claimed it had in it some value for civilization. And he had lauded the trusts in the midst of the "trustbusting" days. Then to crown all this, in the summer of 1940 on his eighty-second birthday, he gave an interview to the press claiming that progress in the shape of a United Europe would come out of Hitler's conquests.

Thus endeth a life, but there continueth the lesson. The twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars he saved out of fifty years of hermitage go to the University as fellowships in philosophy in the names of his mother and his wife. Already there are two other fellowships from a birthday present check to him for \$26,000.00 in memory of one of his "great boys," Graham Kenan. Possibly there will be others. Editor Louis Graves of the Chapel Hill Weekly suggests that his home be kept in its present form as a philosophy headquarters. Others suggest the study at least remain as it is for the pilgrimages and meditations of former students. Some believe his most interesting manuscripts remain yet to be published. There is possibly here material for several studies in the "psychology" of liberal and liberating education. Former students once employed a stenographer to sit in his class for a year. The resulting volume of lectures and discussions is a permanent specimen of higher pedagogy. Then, there are published writings, which a professor of writing once called "futuristic" and predicted the world will one day discover.

Certainly he is as difficult to ignore in death as he was in life. As we enter the new "dark ages" into which he many years ago predicted the American School would lead us, maybe a study of Horace Williams, student and teacher, will help the student and the school to emerge from the dark toward the *Lux* which must always precede the *Libertas*.

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THE FREE ZONE

(Continued from page nine)

back he was friendly and disinterested. "I am glad you came by, Pierre. Perhaps I shall see you soon—outside."

Pierre rose. He walked over to Yvon, his eyes showing genuine relief in knowing of the decision of his friend. He shook his hand warmly and they parted.

"Oh, you might like these," he said, turning back and handing the almost full package of cigarettes to Yvon.

"Thanks."

Lunch was meagre. Yvon ate methodically, raising and lowering the fork to his mouth like an automaton. Outside the afternoon sun was beginning to stretch the land out. He turned his mind back to the declining noise of the British planes. The sound was soothing in a certain fashion; like a huge bee droning ceaselessly in search of the biggest flower.

When he heard the sound of the door being opened once more, he smiled. Another example of the amazing method of the Germans. He knew it would be his wife. After her arrival, the Germans would be sure that he would come over to their side.

"Yvon, Pierre has told me what you said to him." Tears stood in her eyes. As he walked over Yvon got up and put his arms around her. "This is one of the happiest days in my life. Your action is not dishonorable. It would be more dishonorable if you left me and the children in a world such as this."

"Will they be proud of me, do you suppose?" Yvon smiled sadly.

"Women and children aren't as foolish as men, Yvon. They are prouder of living husbands and fathers than they are of dead ones." She held to him as if to make him hold fast to his decision.

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"Perhaps you are right. I hope so. But let's not talk of it any more. There will be other things to think about soon."

Yvon kissed his wife when they parted. She looked at him, her eyes still wet, as she stood in the open doorway. Yvon raised his hand in farewell; the door closed for the third time. Three forty-five. Fifteen useless minutes to waste.

The door opened again; a guard was standing there, waiting. Yvon walked out calmly, going ahead of the guard, toward the Lieutenant's office. Nothing was said. The guard opened the door and stood aside as Yvon entered.

"M. Barbisson, I trust that you have made up your mind. Our patience with you has been quite generous." Lieutenant Hertz spoke directly and pleasantly. His eyes were steel blue.

"Yes, Lieutenant Hertz, I have made up my mind."

"Ah, well good. As you know, we do not wish to suppress or intimidate either you or your countrymen. The regime which we are interested in setting up does require certain adjustments." The Lieutenant moved easily in his chair, and continued, almost automatically. "Naturally, we cannot stand for outright opposition to our ideas. We want to have a working agreement, in a measure, co-operation between the leaders and our leaders."

As Yvon stood there, his eyes moved outside the window. In the courtyard he saw a group of soldiers escorting a former taxi driver; Yvon had known him slightly. The small group stopped for a moment and one of the soldiers reached in his pocket. The taxi driver took the cigarette and lit it. He walked over against the wall and stood there, upright, with the cigarette hanging from one side of his mouth. Yvon heard the muffled orders of the squad officer. The taxi driver looked straight ahead, his features calm. The guns sounded and the body of the taxi driver folded forward. There was a small pool of blood; the cigarette had fallen a foot away from the body. A small spiral of smoke rose from the ground for a few moments, then stopped.

"Well, M. Barbisson?" The Lieutenant spoke with impatience.

Yvon started to speak and found that he could not. Looking squarely into the cold enemy face of the other, there was only one thing to say. Only one thing, that everyone must have known he would say from the first. As he spoke, Yvon realized at last how completely weary he was. It was a very old and tried victory.

"I cannot accept your conditions."

STEIN: A STUDY OF HIS AESTHETIC

(Continued from page twelve)

ing problem, he has conquered it. In a work of art sufficiently lovely to justify itself as merely decorative he has couched what James T. Farrell profoundly calls a functional quality.²⁴

We have been able to show only a small part of the significance of Mr. Stein's creative endeavor, but we have (1) seen through the symbolism which he weaves about graduate students in Chapel Hill and have (2) penetrated to the causes of what appears to be myopia²⁵ but is really the wondrous working, subconsciously, of that determination expressed years ago between gritted teeth.²⁶ Most significantly, we have pursued a study in aesthetics and mental hygiene and have seen the intricacy and beauty of design with which the artist has held to and accomplished his purpose.²⁷

²⁴ With a natural fondness for the Greek, Aristotle would call it a kathartic quality.

²⁵ See n. 15. We could have numbered this note 15, but doing so would have cut down our total to no more than the minimum for scholarly work—three to each typewritten page. When Mr. Stein says that ten pieces of corroborative evidence are required for each statement in scholarly writing, he disloyally reveals a trade secret and displays the paucity of scholarly thought. No economical scholar, of course, would think of putting more than one piece of evidence in each footnote. Hence, by working a simple problem of arithmetic any fool can see that scholarly books and articles need have only nine-tenths of one statement for each three pages. We predict a great future in scholarship for Mr. Stein.

²⁶ The reader will recall our colorful description, by the standards of Mr. Stein well worth repeating: "Frightened within 2.54 cm. of his life, the boy makes a vow to get even, his teeth gritting and his little first clenched in a gesture of defiance." (See *The Reader's Digest*, "Picturesque Speech," February 1941.)

²⁷ Now what the devil could that have been?

THE SLUGGER WEARS KID GLOVES

(Continued from page fourteen)

rest of the story is history. He played steadily for three autumns, and was rewarded with the Co-Captaincy along with Severin.

When asked to name *the* game of his four years, Gates surprised no one by saying that he got the greatest thrill of his grid life from beating Duke this year. "We had nothing to lose, and were fully determined to give them a scrap in spite of our mediocre record. At the beginning of the game we were a little tight, but that soon wore off as we concentrated on doing what our coaches had told us to do. Coach Wolf and his assistants did a fine job, for everything we did worked to perfection. Especially good was Coach John Vaught's

defense strategy for the line. I played against both guards and both ends, and got no little pleasure out of smacking into Captain Alex Winter-son, Mike Karmazin, Dinky Darnell and Al Piaseckey. After Ruffa's field goal we still weren't impressed by the fact that they had scored, because we knew that it would take more than three points to beat us. When we held them on our eight-yard line in the first quarter after a fumble had given them the first break of the game, I knew, and I think that we all knew that we could handle them. Duke seemed all afternoon to think that they could score just about anytime they pleased, and it was only during the last five minutes that they began to get panicky."

Although he's enjoyed playing against the Blue Devils a great deal, Gates thinks that the most deceptive team for a day that he faced was Virginia in the season-closer this fall. "They threw the ball around so much that we didn't know where it was half of the time, and that, coupled with our natural letdown after beating Duke, gave us a busy day."

Kimball's collegiate boxing record isn't the impressive ledger it could be, principally because he didn't fight his first two years, and because he doesn't possess the ruthlessness required to step in and slaughter opponents who are inferior in experience and knowledge. The last factor was a major cause of his bombshell defeat in the semi-finals of the conference tourney last spring at Columbia, S. C. Never one to make excuses, Gates reluctantly admitted that he was carrying his opponent along, saving his energy for the titular bout that night, when he slipped, at the same time taking a light blow that the referee ruled a knock-down. That was in the last round with seconds to go, so Kimball was unable to salvage victory.

A major in economics, he would like to get a

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job with a steamship company upon graduation. He has several possibilities, but if none of them develop before next fall he may play pro football. In the National league he would belong to the Chicago Cardinals, who drew him in the circuit's annual draft, and he has been approached by the Milwaukee Brewers of the American league. The professional fight game definitely holds no attraction for him. "I've seen too many punchy ham-and-egggers, even groggy amateurs," says Gates, "to want to punch for pay."

THE DEATH OF FRANCOIS VILLON

(Continued from page twenty-one)

lead heavy dragging, legs dead as in a nightmare running.

For the first time, he thought: Why is this running, and I like a hound pursued? Fool, why is it like a hound that you run with the pack at your heels?

They will catch you, coward poet. They will catch you. And the Father no longer will stand in their way. Not as he shielded you even for the churchmoney stolen from his chest, and the candlesticks pawned of which he knew, the drinking and the times in jail he found you.

This is the end. This is the end of you, you poet failure.

And Francois was tired. He was very tired now running stumbling, the voices near almost on him now, and down to the oldstone bridge he ran, down to the higharched bridge where far below the River ran swiftsmooth, silent and deep, and all the time the crying voice was with him and it was his voice.

The River ran silent and deep, swiftsmooth, smoothswift, then not so smooth.

ONE HUNDRED PESOS IS THE PRIZE

(Continued from page seventeen)

Alicia's, and one chubby fist grasped the silver horn tightly. Behind him rode his stable-boy on El Rey, leaning down to shake people's hands for the race he had ridden.

Joaquin had to lead his mule to the side of the road to let them pass, but when Alicia came by he ran through the crowd calling her name. But she was too engrossed with the intriguing rowl in the big silver bit and the unaccustomed martingale to notice this little man who was running by her side and calling out endearments to her. A cut from Mario's quirt made Joaquin fall back, and the crowd left him standing alone in the middle of the road.

PUTTING WINGS ON "OUR ONE HOSS SHAY"

(Continued from page twenty-four)

loose upon society, innumerable critics who wish to utter destructive words alone.

We would not be blind enough to ignore the faults of the University. Surely there are too many—incalculably many as it is made up of human beings. Our desire is to see that a just picture is circulated, since our publications do go far. To improve is a task for both the faculty and the students. Before we can improve, we must be aware of our faults; yet, a completely pessimistic view will provide little inspiration. Remembering that Carolina is not nearly so bad as many other schools, that we do have a few liberties and means of securing them, we ask that a critic be fair enough to admit some of our good points.

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dirty dishes

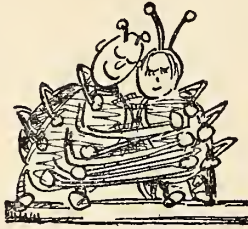
WHEN ALL of these nice South American visitors came to Chapel Hill we were faced with a terrible problem. It had to do with the old idea of the accommodation of desire to reality. As this magazine is fully committed to Roosevelt's defense program, and as we have always believed that a sincere hemisphere unity was the strongest part of such a plan, we wanted very much for our Latin brothers and sisters to like us. And we wanted them to leave America with an improved conception of that sometimes tarnished phrase, "Big Brother." As long as they remained in Chapel Hill and received delegations of collegiate interviewers at the Carolina Inn everything was all right. But some of us were a little worried about what our visitors thought when they read our American newspapers. We wondered how they reacted to the perennial Mr. Willkie, who is bestriding the narrow world these days and has just finished spreading American culture by addressing British government officials as "you guys." We feared their acquaintance with our old friend Henry Ford, who recently showed a

superb appreciation of Americana when he offered to take on defense contracts for no profits if other manufacturers would do the same. We shuddered over their contacts with some of our campus economic determinists, who seem to resent the fact that at least some South Americans have a change of clothes and a liking for more than one meal a day. We hesitated to have them go to our movie palaces and see the American dream of a magic world of Long Island estates, healthy heroes who eat Wheaties and beautifully rich females out for a joy-ride. We were dubious about their taking tours to neighboring towns where strikers' headquarters are being burned down by their fellow-citizens of this democracy. In short, we hoped that they would have the common courtesy to stay in our pretty parlor and leave the barn to our poor relations. But though we are sure that the very best of precautions were taken, someone slipped up and these visitors have seen our all. And all we can hope is that their old world tolerance will enable them to overlook our youth and join us in our little masquerade until the wind from across the sea starts blowing the other way.

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dream children

ALTHOUGH St. Valentine's Day has gone, the nostalgia which always comes with this holiday still remains. Our sentiment, housed in by war news and vain studies for comprehensive examinations, was free for a moment to indulge, without profit, in memory. And we remembered things from all of the way back in grade school, when candy smudged little cards were furtively dropped into the teacher's drawer. The kissing games where that golden haired child from Ohio was the queen of all the kids and solemnly agreed to marry ten year old Billy. And high school parties in cold gymnasiums where it was noticeable from the boys' faces that the girls were beginning to use lip-stick and other competitive come-ons. And the comic



valentine with the buck teeth that was tacked onto the teat of that horrible monster, the Latin teacher. These are the things that nostalgia commands, that don't take much thinking and only a lot of feeling. And we can recall the sweet-sad Valentine story of a boy we know who was very much in love with a girl back home. While their romance flourished the boy wrote her name in all of his books and on top of all of his notes. In time the girl became marriageable and the boy was still in college and that was that. They parted and sometimes wrote and tried to acquire new memories. A few weeks ago, along with some other of us educated beasts, the boy began to study for his comprehensive in Chemistry. And, when he should have been memorizing formulas and other such practical things, he found this girl's name tenderly writ on every page. It may have been the tension or an adolescent hang-over, but the name recovered something romantic and the boy wrote her a long letter about her name being on every page. And, as if by accident, he wrote it on St. Valentine's Day. The answer, when it came, was brief and feminine. It was in a small white envelope that contained one red, heart-shaped eraser.

build thee more stately mansions

OUR MODERN mechanical age has scored again. And in a manner which will leave no doubts as to the grand life that we in this twentieth century enjoy. It seems that a new product, deliciously called The Wackeroo, has just hit the starved markets of this hungry land. It is a little porcelain thingamajig which is a sort of throw-back to the old evil-spirit dolls of the early tribes. The Wackeroo is gauged to meet the gusto of life today. The purchaser, when he encounters a moment of great rage and cannot curse because his Aunt Mabel from Buffalo is pouring tea in the parlor, is supposed to pick up the little fellow and smash it to smithereens. And then, after this scientific purgation (price, 50 cents) the person is guaranteed a true and beautiful catharsis. We are truly impressed by this unrepresser of inhibitions, this mass production combination of Aristotle, Africa and Katie Hepburn playing the rich bitch in a tantrum. And we are glad to see that some visionary inventor—and here must be a great mind—has found the key to modern life. Now there need be no more wars or rebellions. Divorces will become unnecessary and Freud passe. And the class struggle will serenely disappear. The song of world peace will be sung to the sound of the smashing of millions of great rages. Like the pyramids of Egypt and the arches of Rome, our land shall leave a constant monument of our greatness for all later men to proclaim. It shall be a huge pile, reaching even to the sky, of delicate, white, broken Wackeroos (price, 50 cents).



burnished braid

WE HAVE read so many news stories and seen so many issues of The March of Time that we have gotten to think that the Navy is a pretty important thing. In fact, we even get a synthetic

sense of security from the two-ocean navy that we don't have. And though there have been stories about cliques and pompous policy, our own love for the sea inclined us to think of the men who run the navy as a pretty good lot. But there have been things going on in Washington that have set us wondering. And there is dirty work being done that is giving us suspicions that even Life magazine cannot allay. It is said that the Navy bigwigs are conducting a campaign, with at least the moral support of a few of our bigger industries, to get rid of the nuisance of the Walsh-Healy Act. They are complaining, these sturdy gentlemen in gold braid, that defense is being held up by adherence to such petty stuff as minimum wages and hours. They insist that if they are to save our nation—have you ever noticed how many different gangs are doing that?—they must have all of the cheap labor that their friends the manufacturers crave. Now, not having been in a boat since we capsized our last canoe, we are a little hard put to explain things to these Washington sea scouts. We do not know if equal rights or standards of living or keeping democracy alive are part of their marine patois. And we are not certain if they agree with us that defense is a fight for the freedom of all people and not an Annapolis scrimmage with signs posted to keep civilians away. And so, for convenience, we are going to compare the nation to a nice big warship. And we are going to ask them to imagine what would happen if, in the middle of a battle, a bunch of rats began to scuttle the ship. And, because they seem to be men of alert imaginations, we are going to let them work out the rest of this analogy by themselves.

fools rush in

THE OTHER day we received and rejected a contribution from Harvey Lebrun. Mr. Lebrun, in case you have not been keeping up with your campus characters, is the gentleman who has been immortalizing himself in the Letters To The Editor graveyard of the *Tar Heel*. It is he who has been harrassing our poor friend Don Bishop with insinuations and condemnations that run the gamut from alleged communistic tie-ups to unpatriotic inaction. Along with Hugh Wilson, another village elder, he has been devoting his energies to the belief that America may best prepare herself by attacking the peace minority. It seems that Lebrun, who is a sort of modern but more mature replica of the historic pamphleteers, wrote a series

of colorful letters which the *Tar Heel* editor did not feel like printing. In a carefully collected file that reminded us of high court literature, Lebrun offered us this case history of "suppression of



opinion." Now we would have liked to have printed this carefully tended manuscript if for no other reason than to rescue their far-sighted writer from the dubious glory of the Letters To The Editor column. And it would have given us a chance to express our own disagreement with Bishop upon the matter of British aid. But we are afraid that some remote remembrances of life ethics and principles made us recommend another outlet for this newest apostle of freedom—perhaps the Hearst publications. Although we are only pushing twenty-one and less than half of Lebrun's age, we feel that he has a lot to learn. Someone should remind him and his cronies that this war is not being fought on the pleasant fields of either Chapel Hill or Eton. His best friend should tell him that those of us who hate fascism enough to fight it are opposed to its frustration of all minorities. That if there is principle in this war it is that people must be free to make their own mistakes or advances. We suggest that Lebrun stop worrying about Don Bishop and others like him. They will be all right if war comes, and perhaps they will be the better for having preserved their independence of thought. We advise that he dedicate his apparent leisure to hunting down those people in the grown-up world who are sabotaging defense by taking pot-shots at labor or free speech. There are parts of this country that are in a Hell of a mess and, though we hate to lose a potential contributor, our sense of duty makes us recommend that Harvey Lebrun take his patriotic message to those places where it is really needed.

and thus he spake

WE HAVE always been fascinated by those people, larger and more erudite editions of our own Mr. Lebrun, who write long letters to city newspapers. For years we have watched the great problems of life debated by a couple of pseudonyms while the populace reads the sports page and skips along. And we have sometimes thought that these humble scriveners had more on the ball than the big-shot columnists across the page. But a few days ago we read one of these flowers blushing unseen that upset our faith in the little lost army. It was from a couple of multi-factual chaps, probably college professors, who were seriously proposing a new method of uniting the Americas. They recommended the establishing of a new American language that could be used all over the hemisphere. And they went into long paragraphs about sources—yes, they must have been college professors—and other such academic matters. They made much of the idea of many nations joined together by this new common tongue. Now we are a little surprised at these gentlemen. We thought that everyone knew

that the trouble with the world was that too many people in different countries all spoke the same language, and have been speaking it ever since Eve looked at the apple and felt her innocent mouth water. We understood that the language was desire and greed, and that it had an epic universality. We thought that these gentlemen realized that American business men had been speaking this language in South America and Mexico for many decades and had no trouble in making themselves understood to our little brothers. We believed that Hitler spoke the same language, with different accents, to our neighbors and was having pretty easy communication. No, we fear that the boys who volunteer their souls in Letters To The Editor are on the wrong track this time. If they are looking for a universal language they had better forget all about syntax and basic words and get hold of some fellow who has something that another fellow wants. And we consider it a shame that this is the mother tongue of mankind. If we ever get up the nerve, we shall certainly write a letter to the Editor of some paper and tell him just what we think.



—Barnaby Conrad.

It's Not All Rum and Romance

The case history of our South American activities is not pretty. That is why we must work so frantically today.

THE CONGA, 110 Latin Americans, and a belated, still fuzzy realization that the future safety of the U. S. A. depends upon hemisphere solidarity has suddenly converted the campus into a colony of 4000 good neighbors.

The renowned southern hospitality has flowered. Spanish students have at last had a chance to try out their pure Castilian. A Brazilian beauty ruled as queen for student-faculty day. The state legislature held a one-day session in Chapel Hill to show the "summer school" how democracy works.

Both guests and hosts have held up the good neighbor policy as the salvation of the western hemisphere and insurance that twenty-one nations are well on their way to a Hitler-proof solidarity.

But meanwhile, the folks back home under the equator and United States journalists who have taken the trouble to visit South America before writing their books are not nearly so jubilant. The good neighbor policy, they admit, has done a lot to remove Latin American prejudice against the "Colossus to the North" and Yankee condescension toward southerners. Still, those who know assert that the good will doctrine has a long way to go before we can safely thumb our noses at Der Fuehrer and his consorts.

Suppose we interrupt our Conga lessons long enough to take a brief but realistic glimpse of the good neighbor policy—past and present.

But prerequisite to any sort of investigation is a true picture of Latin America itself. Its 20 nations now hold the key to the success or failure of the policy.

From Mother Spain, Latin America has inherited and largely kept a feudal economy and society. Control and influence remain in the hands of the wealthy landowning class and political bureaucracies. Developing, but still unimportant, is the middle class. On the bottom is the proletariat. One writer has estimated that over half of the Latin Americans are poverty-stricken and almost half of them are illiterate. This does not mean that the southern continent is resigned to its conditions but only that it must continue for a long time to recover from a "historical hangover" that was not of its choosing.

Handicapped by a stifled trade and an extreme

lack of purchasing power, Latin America now struggles with an uncertain economy. The total national income probably fluctuates between ten and fifteen billions. Foreign investors own or control capital equal to three quarters of this amount. Natural resources, except those being exploited by foreigners, are yet to be fully developed and the economy remains largely agrarian.

Culture, customs and ways of thinking, derived from Spain and Italy and nourished through several centuries are entirely different from those of the United States.

Class distinction and the unequal distribution of influence and wealth have given Latin America a lurid record of political turmoil. Wholesale greed for public office and fickle armies produce numerous revolutions. Dictator-ruled autarchies are usually necessary to preserve any semblance of order, and the countries are very fond of a frequent change of dictators.

There are, of course, exceptions. Argentina, Chile, Colombia, Venezuela, Costa Rica, and Uruguay are beginning to sprout buds of democracy, but they are still far from full bloom.

All political strife has not been internal combustion. Each of the twenty nations has conceived acute sentiments of nationalism. Longstanding boundary disputes or unreasoning racial prejudices have fomented such bloody struggles as the Chaco War.

It would save us a lot of embarrassment to begin praising the good neighbor policy from the instigation in 1933, but pertinent evidence starts with the Monroe Doctrine, the white banner with which the United States smothered Latin America for over a hundred years.

Throughout the last century, with tactics as casual and flagrant as those of Hitler, the United States stretched down an imperialistic arm and took what she wanted. New Mexico, California, and Texas were wrested from Mexico, Cuba and other island possessions from Spain, and Panama from Colombia.

By the early 1900's, the Monroe Doctrine was still flying but its waver, smugly proud of its own ideal government, began to play evangelist. By subtle treaties and bald interventions, the United

States forcibly converted some of the heathen republics in the Caribbean and Central America.

After the first world war, American capitalists began to grab for Latin American resources. The government did its bit by sending marines to safeguard the investments.

Latin America could only boo Yankee imperialism. To keep things quiet while the exploitation continued, the United States began to extend the hand of good will. Soon after the turn of the century, to improve relations with the southern continent, a Pan American Union was set up under the thumb of the State Department and a Pan American society was established by interested bankers and business men. Coolidge contributed a few empty gestures. Hoover withdrew troops from Nicaragua and compromised with Mexico on American oil investments.

Bowing to the need for increased foreign trade and possibly an earnest desire for solidarity, Roosevelt at his inauguration in 1933 formally christened the good neighbor policy. What followed until the outbreak of the present war was a contradictory conglomeration of old "Dollar Diplomacy" and sincere but generally ineffective efforts toward hemisphere unity.

In December of the same year, Cordell Hull, new secretary of state, sailed down to the Seventh Pan-American conference in Montevideo. Two similar conclaves followed within the next five years—one at Buenos Aires in 1936, which Roosevelt himself attended, and another at Lima in 1938. For the most part, the conferences resulted in little more than toothless declarations endorsing non-intervention and economic cooperation.

At Lima, when Hull proposed full political solidarity and permanent consultative machinery, Argentina shied away and also refused to sever its close relations with Europe. The only significant results of all three conventions were a partial alleviation of prejudice against the United States and Hull's acquisition of tremendous personal popularity with the Latin American statesmen.

In February of 1934, the Export-Import Bank was set up in Washington by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to prop up with loans the United States' sagging trade in Latin America.

So far the United States boasted a clean, if not very impressive, slate of good neighborliness, but early in 1934 committed unpardonable intervention in Cuba. Through accomplished Sumner Welles, undersecretary of state, Roosevelt first forestalled a revolution by effecting the removal of dictator

Machado. Welles, who had previously orated long and loud against Yankee interference in Latin American affairs, then engineered the establishment of another dictatorship under DeCespides and even wrote its constitution. After only two weeks, however, the puppet government was overthrown by the popular front, and Grau set up as president.

Roosevelt refused to recognize the new regime and sent a large portion of the fleet to parade off the Cuban coast. Jefferson Caffery, who had replaced Welles, persuaded Batista, head of the army, to revolt and managed the organization of the Batista-Mendieta government.

To appease the incensed Latin Americans, the United States on May 29 tore up the notorious Platt Amendment, in which Cuba had granted the right of intervention in political emergencies and the determination of certain domestic policies. Less than three months later, United States troops evacuated Haiti, which they had occupied since 1915.

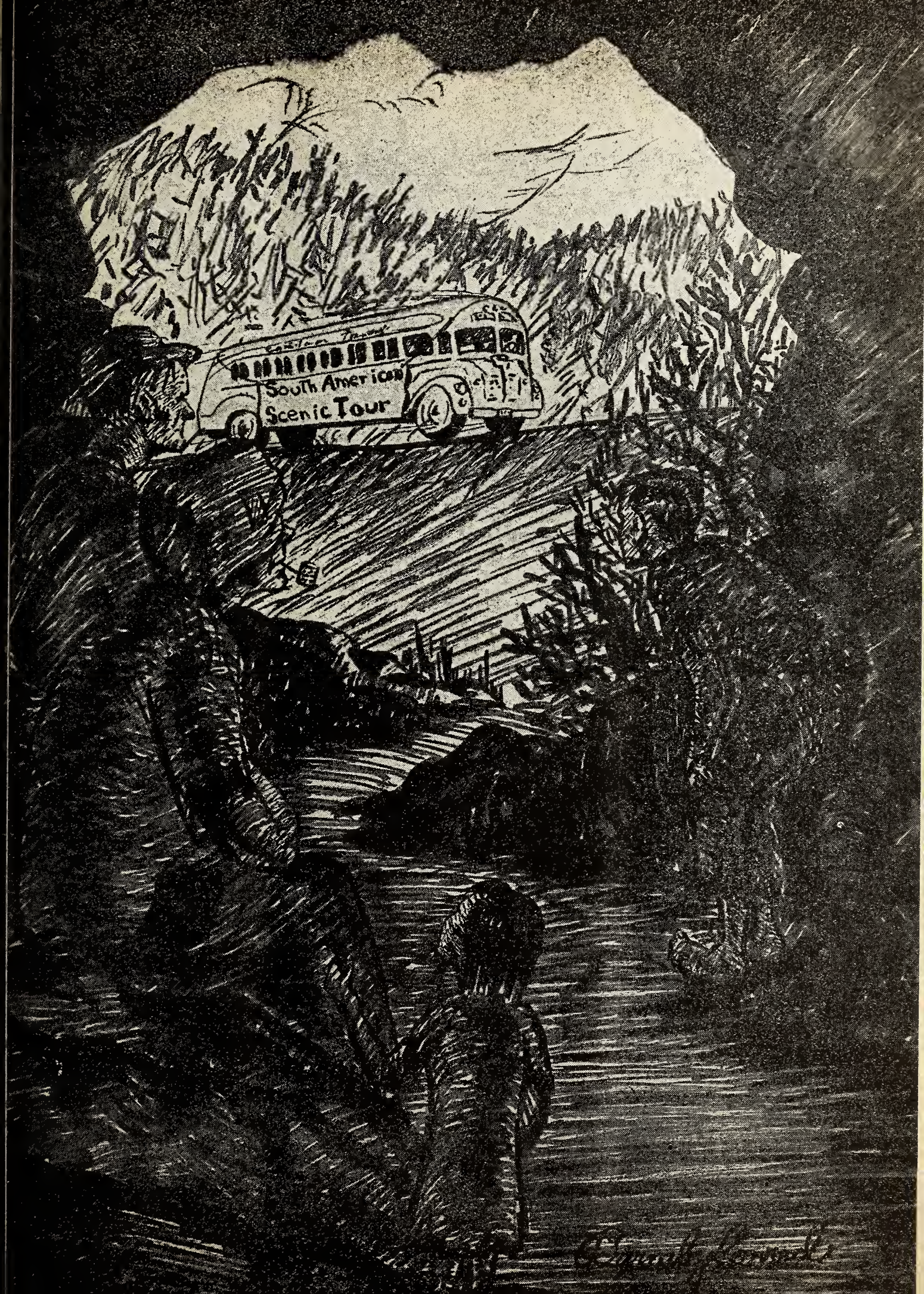
The same year, Hull pushed through with Cuba the first in his long series of reciprocal trade treaties. Most of the 30 million dollars which the treaty professed to save every year for the Cuban sugar industry would go to American controllers. Within the next four years, eight more treaties were concluded between the United States and Haiti, Brazil, Honduras, Colombia, Guatemala, Nicaragua, El Salvador and Costa Rica.

By 1937 the reciprocal trade pacts and Export-Import loans were showing results. The United States total trade with Latin America had increased more than half a billion dollars over the 1933 figure. Furthermore, Latin America was exporting more to her northern neighbor than she was importing. But the 1938 recession cut the previous years' figure more than 24 per cent and reversed the balance of trade.

In tardy recognition of the need for more integral culture relations with Latin America, Uncle Sam in 1938 set up three government organizations. The Interdepartmental Committee on Cooperation with the American Republics, the Division of Cultural Relations, and the Division of International communications all had big names and big jobs which they could not hope to accomplish in any short time.

During that same summer, Paraguay, tired of fighting and nagging, succumbed to intermediation

"Hey maw, how come thet college feller gave us ten dollars to hide in here till the bus goes by?" ➡



Edmund Lennox

efforts in which the United States helped, and ended the Chaco War.

Meanwhile, totalitarian forces which had inserted an acquisitive foot into the door of Latin America were doing big things on the inside until the war broke out.

Germany, naturally, was taking the lead in worrying the United States. Through barter in terms of aski marks—money that could be spent only for German goods—she was unloading great quantities of her manufactures for Latin American raw materials. Her specially trained financial emissaries far outshone those from the United States. After herding a large part of the German populace back into the fold of the Reich, she was organizing Nazi groups throughout the southern countries with appealing propaganda and secret agents. German officers in several Latin American armies gained political power and sold large orders of munitions.

Italy and Japan were trying hard to emulate Nazi tactics but were lagging far behind.

With the advantage of an exceedingly strong cultural tieup and Latin American populations of almost entirely Iberian descent, Franco's faction not only got widespread recognition as the official Spanish government but also received material aid from many Central and South American countries. Early announcing his purpose of seeking thorough unification with Latin America, the generalissimo started a Falangist movement to push his policy. Spanish agents and subsidized newspapers help to spread the Falanx widely. Most important of all, Fascist Spain, by working openly with Italian and German factions, indicated that she would serve as a tool for those two powers.

Unable to ignore such threats sprouting right under her doorstep, the United States had not been caught napping. By capitalizing in the bilateral trade agreements and Export-Import loans, she continued to lead the pack in Latin American trade. The "Colossus of the North" also stooped to do a little propagandizing of its own. Widespread news services favored the democratic way and American commercial products. Authorized by Congress, the United States was sending on request large numbers of technical experts to the Latin Americas. Since 1933, she had been establishing naval and military missions to the South, and by 1938 was sponsoring them in seven countries.

Latin American nations manifested a reaction of their own. Despite the badly needed loans and trade agreements with the United States, they were forced, as states trying to develop embryonic trade

and industrialism, to buy from totalitarian countries whenever prices and terms were better. But even before the war, they began to realize that German barter and aski marks did not constitute an ideal system of trade. The Reich was taking cheaply purchased Latin American goods and selling them elsewhere for actual money. Thus, several southern countries were beginning to curtail German trade. They also started to restrict and appropriate foreign capital—even that of the United States.

Nor were the Latin Americas accepting political penetration with open arms. They were accepting more propaganda from the totalitarians because they disliked American bluntness and felt closer cultural ties with Europe. Although several governments were taking the support of Nazi and Fascist groups, they made it plain that they would tolerate no meddling. Argentina, for instance, took prompt action to squelch German plans for commandeering parts of Patagonia.

In short, the Latin Americas wanted political and economic sovereignty and intended to maintain it against the intervention or influence of any power, including the United States.

Then came the war.

Their trade with Germany and Italy completely severed, the southern countries have watched surpluses rising and purchasing power falling. Quick to take advantage even through totalitarian trade tactics, England has imposed on many countries a system of aski pounds and barter and has been exchanging British goods at soaring wartime prices for Latin American products at pre-war figures. Japan has come in to join the kill and further decrease Latin American credits with barter.

United States trade spurted up 58 per cent in the first six months of the war, then plunged as southern dollar credits drained away.

Antagonized and frightened by the ruthless tactics of Hitler and Mussolini, Latin American countries have suddenly realized their weak defences and the risk of tolerating Nazi and Fascist agents. As Germany and Italy have intensified efforts at penetration, many nations have deported agents detected in subversive activities. But considering the possibility of an Axis victory, many others are playing their cards carefully. Fascist Spain, since she is not yet actively engaged in the broil, has generally escaped restriction.

Less than a month after the war began, with a promptness which indicated some degree of solidarity, members from all twenty-one nations met in

(Continued on page twenty-nine)

Eyes South

Newspaperman, diplomat and author, Daniels sends back a warning to his university and state.

THE STRONGEST link in the chain of good neighborliness is knowledge of neighbors gained from personal intercourse. Mankind has been slow to accept the truth that the virtues which each nation thinks exist exclusively in its civilization are found in every part of the world; but gradually, in our hemisphere at least, this profoundly important conception has spread among the people. There are many Mexicans living happily in the United States, and many Americans living happily in Mexico. They are the advance guard of the army of Ambassadors of Good Will in their adopted homes. The future relations of the two countries largely depend upon how truly each incarnates the principle of the Good Neighbor; and it is therefore a matter of deepest gratulation that in both countries most people respond to the sentiment: "God made us neighbors; let understanding and justice make us friends."

If I were commissioned to issue one command to my countrymen in this critical hour, it would be "Eyes South!" Too long have we in the United States looked too exclusively to countries across the Atlantic, and too long, I venture to say, have our neighbors to the South done the same thing. As most of us have our origin in European countries, we will never surrender our equal property rights in the culture we inherited from the Old World; but in thus looking backward across the seas we have too long been indifferent to the opportunities and blessings attainable on the western hemisphere: *our hemisphere*. Only recently have the large vision and practical achievements of Pan American Conferences, and the consolidation of effort toward unity made by the Panama and Habana Conferences (the realization of Bolívar's century-old dream) brought a sense of mutuality and brotherhood to the peoples of the twenty-one Pan American countries.

There are two evidences of the most permanent solidarity of thinkers on the Western Hemisphere which promise much: (1) The exchange of scholarships and professorships and in the holding of such "Summer Schools" as we see in Chapel Hill in the opening days of 1941, when scores of students from South America are matriculating at the University of North Carolina for instruction. In July

of this year many students from the United States will make a return visit and avail themselves of the instructions in institutions of learning south of the Rio Grande. (2) There is a marked increase in the study of Spanish in universities and colleges in the United States and of English in schools in Mexico, Central America and South America, looking to a removal of the barriers of language.

We have long felt in the American Republic that our future depended upon our political freedom, though we have not always used that freedom in the spirit which the fathers bequeathed it. Only recently have we understood that political liberty, to insure its blessings, must be accompanied by economic independence. It is only in recent years that we have learned that political and economic equality are twins.

The ballot is misused if it does not secure economic security no matter how securely all citizens are protected in the exercise of suffrage. Today our eyes are opened to the challenge that free government fails as long as there is denial of work, and many live in unsanitary houses, and tenants cannot be helped to obtain land of their own which they may cultivate, and when labor is treated as a commodity. Economic security and care of the old and opportunity for employment and reasonable hours of work and adequate compensation for labor have come in this decade to be regarded as the essential corollary of the possession of political rights.

Having achieved the recognition of political and economic independence, what remains to complete "the circle of our felicities"? One thing more: The recognition by intellectuals that their acquisition of knowledge makes them trustees for the common good, as the possession of wealth calls for its use for the promotion of the general welfare.

What is the attitude of our universities and colleges to the underprivileged? Are they lighthouses that send their rays of blessing into the humble homes and open their doors to those who have not thought these institutions were established for such as they? Are our higher institutions dynamos of democracy, intellectual and social, or do they nourish systems of caste and class, indifferent to their

(Continued on page thirty-one)

The New Pan America

Our new economic and cultural ties are our greatest security in the current defense of democracy.

WE ARE today in the midst of a period of the greatest moment to all the republics of the American Continent; a period in which the institutions and way of life which we have developed in the Western Hemisphere are seriously menaced.

It is only necessary to reflect for a moment on the fundamental contrast between the American and European Continent. Whereas Europe is torn by strife, hatreds and conflicts, the American Republics are giving to the world an example of unity of purpose and unity of policy and a demonstration of the efficacy of cooperation which carries with it a deep and abiding lesson for the future. Let us not for a moment suppose that this remarkable continental situation has been brought about without effort. America presented international problems which might very well have led to the kind of antagonisms that are today devastating Europe. Boundary and other jurisdictional disputes of the most difficult and delicate nature have presented themselves in every section of the Continent.

The basic difference between the American Republics and Europe, as regards international relations, has been that throughout their history the emphasis has been laid on the essential unity of interest of every section of the Continent. This was manifest at the Panama Conference of 1826 and runs through all the subsequent Conferences of the American Republics down to and including the Havana Conference of 1940. Furthermore, and this is of capital importance, the American Republics have given a new interpretation to the word "peace." To them "peace" means something far more significant than the mere absence of conflict. It acquires a positive content, becomes a dynamic force involving constructive cooperation and mutual helpfulness.

Never has this spirit been more clearly shown than in the work of the Inter-American Financial and Economic Advisory Committee now in session at the Pan American Union. The members of this Committee, made up of representatives of the twenty-one Republics, are devoting all their efforts to ascertaining how the nations of this Con-

continent can be helpful to one another in softening the effects of the European war on their economic structure.

This same spirit was strikingly manifested at the recent Meeting of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs of the American Republics that took place at Havana in August of last year. There the problem was to plan concerted action for the maintenance of neutral rights and in taking measures to avoid any involvement of the American Republics in the European conflict. It was an inspiring and even a thrilling spectacle to see the representatives of the twenty-one Republics united, not to seek selfish advantage but to labor for the peace, the safety of an entire Continent.

If we are to have anything approaching permanent peace in Europe, the standards of international dealing must be made to conform to those set by the American Republics. The recognition of equal rights for small as well as large nations has been and is today the cornerstone of the American system. With this has gone hand in hand a profound respect for the pledged word and the fullest recognition of the sanctity of treaty obligations.

If we view the international scene in its larger aspects, it is evident that the highest mission of this Continent is to give to the world an example of twenty-one nations not only living together in peace but seeking every opportunity to be helpful to one another.

Permit me to say a word with reference to the deep interest of the United States in fostering the further development of the Pan American movement. In view of the chaotic world conditions existing today I am convinced that it is through the maintenance of Pan American unity that we can best preserve our democratic traditions. International security is one of the indispensable requisites for the normal development of democratic institutions. With a united America we are assured of this security. On the other hand, unless we jealously safeguard the security which we have today acquired the inevitable consequence will be the militarization of the Americas. With such militarization comes regimentation, and with regimen-

(Continued on page twenty-six)

OUTLOOK



"Really, Señor, I don't care WHAT Cordell Hull says."

The Brothers

There was an ornery streak inside of them and it burst out when they were hunting in the hills.

WIND capped the mound-like hill with movement. It stirred the pine trees. And the stiff limbs moved awkwardly. The sagebrush bent down before the wind with the color tan, and rose with the gold glint of the sun on its tips, so that waves moved across the field.

Two hunters followed the moving waves. A dog zigzagged in front of them, running, pausing, circling wide for quail. The hunters stopped to give the dog more time to cover the field.

They were brothers. One could tell that by looking at them because they were so much alike. The height and the stocky build of their figures were the same, except that the older was heavier. And his face was heavier, yet alike in the protruding brow and cheek bones, and the hard jaw. People said their faces were strong.

"Not a goddamned covey all afternoon." Joe was older. When he finished talking his lower lip was thrust out, like a child pouting. Yet the corners were down too far, maybe it was this that made you think about the heavy shoulders. There was something powerful, brutal about Joe when he looked like this.

Looking at him, Bill suddenly remembered the time Joe almost beat a man to death. His lip was like that then. And with a slow smile Bill did the same. His shoulders hunched aggressively.

"Too windy." Bill said.

"Yeah. Look at that dog, he's working too damn fast." He called to the dog to slow down. Bill felt in the pockets of his heavy hunting coat for his pouch.

"Joe, did I give you my tobacco pouch?"

"Why, you lost it?"

"Have you got it?"

"Hell no."

"I reckon it must have dropped out when I was down there in the thicket." Bill continued to go through his pockets.

"Run down and look for it. I'll finish the field up and wait for you."

Bill hurried down the side of the hill. He came to the scrub pines near the foot. And then he crossed the creek at the bottom. And came to the bramble thicket at the base of the next hill. He followed the path, looking close to the ground.

A wind-far roar came from the other hill. A wide spray of bird shot fell around him, like rain smacking and falling from the undergrowth. Bill ducked to the ground. The covey must be headed this way, he thought. He waited. It was dead quiet except for the slow noise of the stream.

Another roar came from the hill. Several shot smacked against his coat, and they rained all about him.

"Goddamn that fool!" He looked up on the hill. And he saw Joe standing beside the sky with his gun still to his shoulder.

"Hey, Joe!" he called, "I'm down here."

He saw Joe lean back. And then the sound of his laughter reached him. Bill was mad and smiling at the same time. He raised his gun and fired, drowning out the echo of Joe's laughter. Joe ran for the lone tree in the field. Suddenly Bill's lower lip was thrust out.

Bill cut back across the creek, and ran down to the pines below the field. He cut up the hill then, running bent over, and dodging the dead lower limbs of the pines. Reaching the top, he paused. He made his way to the edge of the field. He let his gun hang in one hand. He straightened up. He stepped out into the open, walking slowly towards Joe. The excitement he felt was like a dream, slowly walking in a dream towards Joe with the gun. He heard the hum of the pines, felt the wind against his face, and he saw the waving sagebrush. But he didn't know why he was here, why he was walking towards Joe with the gun. He didn't will this, because Joe would shoot. Sure Joe would shoot. Joe was like that. Joe wouldn't back down now. But still he had to get to Joe and somehow beat the hell out of him. Bill kept walking, slowly towards the tree.

"Take another step and I'll shoot you! Damnit Bill, I'll shoot!"

Slowly in the fierce excitement like a dream he kept coming.

Then the air was roaring with Joe's shot. The grass flattened in front of him. Shreds of turf bounded into air, quivering. Then Joe was running from the tree towards the other end of the field. Bill was running to the tree. He reached it. He braced his gun against a knot. Only thinking

about the feel of the cold metal and the bark against his hand. He fired. Joe scurried behind a fence post. Joe fired. The shot wheezed past the tree. And some of it smattered into the tree. And Bill saw without pain a dark groove across his hand. He crouched lower, closer to the tree. Feverishly he reloaded his gun, cursing at the stiffness of his fingers. He braced his gun and fired again. Joe leaped up, turned and ran down the road into the pines.

Bill slumped, his back sliding down the tree into sitting position. The roar of the guns still crowded his ears. He knew the sound was gone. But still it was there crushing him. His chest heaved. He closed his eyes.

Slowly the crushing sound of the guns left him. His heart beat quietly and easily. The soft hum of the pine trees came back to him. Again he felt the wind on his face, and saw the waving sagebrush. But again he was walking towards the gun. And then the instant, quick and heavy as thunder, and the shreds of turf quivering in the air before him

Bill smiled. And his smile was mean as hell. He got up, replaced a shell in his gun. He looked up to the road where Joe had disappeared, then cut down to the left along the side of the hill. He walked swiftly with smooth long strides. He crossed the fence, came into the pines, all the time staying below the brow of the ridge. Swiftly his mind moved, noticing the smell of the pine needles, figuring Joe's position, perceiving every movement around him, swiftly his mind moved like sunlight on a moving blade.

Then Bill headed up the hill. He came to the road. He stepped behind a tree, looking down the road towards the field, and then up the road. He saw Joe thirty-five yards away, his back was to Bill. Deliberately Bill aimed for the legs. He fired. Joe leaped into the air, yelling. He ran into the trees on the left.

Laughing so that he nearly stumbled, Bill crossed the road. He ran down into a small ravine. He slipped and fell on the slick brown carpet of pine needles that covered the ground. The trees were big here. He got up and hurried on until he came to a group of large rocks. Scrambling over these, he picked a place where he could rest, and keep the hill covered from the road. Joe had gone over the other side of the hill. But Bill knew he was mad now, and it was no telling what Joe would do when he was mad. He would be coming after him all right.

He sat there for a long time. Shadows stretched

and became darker. The rock grew cold to his touch. Constantly he scanned the hillside. The trees and the rocks and the objects about him took on the dark substance and the density that comes with evening. He became tense.

Behind him he heard a twig snap and the dry scraping of leaves. He whirled to the sound. A squirrel leaped to a tree, clamored noisily up the trunk, and paused, his tail twitching nervously.

He rose. Making his way up the hill, he crept from one tree to the next. His feet padded quietly over the thick pine needles.

Bill came back out on the road. He crossed the road, and headed down through the pines in the direction Joe had gone. Now the tenseness was fierce. Again his mind was moving swiftly and unreal in excitement. He kept on, driven from fear to a mad need of action. He knew he had to find him—and end this thing. This thing, that had come from a deep root and grown too big.

It's getting late, he thought. Bill looked up through the trees to the sky. The ripe sun was sinking to the hills. It was deep orange. And it had given this color to the clouds, so that the sky was heavy and fertile with deep orange. Earthy, thought Bill. In the evening it's fertile. It's close to the earth and like the earth. But in the morning it's blue and far-away. It's not of the earth then. Funny how you think about little things when big things are happening.

A limb jabbed his face! The sudden pain of it pierced like a memory. And all at once, deeply, he wanted things real again. Little and real, he said. Then he knew he wouldn't shoot his brother. He would simply go to the car. It must be beyond the ravine and up on the next rise there. He would cross the little field in the ravine and walk up to the car and wait. Joe would call him a coward. But he knew this thing wasn't right.

He came to a barbed-wire fence on the edge of a gully that separated him from the open field of the ravine. He pushed down the middle strand, put one leg through, then rolled his body through. He lifted the other leg.

A shot roared from the field! It smattered against his coat, and a few struck him, stinging, burning, on the back of his neck. Get in the gully! He let the wire go, and fell, scrambling down into the deep gully. He lay there without moving. His gun slid after him. It felt good to lie here. He reached back and felt his neck. They didn't go

(Continued on page thirty-two)

Letter from Chicago

THE small-town-boy-goes-to-big-city theme has been reworked down to a fairly low-grade ore by now, in fiction and life. The theme has two characteristic lines of development, neither of them particularly realistic. In one the boy makes good in the big city and in the other it crushes him and he goes back home to the artless pastoral existence of Main Street. Thomas Wolfe gave us an example of making good, and from my home town of Hartsville, South Carolina, our boy Buck Newsome, highest paid pitcher in the big leagues last year, proved that it can happen. But the average boy that goes to the city just gets sucked into the maw and accepts the easy mechanized amusements of city life in lieu of the individual personality he might have had in Goldsboro or Hartsville or Chapel Hill.

The antiquity of the theme, though, does not keep it from being fresh for every generation and every individual; a thing that's old stuff in print may be entirely new stuff when it happens to *you*.

The University of Chicago is in the city but not of it. It's sixty blocks south of the downtown area, in one of those indeterminate areas of residences, small stores, parks, and street car lines that you get as you go out from the center of most cities. The University is a large block of medieval buildings about five blocks from the Lake. By saying it is in the city but not of it I mean that its distance from downtown prevents you from feeling that you are in the city Chicago, as at Columbia University you would feel constantly that you are in the city New York, while on the other hand the U. is actually the intellectual center or focus of the city. Although the University is not city, it is certainly not country; the near weight of the city is always present, the proximity of millions of people, black and white, yellow and brown, fighting for life, for power, for love, or merely to stay on top of the current. In the face of this the attempt of the U. of C. to create an intellectual community within a community seem to me highly artificial; and, in fact, there is very little cohesion in the institution. Most of the students are graduates—the whole set-up of the place favors the graduates at the expense of undergraduates—and are intent on their purposes. The kind of interaction of interests and persons you have in a school-community like Chapel Hill is almost completely lacking here.

This runs through everything. You can go to

classes with fifteen other men for a quarter and never know one of them, who he is, what he is doing, or why. There is no student body government and there are no class governments (the latter a sensible omission now being followed at most of the large universities). It is almost impossible to create any general interest in student activities. The feeling called "school spirit" seems to be non-existent. You can see how the city drains off students from those activities which give them a feeling of unity. Social affairs don't mean much when you can go any night to dozens of hotels, night clubs, cocktail lounges, etc., with your girl or your friends and dance or what have you. Athletics don't mean much at a school which has no real football team and in a town where professional basketball, ice hockey, baseball, or whatever you like is going on all the time in season.

One thing that disappointed me a lot when I came up here was the low level of political activity among the students. I had heard a great deal of talk about the liberal activities of the U. of C., but the trend here seemed to be opposite that of the U. of N. C. Down there when I left I thought I noted an upsurge of liberal thought, with progressive thought rising in people like Bishop and Harris of the Tar Heel, Spies and Moll of the Magazine, Joslin and Kantrowitz of the CPU; in organizations like the N. C. Club, Amphoterothern, the Grail, the Fleece; and through the influence of men like Dr. Beale, Dr. Kattsoff, Dean Bradshaw and Dr. Graham. Our growing liberalism was based not on any particular political events or "line" but on a gradual awakening of social responsibility and the understanding of the meaning of democracy and the necessity for us to act in order to preserve it. Here everything was based on "lines." The Communists had one, the Trotskyites had one, the Socialists had one, and in the old "popular front" days most liberals went along with the Communists in a collective security program. When the Communists changed their line because Russia made a pact with Hitler, many of these liberals were so disillusioned that they were paralyzed politically. During last fall and up until two weeks ago nothing much happened.

Then a bombshell of politics was set off when President Hutchins, the young fair-haired boy among college presidents, came out and attacked the

lend-lease bill sharply, saying that Roosevelt is leading us into war. This precipitated a storm of controversy, in which professors, students, and the Chicago newspapers joined. The professors immediately got out rival petitions, for and against the bill, with a majority for the bill and against Hutchins. A student group for the bill held a meeting in the stadium at which two thousand were present, while sixty ASU'ers and others picketed outside. The lines began to be more sharply drawn. Then I discovered my old friend Aggie Reynolds, who resigned from the ASU together with me last fall, in town organizing a new student outfit called Student Defenders of Democracy, standing for aid to England, an extension of our social program at home, looking to a progressive solution of our problems, and for a declaration of war aims by Great Britain. I was sorely tempted to get in the thick of the controversy and the new organization, but remembered my pledge to adjure such activities for a period of real study. I wanted to be sure that the group here got off in the right direction, so I went around to see a few of the leaders and found that it was. By the right direction I mean that what liberals need to emphasize now is not aid to England, even though they are for it—that matter is being taken care of. Liberals need to emphasize the fact that what is equally important with adequate

defense is how we defend ourselves, that a successful defense which left us with some kind of semi-fascism would be no better than no defense.

I found the leaders here in favor of aid to England, because of their desire to see Hitler defeated, but extremely skeptical about the democratic results that could be obtained from an England which keeps four hundred million Indians in a state of poverty and oppression which can only be compared with fascism, and which consistently refuses to declare its war aims as the extension of democracy in Europe and the rest of the world. Convinced that these people were not rah-rah "on to Berlin" fraternity Anglophiles, but serious students concerned with the fight against fascism equally at home and abroad, I drew back into my slightly guilty studios isolation.

Another interesting fight here has been between the magazine and the newspaper. The mag here is not literary, but a human interest sheet about things and people on campus, with some pictures and a few jokes—the kind of thing *Tar an' Feathers* should be and isn't. It's called *Pulse*. Its editors have been feuding with those of the *Daily Maroon*. The *Maroon* editors were also fighting with their business manager. He quit the *Maroon* and got together with the *Pulse* boys
(Continued on page thirty)



"You Americans! Always so much the rugged individualists!"

King George, The First

George Glamack's record is one of persistent, simple devotion and love for a game.

GJURO Gregorvitch Glamoclij (that's his real name) would have been in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, in the middle of the European hot-box, on the night of February 10, 1941, had it not been for ambitious parents who decided to leave their native land and join the pilgrimage to America. Instead, Gjuro was in Woollen Gym on that particular occasion making basketball history by scoring 45 points in a single game.

Perhaps the name of Gjuro Gregorvitch Glamoclij has you worried. It is the real name of George Gregory Glamack. When Gjuro started to school in his home town of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, his teacher had a great deal of difficulty pronouncing his name. For two years she tried to learn the correct pronunciation without success. The teacher gave up when Gjuro entered the third grade, and started using the more simple name. Glamoclij found it easier for people to remember just plain Glamack, so Glamack it has been ever since.

And it is a name that will go down in the record books as one of the greatest in basketball history. The story of his blindness has and will be told time and again. But there are other stories about this All-American that are just as interesting.

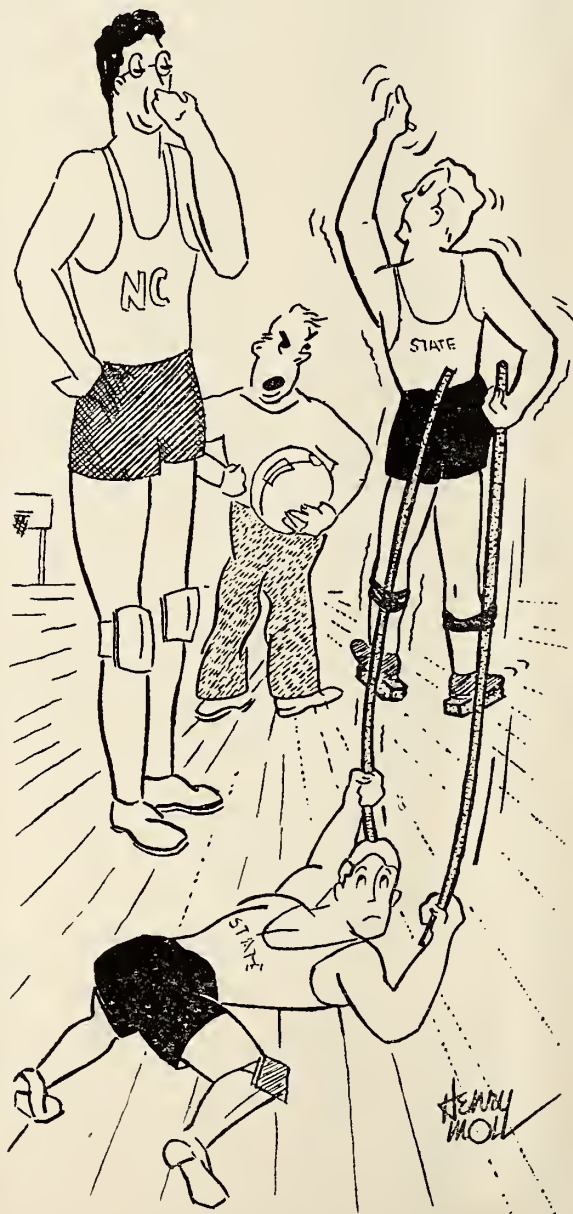
George felt the first impetus toward becoming an All-American basketball player shortly

after he fractured his eyeball in a sandlot football game in Johnstown. He suffered the injury as he tried to tackle an opposing player. In the pileup a fingernail fractured his left eyeball, and therein was created one of the most amazing paradoxes of modern sports.

George's first undertaking following the eye injury was some basketball at the Johnstown YMCA. He was not good enough to play with boys his own age, so he spent most of his time working out with kids two and three years younger than he was. To hear George tell it, he was terrible. He would get possession of the ball, start to pass, but before the ball left his hands some little fellow would come from nowhere and take it away from him. The small group of spectators watching the proceedings would laugh at George. They felt sorry for him.

George quit his YMCA activities, but he did not quit basketball. He went home, explained the situation to his mother, and asked her to make him a basketball out of some old cloth. In the meantime he found an old barrel rim and put it up in the backyard.

For three years George Glamack practiced throwing that ball through that barrel rim. The process was a slow one and there was much discouragement. But to those long solitary practice sessions must be ascribed the re-



SPORTS

markable athlete who is now a drawing card for thousands.

George is of Serbian descent. Basketball is hardly known in his parents' land, and two years ago, the Yugoslav King sent Glamack his personal congratulations and invited him to come and introduce the great American winter sport. "I might have gone after college," George says, "but the war has changed all that." Glamack's father is a mechanic in a steel mill. His mother also follows George's career daily in the newspapers, but neither one has ever seen him play. Basketball, like George, is part of the strange new America.

There is a story behind those 45 points George scored against Clemson on February 10. Glamack teaches a Sunday School class of 12 year old boys at the Baptist church in Chapel Hill. The day before the never-to-be-forgotten Clemson game George told the boys he would like to take them to the game, and that afterwards they would all go down town and get some ice cream.

His boys accepted, and all during the game they watched but one person. Mr. George Glamack. Some of the boys in that class probably couldn't count to 50, but they did their best. After the game George forgot about the 45 points, thought of his boys, and they went down town for that ice cream.

When Glamack fouled out of the Clemson game with three minutes to go, the Clemson captain, who was on the bench at the time, turned to his coach and told him that he would like to see George stay in the game and break the world's record of 51 points.

Basketball authorities the country over have praised Big George. Ned Irish, the man who put basketball in Madison Square Garden and who is ranked as an authority on the game, came all the way from New York to scout Glamack and the Tar Heels in the NYU game. Irish had already picked the big center as the likely "player of the year" in early season, and when the game was over that night, he grinned and said, "that boy did things with a basketball I've never seen before."

Bill Lange, who coaches the Tar Heels, rates Glamack as "the greatest player I have seen in 25 years of coaching and playing."

The coach of North Carolina's biggest rival, however, would certainly have no reason to go out of the way to praise him, yet Eddie Cameron at Duke is another of Glamack's staunchest backers. When the different All-American pickers sent him ballots last season, the Blue Devil mentor says he just wrote down one name, "George Glamack," and

let it go at that. "It's almost impossible to pick an All-American five," in Cameron's opinion, "but there is one All-American if I ever saw one."

Cameron certainly ought to know. A few years back his Blue Devils were pushing the Tar Heels around the floor with right much consistency. But Glamack changed all that last year. The big fellow only scored 21, 20, 18, 22, and 17 points in the last five games of this classic rivalry, and was the biggest reason that the Tar Heels beat the Iron Dukes in the 1940 Conference finals.

When the players and fans call George the "Blind Bomber," he just passes it off with a grin and wisecrack.

"Say, that eyeball fracture was worth All-American to me," he laughs. "That and the way it made me practice shooting crazy shots every day in order to get anywhere."

That short statement furnishes the best key to this big, gangling, shy, modest, unassuming fellow who has been called the greatest player in the game today, but who still gives the major credit to his teammates. For George is essentially a team player. All that matter to him are the team and the game. The only reason he does the shooting and his mates do the "feeding" is that the coach and team figure it to be their most effective system of offense.

Glamack has been experimenting this year with "contact glasses," such as actors use, which are worn inside the eye and against the eye-ball, in an effort to correct his vision, but the results have not been successful. He tried to get them last season, but some of the materials previously came from Germany and were not obtainable at the time. He finally secured a pair last fall, and has been trying them off the court. However, George reports that he gets a "bubble" in his eye when he uses them, and he is still going back to the eye clinic in an effort to secure a proper adjustment which would eliminate this objectionable feature. His teammates, however, have always been suspicious of the "new-fangled" contraption, and are quite content to string along with their blind bomber, shooting from position, memory and feel.

George is more than an All-American basketball player. He is a credit to the sports profession. He lives the ideals of good sportsmanship both on and off the court. And as a fellow student from Yugoslavia said recently, "You know, I'm a little sorry that George changed his name to a more American form. A fellow like that is about as good an ambassador as the Serbians or any other immigrant people could have in America today."

A Post-mortem on Suppression

Our student newspaper has again been faced with suppression and the trouble may lie outside of Chapel Hill.

CAROLINA liberalism, as exemplified by the freedom of press maintained by campus publications, would have been sacrificed last month during the influenza epidemic had members of the administration been successful in attempts to persuade *Daily Tar Heel* reporters and deskmen to withhold the truth.

And, in addition, the Carolina student body would not have learned—at least not through the *Tar Heel*—that a well-known and highly respected student was dying in the Infirmary. As it was, photographers were forbidden to take pictures of Graham Memorial's main lounge when it was filled with beds and influenza patients, and no one knows yet that the campus suffered from an influenza epidemic.

These are only a few instances of the administration's attempted suppression of facts, which have piled up in recent years to the disgust of many *Tar Heel* staff members. The usual excuse for a request to hold back news is that the University will suffer from bad publicity. By what may be only coincidence, several student enterprises unfavorable to the administration have been stopped by appeals to the students' sense of loyalty to the University and its reputation.

During the flu epidemic, the campus was provided complete daily coverage of the Infirmary, South building, Graham Memorial, and Woollen gymnasium. This was done despite telephone calls from South Building on four different occasions, requesting the *Tar Heel* not to misrepresent the truth but to withhold it.

First mention of the epidemic was Tuesday, January 14, when a small, below-the-fold headline told that "Flue Epidemic Puts Seventy In Infirmary." The story quoted Dr. W. R. Berryhill, head physician at the University: "We have had a mild epidemic of respiratory infection with a fair amount of influenza since January 3, but this epidemic has not reached serious proportions." The following day 90 students were confined. By Thursday, January 16, Infirmary figures listed 130 students confined and 345 students treated and dismissed, but from that date throughout the epidemic—including announcement Tuesday, January 28, that Graham Memorial was to be cleared and reopened—

the campus' misery was called an "influenza wave" instead of an "influenza epidemic."

One exception was made in the *Tar Heel's* obedience to requests from South building. The third story on the epidemic, before listing the names of students in the Infirmary, commented jokingly: "The following 130 students have succumbed to TAR HEEL propaganda about an influenza epidemic." The writer of that piece doubtless had in mind a telephone call from South building. Fred Weaver called the night before, had the lead on the flu story read to him, and asked that the word "epidemic" be changed to "wave." Graciously, the *Tar Heel* consented.

Reason given for this request was that the epidemic was under control, and that careless news treatment would result in scaring the student body rather than informing it. There doubtless was the



Aftermath of "The Flu."

MUCK-RAKING

thought, too, that the student daily is circulated throughout the state in the homes of students, and that details of the epidemic would frighten friends of the University. The University News Bureau, which mails and wires news out of Chapel Hill in publicity form, kept quiet all news of the epidemic, also at the request of South building. There was no epidemic in Chapel Hill—only in the rest of the state.

Only two pictures, both snapshots, were taken of the main lounge of Graham Memorial after it was cleared of its furniture and filled with beds and influenza patients. They are in the scrapbook kept by Fish Worley, director of the student union, and were taken only after much persuasion with Fred Weaver, assistant dean of men students, who acted as minister of information for all news during the epidemic. The pictures, Worley promised, were to be kept in the scrapbook and not released to the public.

When attempting to complete his assignment, Staff Photographer Jack Mitchell also met Weaver at the door. Several telephone conversations followed between Weaver and Managing Editor Charles Barrett, in which Barrett was told that the *Tar Heel* couldn't have pictures of the lounge filled with beds. Mitchell went back anyway, because state papers would want those shots and because Barrett still wanted them. Weaver, having meant to bar photographers representing all papers, chased Mitchell away again.

Weaver's reasons were two-fold: that flash-bulbs and the atmosphere created by picture-taking would be harmful to many of the patients, and that such pictures would be poor publicity. While two-thirds of the patients in the lounge were recuperating, the others were quite ill, it was explained. If Photographer Mitchell posed the student nurses with the influenza patients, as he planned, the one-third who were really ill would be upset by the confusion.

Mitchell then asked for a picture of the student nurses, but this, too was refused, although the coeds were anxious to have their pictures taken in the white uniforms they wore while in service. More phone calls were made. After returning several times, Mitchell got the picture he wanted—or at least a picture of the student nurses without including the sick. A story under the headline, "Student Work In Infirmary Commended," appeared with the picture when it was printed. In commenting on the work of the student workers, Weaver praised the students who "volunteered for work as orderlies" and "showed unlimited enthusiasm in duties

which were tiring and monotonous." Both the picture and story gave the University favorable publicity for the fine manner in which the emergency was handled.

The University had already muffed a splendid opportunity to gain favorable publicity, when high schools and colleges in North and South Carolina—including Davidson, Clemson, Furman, Citadel, Wofford and Erskine—were closed while this school remained open. The success in providing for the large number of influenza patients showed efficiency on the part of the administration, and was highly commendable. The willingness of students to cooperate toward a common cause was admirable. News, feature stories and pictures could have told the state of the University's achievement. Yet, because of Mr. Weaver's suppression of the facts of the real situation, even the student body here was kept uninformed.

An Infirmary physician told members of Sound and Fury two nights before the death of Jack Page that the young musical genius had only a few hours to live before he would succumb to staphylococcus pneumonia, a rare disease from which few recover. That was Thursday night. Friday, students all over the campus showed interest by expressing wonder about his condition. Friday night the *Tar Heel* obtained a report from the Infirmary, that Page was still at the point of death. That information was given the student body on the front page of the Saturday issue, but only after Fred Weaver had telephoned to inquire about the nature of the story and offer his own suggestions.

Although Managing Editor Barrett was not available, Weaver was told by the Night News Editor that the entire campus wanted to know official reports—not just rumors—about Page's condition. Weaver asked that the story be toned down because the boy's parents were in Chapel Hill and there was no reason to excite them further, or to give the student body cause for worry about these serious germs. The story was used, so that Page's friends were informed of his condition. Thus, his death was not totally unexpected.

These incidents occurred during the flu epidemic, when friction was almost bound to result from opposing factors—the free press versus an information-bureau established for the purpose of interpreting what might and what might not be made public. Had Weaver not been a voluntary critic on many occasions in the past, his interference at that time would not have been so distasteful to the *Tar Heel*.

When he checks on the *Tar Heel*, Weaver may not be exercising his own will, but rather that of F. F. Bradshaw, dean of men students. Members of the *Tar Heel* believe it may often be he who sends Weaver around, because, having been out of college only four years, Weaver might have the influence of an equal rather than a superior.

Interference is objected to because the *Tar Heel* is headed by an editor, elected by the campus to determine the paper's policies, and a managing editor, named by the PU Board, whose job is to provide news coverage. These editors have in the past been found reliable. Whether or not they are reliable, however, according to the system of freedom of press under which we operate, they, as chosen representatives of the student body, should be the judges of what shall be printed.

An incident is brought to mind from last year, when, in order to rid the *Tar Heel* of undesirable columns, the administration abandoned its liberalism and open-mindedness. A gossip column, cleverly written but approaching the style of the *Buccaneer*, quoted an item from the Chapel Hill high school paper, intimating that the reputation of one of the high school girls was not what it should have been. After the item was quoted in the *Tar Heel*, the girl's mother became furious. Because the columnist was majoring in education and teaching at the local high school, the mother demanded that the columnist be deprived of his practice-teaching. She

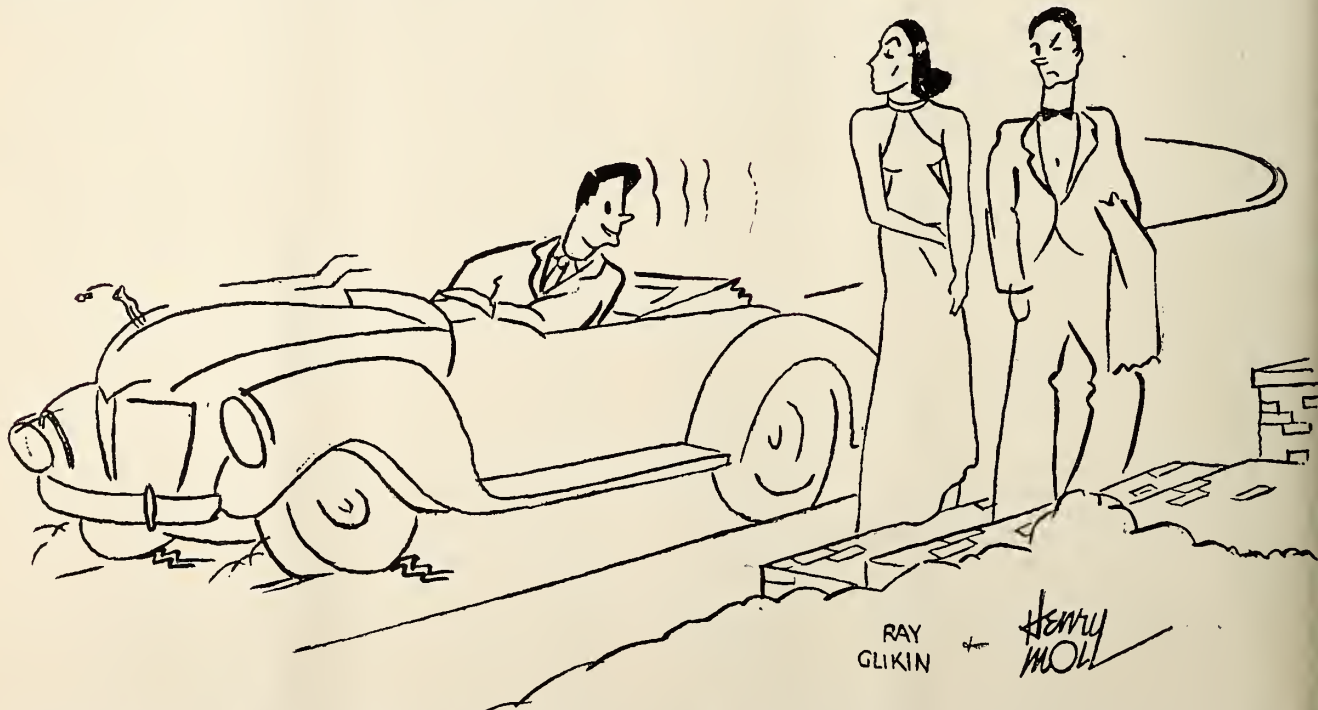
was successful in her demands, and the columnist-teacher, without a school in which to gain the practice-teaching necessary for a degree, looked forward to a miserable June week.

Appeals to the University administration brought about conferences with high school authorities and the girl's mother. A compromise was reached, but the columnist had to give up his column if he was to continue his practice-teaching. This he agreed to do, under the circumstances.

But by permitting this compromise, the administration rid the *Tar Heel* of one of its most popular features and at the same time solved one of its self-imposed biggest problems. Another column was started in its place, supplied with information from the same crowd that had put together the first, and this one drew renewed criticisms from South building, just as the first had done. The gossip column was finally abandoned.

Two years ago a young girl living on the airport road told her parents, doctors and police that she had been raped by a Negro. After an unsuccessful search by a student lynching party, a Negro was jailed in Durham. He denied guilt, but was held on suspicion. When the girl finally admitted her story was a lie, the administration influenced the University News Bureau, an organ of the University, to withhold the story from state papers, and the *Tar Heel* to let the story die.

(Continued on page twenty-seven)



"Pardon me, but you look just like Margarita Luisa Dolores Martinez Rexach y Amador Carlos de Rosales!"

The Old House on Pender Street

It was more than a matter of tearing down an old house and telling the people inside to find a new home.

IT WAS as if the Angel of Death had passed by during the night and left his calling card. A great black and yellow placard, flushing the corner, announced that the property had been sold, that the building would be razed soon after the first of April, and by late autumn a shining new, modern efficiency apartment house would stand on the site.

A gust of wind blew up from the river. The placard, a stranger newcomer, held firm to the clapboards, resisting frigidly. The beams and tiers of the huge structure, hewn by hand in one piece from the great oaks that covered the hillside a hundred and fifty years ago, flexed and stretched relaxedly in the grip of an old familiar.

At dawn, the prowling car passing, the police officer with the calves of his legs comfortable under the heater, read the sign with satisfaction. The landlady wouldn't be calling him in the middle of the night to silence the epileptic drunk in the filthy, cold room in the fourth floor rear. He wouldn't be called from his 2 A.M. coffee to stand in the cross fire between a red faced grocer who wanted to sleep, and knew the precinct captain, and the unanswerable taunts of the pagan hellions who joked and howled and played hot music till dawn. The red pin, marking "dangerous fire hazard" would come down from the map in the Commissioner's office. With the old house gone, the Pender street duty would become the sinecure of his dreams.

As the car moved around the corner a man stepped through the doorway to the street. His fists gripping the bottoms of his coat pockets. His face hidden between the brim of his hat pulled low, and his coat collar turned high. He caught sight of the sign as he crossed the street. His fists relaxed; his face smiled with relief into the wind. The hand in the window moved and the curtain fell. When the curtain fell, the little play was over. The room in the house on Pender Street, the green covered couch, the mouldy walls, the vicious, avid, little bitch Fanny whose lips had to be kissed to be kept silent, suddenly no longer existed. He was free.

But the calling card on the tray in the hall was not welcome to those who passed their days, as

well as their nights, among the musty shadows of the old building.

Barner, in the filthy, cold room in the fourth floor rear, his tongue swollen and dry against the roof of his mouth, counted ten pennies from the shelf and went down hill to the druggist's for his breakfast of soda pop and pegoric. Coming back up again he saw the black and yellow sign. The letters blurred and swam, darted and curved before his eyes, until he was directly beneath it. He rubbed the ears of the yellow faced gutterhound in his arms as he spelled the words out. Comprehending slowly the statement on the sign and its significance to him he accelerated his lame gait along the street and up the four flights of uneven stairs. Chucking his body, tense and nervous, through the door of the little room that had been his only shelter for twenty years, he fell on the mattress frothing and convulsing. The yellow pup whined, snarled and fought as Barner pressed it hard between his arms against his body, until its neck was broken, and it lay still.

Late in the afternoon Peter Smith returned from the machine shop and spoke to his wife of the sign on the house. The three babies, their soiled clothes, the overflowing rat traps, the sweeping of the hallways, and Mr. Smith's supper, kept her inside all day. She stood on the sidewalk in the cold wind for a moment, clenching the thin house dress about her bosom, and read the sign twice. With tears in her eyes she slapped her husband hard across the jaw, as she set his soup before him. Lifting the rent book from behind the clock, she tore it, page by page into strips and threw it into the stove.

Gartner, the poet who never wrote down a word, stretched out on the thin, lumpy hardness of his mattress. Loneliness, the creature he had wrestled and overcome in his youth, stretched out beside him again and sought to embrace him. But he resisted her arms. He was not alone; he was the twenty-seven souls who lived in the rambling old house with him. He was the millions all over the face of the earth who lie awake beneath their only hope of shelter, knowing that by morning it may be blown, washed or pulled away, leaving them naked to the grin of death. Loneliness must embrace them all, and death also.

He arose from his bed, looked out through the topmost window of the house, and incanted: We live by our hope for that which we do not know. We thrive on our illusion of tomorrow. But from the moment we are sentenced, we are already lost. The measured hours are as the years we are dead. It would be better to have cut us short in an instant, than to have said—In thirty days you are exiled, homeless.

In the North corner of the rambling wooden building, farthest from the black and yellow placard Saul the tailor lived and labored. His front room, opening onto the street, was his shop. A bell tinkled over the door as you entered, and the scorched odor of the steam presser flavored the air. In the rear room Saul cooked, slept, and mended.

It was forty years since Saul had come to America, opened this shop, and labored morning and evening over buttons, hems, and creases. The hours of his life passed away in a never altering tempo. What had been in his youth in Europe, no one rightly knew, for he never spoke of it. But to the little shop here had come no worries, no disasters, no defeats, nothing of love or romance, of birth or of death. Never had a kinsman entered his door. And in forty years the postman never had cause to ring. And there was no one who knew the family name of Saul the tailor.

He felt no need for books, newspapers or information. His accounting was a simple mental process, of which he remembered as much or as little as he chose. His speech was limited to the performance of his business. And his ears were at once opened and sealed to anyone who found satisfaction in addressing them.

Saul the tailor was purely a creature of function and utility. His desires were bound to that which he already possessed. The horizons of his vision were narrow about his head, for sewing and patching had drained his eye-sight. He existed as another beam, another hinge in the huge old house, unconscious of age or of destiny.

It was not for him that the poet in the eaves tortured.

Within a week the black and yellow placard had begun to sag and give before the wind, otherwise it would have been torn from its place and dashed to the pavement. With the passage of time the sign was all but forgotten by the inhabitants of the house, with the exception of Gartner. Conscious that the slow obliteration of the lettering was ominous of his own destiny, and that of his

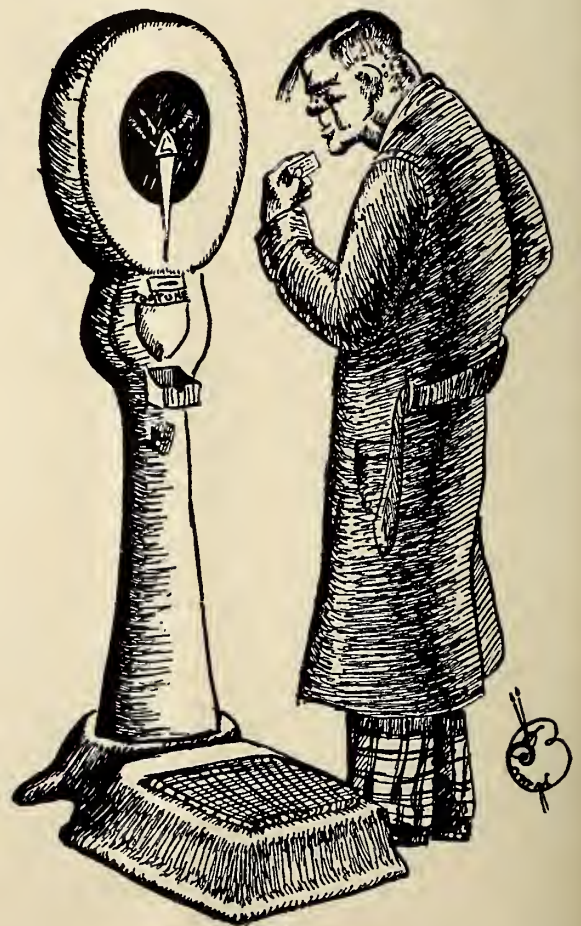
fellow men, he avidly drained from it the full measure of possible grief.

"Do you know what it means," he asked Saul, as he stood bare legged, shivering, while the old man pressed his pants.

"I got to move across the other side of Pender street, in a new store, that's all," said the tailor.

Slipping into his trousers again Gartner tried to contemplate what space, what room, what new life there was for the others.

At midnight Barner awoke from the deep sleep that followed his convulsions, and found the yellow pup dead in his arms. In the lower hall he emptied Mrs. Smith's bread box onto the floor, taking a stale roll for himself, and buried the dog in the box under the hill. For days no one saw him again. He tramped through the streets and into the suburbs, finally returning with a mud covered little poodle in his arms. In the second week



"208 lbs. You are misunderstood and sensitive. Often your innermost, delicate thoughts are ignored by those who do not know the real you."

a tall man in a neat brown suit and felt hat came and led Barner away to a narrow room and a clean bed, behind a stone wall on the outskirts of the city. Gruel and hot coffee replaced his soda pop and pegoric.

For three days Fanny lay on the green cot, waiting for the knock on the door to bring her to life again. On the fourth night she went to the window and lifted the curtain. The light of the stars finding its way through to the hollow between her breasts. A passing figure in the street below, stopped and lifted his arm.

"Hello," he said as he opened the door, "I thought it was Gartner signalling me."

"Gartner," she asked, "who is Gartner, I have never heard of her."

"Not a her, it's a he. Used to live here, before I moved away. Wanted to see how he was getting on with his book. But never mind. He's probably moved on too. Let's you and I go out and have supper."

The next morning Fanny awoke on a pink covered bed, in a wide warm room. There was a smile on the face of the sleeping man beside her, that she watched long with curiosity and satisfaction when it did not become a frown.

Mrs. Smith took down the calendar from the wall and counted the days over and over again. Her time was much too long again. She slapped his face when Peter returned from the machine shop for supper. But he only grinned and said there was a new company house up in the mill village for them. She picked up the calendar again and counted the months.

Early on the morning of the first of April trucks filled with men drew up in front of the old house.

The work of dismanteling was begun. The ancient and decomposed was giving way to the sturdy utility of the new. Layer after layer of plaster was dug from the walls of the narrow rooms. The glass, the window sills, the doors and the railings were loaded and carted away. Foot by foot the planking was torn out, and the chimneys blasted, until only a skeleton of beams and tiers remained to filter the light.

Mulligan stopped his car in front of the new tailor shop across Pender Street and asked Saul to re-sew a button on his blue officer's coat.

Saul shrugged his shoulders when asked where all the people had gone to, who had lived there. "Like me, they have moved," he said. "When you have to move on, there is always a place to go."

Mulligan crossed the street and began to climb through the skeleton structure. In the room where the Smith's had lived he kicked a baby rattle across the floor and listened to it drop off to the ground. He walked the stairs to the room where the pagan hellions had played and drunk all night. On the fourth floor rear he paused and looked in to the room where Barner had lived, quizzical of what destiny had taken the broken, degenerate old man into account.

He paused a moment on the top landing. All the rooms in the house were clear, and it was just as well to assume that the crazy fellow in the garret was gone also. He turned and went down again.

Two days later the foreman of construction called Mulligan back again to dispose of the last tenant. As they cut down the body of Gartner from the water pipe, a gust of wind carried a scrap of paper—his last and only written poem—down across the street and into the city.

THE SECRET PASS

There's a secret Pass,
That each professor knows,
Who has to teach a class,
Daily, there he goes,
Towards a little lake,
Where the wild birds sing,
There—without qualm or quake,
He drops his students in.



There's a secret pass,
That each student knows,
Who has to sit in class,
Daily there he goes,
Towards a little lake,
Where the wild birds sing,
There—without qualm or quake,
He drops—professors in.

—GERRY WATSON.

Our New Minority Digs In

The campus isolationists are mixed and disunited, and a mutual opposition to war may not be enough to consolidate them.

WHEN the German war machine poured into France last spring, big men and little men of the United States (long lulled by isolation's sweet music) scrambled out of an old complaisance and re-visualized their position on a shrinking world. Disturbing thoughts of new insecurity came out of that confusion. Suddenly a nation found itself involved in a thoroughgoing shakeup of public opinion. In spring 1940, as in other great moments of history, the backwash of an important event pounded mightily against the shores of all the world and set into motion vibrant new energies.

Deep in the fibre of this nation old lines of demarcation faded and masses of opinion swung into fresh orbits. The new vision slashed across old formations and moulded new boundaries. When the clouded water cleared, America saw the new division. The cartoonist sketched it as a huge chasm, on one side *intervention* and on the other *isolation*. That did not tell the whole story. There were other chasms too, smaller but growing in significance as the European drama swirled toward a climax.

Specifically, in the changing conglomerations a complaisant isolationist majority was drastically reduced to a very-much-concerned minority. The new group fought tooth and nail against conscription. At present it offers all-out aid to the opposers of the President's lend-lease bill. To the new majority its members are "appeasers." To themselves they are "non-interventionists" opposing administration policy because it strikes them as pushing this nation straight into another foreign war. The new minority sees a blackout of democracy beyond all the warlike preparations, beyond all the convictions to save Britain at any cost. What is this new minority? Where did it spring from? What are its motives?

On close examination it is discovered that all pacifists, like all Chinamen, don't look alike. Many of them very definitely don't think alike beyond a common desire to stay out of war. They make up a strange group hailing from many levels of opinion, preaching a common doctrine in a variety of ways, and feeling rather out of place when they glance around at their diversified assortment of brethren. For instance, the editor of the pompous

old Saturday Evening Post must shudder with disgust when he contemplates his journal's new-found unity with the Daily Worker. The *Daily Tar Heel* editor squirms uncomfortably when he finds his editorial columns echoing the substance of many a sensational ASU circular. The new war has created strange associations, many of them unwelcomed. It would be a marvelous feat of cooperation if all the varying pacifist groups somehow managed to inhabit the same stamping ground without getting in each other's way.

In Chapel Hill, as in the nation, friction has already developed between campus leftists and religious pacifists. In all the new minority these two groups are, perhaps, the most clearly defined. Both must indeed wonder how they ever managed to turn up sleeping in the same bed.

Traditional campus watchdog, the American Student Union is the spearhead of local left-wing non-interventionists. Most ASU'ers have been plugging along with methodical regularity at their campaign to keep America out of another "imperialistic" war. Left-wingers base their argument on no ethical grounds. They are against war, rather, because it would seem to help create the wrong kind of political order, and only under the freedom of democracy can they bring about desirable change.

This war may bring an extension of capitalistic imperialism. It may also spread a more horrible fascism. Neither is desired by pinkish reformers and Russian party-liners (who inevitably show up in such organizations as the ASU and the American Youth Congress). Their non-interventionism is strictly a "this war" affair. Apparently, there is no intensive feeling against war in general so long as it is the right kind of war (the Russian-Finnish engagement, for instance). Their background is clearly the old Russian party-line. Their motives are mostly economic and political. Their method is action and plenty of it. Their favorite national organization is the American Peace Mobilization, which has a branch in Chapel Hill. It concerns itself for the most part with petitions, letters to congressmen and demonstrations in Washington. Left-wingers are generally experienced in the ways of martyrdom and emotional exhibitionism. Local

disciples are no exception. Chapel Hill's peace rally last spring proved that.

The Berlin-Moscow treaty in August 1939 knocked the bottom out of the membership of American communistically-tinged groups. Hitler's success last spring changed other minds. It was reflected in Chapel Hill when Lee Wiggins resigned from the ASU national student chairmanship on grounds that Britain no longer fought an imperialistic war.

The leftist faction is small but shouts loudly. Here is a typical statement: "I am opposed to the lend-lease bill because it will convert this country into an arsenal in pursuance of a policy which would catapult the American people into a war which is not a war for democracy but a war between two gangs of imperialistic bandits, one gang who stole yesterday and one gang who is trying to steal today."

Thoroughly as dead-set against war but for different reasons, the conscientious objector is a staunch defender of his faith, a man whose religion has taught him the way of non-violent resistance. Ethical considerations are primary here. Pacifism is a way of existence. It is a law of the good life and the anti-war spirit pervades all things. It is a part of the seeking after perfection. Before the pacifist would kill, he would prefer to be killed. With such a philosophy human law is secondary.

Conscientious objectors are organized in the Fellowship of Reconciliation, international group formed in England before the first World War. Its creed says: "My country is the world; my countrymen, all mankind. War ways have failed—why not try the peace way of organized, determined goodwill?" The FOR has a branch in Chapel Hill too. Its work is done quietly. It seeks principally to strengthen the members of its own circle rather than to convert others. Last summer along with Quakers and Mennonites the FOR helped get the conscientious objector clause incorporated in the national conscription bill. Various groups are working now to help set up conscientious objector camps over the country as sanctioned by congress. Harbored in such camps during war time, objectors would do forestry and conservation work.

Even bound by a strong common desire for peace, two groups so fundamentally different in background and motive as these stand on opposite sides of a chasm in the minority camp. Some time ago campus left-wingers made a move to consolidate

forces with the FOR. Straightway they were informed that although both were working for peace, it would be impossible to collaborate. Two faculty members engaged in heated argument on the issue. Such an incident points out the tremendous differences incorporated in the various factions of the new minority. The chasm is broad.

Part and parcel of neither left-wingers or conscientious objectors, other factions, unorganized in Chapel Hill, contribute further cross-purposes. Foremost on the national scene are the America First and the No Foreign Wars groups. Both shape up as confusing conglomerations of conservative nationalists sprinkled with liberals and plain old-fashioned isolationists. Prominent spokesman of one faction, though it admits no connection, is the Saturday Evening Post. Its prosperous pages, splashed with fat advertising of American business, constantly admonish readers to beware of Roosevelt II and too much aid to Britain. Most America First members are interested in maintaining the status quo. Many had a violent dislike for Mr. Roosevelt long before he introduced his dynamic foreign policy. None enjoy being associated with their leftist bedfellows.

The United States is a breeding ground for the individualist. He exists everywhere in the new minority. For instance, Professor Phillips Russell describes himself as an "economic and social Democrat." He fears the development of militarism on a large scale in the United States and does not consider it wise to interfere in Europe again. He believes Hitler is doing what must be done in Europe—bringing consolidation, but that because his system is based on tyranny, it will not endure. "It is a question of extending democracy through peace or retreating from democracy through a foreign war," Professor Russell maintains.

Professor Howard K. Beale of the history department expressed the judgment of the average liberal pacifist in a recent debate with Sherwood Eddy in Raleigh. His arguments were along these lines: (1) an English victory is not synonymous with the preservation of democracy; (2) this country's right to trade and keep its position is not tied up with the success of the British empire; (3) England's defeat does not mean an attack on us by Hitler and if it did, we could adequately defend ourselves; (4) a just and honorable peace will not come with a British-United States victory; (5) the cause of world democracy will not be

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CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

served or advanced by our helping Britain and we cannot give aid short of war without going to war; (6) the majority of Americans do not know the real danger of war at this time.

According to Dr. Beale, by stopping aid to Britain and staying out of war, the United States would (1) preserve its ability to bring about a negotiated peace; (2) be in a position to arrange a fair and just settlement for Europe; (3) save our democratic capitalistic system and world democracy; (4) have an opportunity to make democracy work.

Arguments of this nature parallel to some degree those of national figures like Senator Wheeler, Col. Lindbergh, President Hutchins of Chicago, and Former Ambassador Kennedy. All have criticized administrative policy in varying degrees.

The new minority is better organized today than it was in 1914. It has seen Americans sumptuously fed for almost a quarter-century on the "burned fingers" philosophy. It hopes that the people will not find it easy to dump overboard all the old ideas if war threatens again.

The new minority is larger and more influential than before. It finds that more supporters have created greater conflicting opinion. It finds, too, that although Hitler cut a chasm wide and deep last spring, he also cut against the grain. Many passengers riding on the peace express dislike association with their fellow travelers almost as much as they hate war. In fact, a few of the more cautious birds may decide to go flapping back to the old majority roost after Hitler unveils his first 1941 performance in Europe this spring.

THE NEW PAN AMERICA

(Continued from page ten)

tation the disappearance of such basic liberties as freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, freedom of speech and ultimately religious freedom.

If there is one mission that the Americas are called upon to perform, it is to preserve and maintain high and unassailable those principles of individual liberty inherited from the founders of our Republics. Unless we can do this the New World has lost its real meaning. We must not, we cannot, and I feel certain we will not, be recreant to the high mission entrusted to us. As President Roosevelt has well said, "We have a rendezvous with destiny." It is to this rendezvous that the American Republics have come.

A POST-MORTEM ON SUPPRESSION

(Continued from page twenty)

In addition to being open to influence from South building on matters that might be harmful to the University's reputation, the *Tar Heel* has been criticized for its muck-raking attempts because "the legislature is in session." A big question immediately presents itself: just how much influence should the state legislature have upon the thoughts and acts of Carolina students individually and collectively?

The standards of Carolina liberalism, I believe, give us the right to question the wiseness of any theories, acts or order, just as the sociologist studies modern penal codes. As long as the University pretends to be liberal, we should have freedom of action. We should not be asked to bow down to the legislators in Raleigh in the fear that our appropriations will be lowered below the figure asked for. If the legislature should stoop to spite the students who expressed opposition, it would be sponsoring narrow-mindedness directly opposed to the liberal thought it is supposedly fostering.

This conception has been disregarded, though. When the *Tar Heel* scooped state papers by charging politics in connection with the fifth-grade history book written by Drs. Hugh Lefler and A. R. Newsome, it provided a clear-cut evidence of corruption in North Carolina politics. Although the people of the state had long waited for evidence to confirm their own beliefs, when this attack came the *Tar Heel* was bitterly criticized by some students because of the assault on the "hand that feeds us."

It was an inopportune moment, our students said, for such an attack—just while the legislature was organizing. I say it was a good time—immediately following that first-day session in which the politicians raised salaries of constitutional officers who were inaugurated the next day. It might better have come before the legislators went up for re-election, but would probably have had little effect at that time after all, because an incumbent Democrat usually has a life tenure of office if he so wishes.

Our coed cheerleaders and drum majorette were criticized here in Chapel Hill and out in the state. And although our student body wanted coed cheerleaders, they were taken away for one weekend and almost taken permanently—because of the demands of selfish conservatives.

By the influence they have exacted on Bradshaw

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and Weaver and indirectly on publications at the University, the people here in Chapel Hill and in the state have tended to limit the freedom of the press. Thus, their work has resulted in a gradual degradation of traditions of freedom of thought and action, which have been so much a part of our lives here at Carolina.

We may disagree with the methods of suppression used by both Bradshaw and Weaver, but at the same time should realize their position—under the influence of the people of the state. According to the requirements of their positions—to interpret the demands and unexpressed wishes of the Commonwealth of North Carolina—they do their jobs well. Their misfortune is that they have the difficult task of compromising student action with the conservatism of the taxpayers.

The real trouble lies in the state. If the people are to sponsor the liberalism they pretend to favor, they must be enlightened and shown that truth cannot be withheld. Real progress includes knowledge of everything, but North Carolina's pseudo-liberals are denying themselves the opportunity of real advancement.

Candid of a Contributor

EDITOR IN POLITICS. By Josephus Daniels. Illustrated. 644 pages. The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill. \$3.50.

Populism and Fusionism, Black Republicanism and White Supremacy, the Tobacco Trust and the University of North Carolina—the issues our grand-daddies sweated and fought over come alive in Editor Daniels' second volume of memoirs. The Tar Heel Editor gives a scrap-by-scrap account of the story of

MONTGOMERY'S Florist

"Flowers to Fit the Student Purse"

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Durham, N. C.

North Carolina's period of re-building pains, during the bitter years just before and just after the turn of the century, when Bishop Kilgo and the Dukes and the railroads were fighting it out with the News and Observer and the University and the "liberal Democrats."

North Carolina's part in the nationwide struggle against the "corporate monsters" and their post-Civil War rise to power, was tied up heart and soul with the struggle of "militant Democracy" against the "carpet-bagging politicians" of the Republican party, and Josephus Daniels and his comrades in politics hewed to the party line in their tilts with the "Tobacco Trust" and the "Railroad Interests"—epithets of the times. Politics in North Carolina during the twenty years from 1890 to 1910 was a matter of faith and fury, and the men who played the game were stern as the old-time prophets in their belief in the principles of North State Democracy. They were playing for keeps.

The book is therefore not the story of a man, but of men, who knew no compromise with adversaries they believed to be corrupt and grafting, and who were out to restore North Carolina to the Democratic party in the abiding belief that in the principles of that party alone lay the instrumentalities of free and decent government. Word-mincing was certainly not the order of the day. The News and Observer, from whose columns much of the story naturally comes, was the leader of the progressive element in the state, and it had its share of the campaigns of denunciation and name-calling. Politics was personal, and the way personalities were smeared by both sides was an exercise in abandon which by comparison makes modern political disagreements seem like tea-party affairs.

When the Democrats re-took the state capitol, the hybrid mixture of Republican opportunism and misguided Populist idealism—Fusionism—departed forever from the stage of North Carolina politics. As the Fusionists retired from the scene, from the viewpoint of Daniels and the other "enlightened partisans" of the Democratic party, reform and progressivism characterized the state government. During the succeeding years the battleground shifted from around the railroads and tobacco interests to prohibition and "scriptural divorce laws." Josephus Daniels was "agin the corporations" and for the reforms of the day. His zeal in actual political strife as well as in the columns of his crusading newspaper caused his hanging in effigy and citation for contempt of court. During the administration of Governor Aycock "a school-house was built for every day in the year," and the forty-year entrenchment of the Democratic party was well under way. White Supremacy had come to stay in North Carolina. "These things I saw, and part of them I was," writes editor Daniels, and his book is the diary of his part in the building of a new North Carolina.

The inflexible moral toughness and the genteel chivalry of the liveliest era in the state's history are unfolded on every page of this book, by one who helped mold the spirit of his times, and in a style that is not "literary," but is simple and honest and heart-warming. The Tar Heel Editor writes as he did through all the years on his newspaper, and his memoirs are a tale of the virile events of the times.

—BILL COCHRANE

IT'S NOT ALL RUM AND ROMANCE

(Continued from page eight)

Panama to alleviate critical condition. One resultant resolution set up a commission to determine how best to combat the economic difficulties rising from the war. Another prohibited belligerent activities in the inter-American maritime zone.

A Roosevelt-Cartel plan, by which the United States would buy up and control Latin American surpluses, was proposed shortly afterwards but discarded because at best it would counteract totalitarian trade tactics only temporarily.

Instead, the RFC's Jesse Jones increased the Export-Import Banks.

Instead, loan facilities of the Export-Import Bank were increased 500 millions.

Another emergency conference was called last July in Havana. Despite the usual petty bickering and opposition from Argentina, popular Cordell Hull realized all four of his major objectives.

One convention provided for a commission to safeguard European colonies in the western hemisphere and allowed emergency protective action by any American nation. This meant that the United States was free to act in all immediate crises.

Another, by limiting foreign diplomatic staffs, was directed against dangerous fifth column activities.

To coordinate and strengthen hemisphere defense, measures were passed requesting bigger loans from the Export-Import Bank and permitting the United States to render direct military aid.

Seeds for a trade cartel and a common customs union and currency were planted as other conventions authorized a strengthened and expanded Inter-American Financial and Economic Commission.

With the United States in the front seat, Latin American nations had at last begun to realize the pressing need for unity in the hemisphere. The overwhelming contrast between the result of the Panama and Havana conferences and those of the comparatively inane conclaves before the war showed how great a unifying influence the war was exerting. And during the six months since Havana, there have been even more manifestations of a realistic good neighbor policy.

Things have also picked up on the economic front. Brazil has borrowed \$20 million to set up a new steel industry for tapping some of the richest ore deposits in the world. Rubber-growing experiments are being conducted in Brazil and Honduras.

The new inter-American Development Commission has been encouraging the manufacture of non-competitive products in Latin America.

First steps toward an effective quota system for Latin American surpluses were taken on November 28 as fourteen southern countries agreed with the United States on their exports of coffee to this nation. Representative experts met in November to call for the creation of a permanent commission to promote shipping and trade facilities in Pan America.

Southern countries — particularly Ecuador and Uruguay—have been investigating Nazi activities.

Nelson Rockefeller has been appointed to coordinate the deficient commercial and cultural ties between the United States and Latin America, but he has far too big a job for one man.

Camacho's inauguration on December 3 and his recognition by the United States has helped to hush the dispute over the Mexican presidential election.

But everything has not been smooth sailing. Rebellious against an adverse balance of trade with the United States, Argentina recently blocked the bulk of her imports from this country by temporarily suspending dollar exchange. The Export-Import Bank, however, has stepped in with a \$60 million

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loan which should temporarily patch the spat. By discriminating against Mexican oil, the Navy Department has recently joined Standard Oil in pushing Mexico to make a favorable settlement on the American firm's expropriated oil property.

The second world war, then, has given the good neighbor policy a chance to show its real values, but at the same time has intensified old problems and raised many new ones.

Although the policy has somewhat alleviated critical economic conditions, Latin America still flounders with extremely insufficient purchasing power. Export-Import loans are at best only a temporary solution. Before the hemisphere can feel itself safe from economic domination by the winner of the war, the policy must conceive and realize measures which should prove foolproof in the long run. Since free trade is showing itself inadequate, the United States must take the lead to develop controlled, but fair, trade. At the same time, this nation, since it can never hope to absorb all of Latin America's surpluses, must help the southern countries to balance their internal economies by the production of new non-competitive goods. The United States must also begin to purchase all—not part—of its cacao, wool, hides, rubber and similar products from Latin America.

— Good Bye —

South Americans

We hope that you
have enjoyed your
stay as much as we
have enjoyed having
you.

**The
Bank of Chapel Hill**

MEMBER F. D. I. C

At home, the policy must erase such points of friction as Standard Oil's pressure on Mexico and the discrimination against Argentine beef being maintained by American meat producers.

An impregnable continental defense is still only on paper because the United States still has far to go to prepare herself alone. Meanwhile, all possible aid should go to Latin America as well as Britain. Fifth column activities by the totalitarian powers—especially Germany and Fascist Spain—must be stamped out.

The good neighbor policy has yet to cement a real bond between all the peoples in the hemisphere. It cannot hope within a hundred years for a complete merging of social and political philosophies. But it can bring to all American peoples a truer picture of their neighbors by increasing cultural exchanges and bettering communications.

Finally, the United States must watch its step unless the good neighbor policy becomes another Monroe Doctrine, a one-sided concept upheld only by herself. Although this nation naturally leads the way because of her superior power and influence, hemisphere solidarity is a mutual business and the good neighbor policy belongs to all twenty-one nations.

Acquisition of the Conga rhythm, southern hospitality for the summer school and an abstract idea of the importance of continental solidarity don't make the good neighbor policy a reality. All three are only microscopic parts of a mass movement upon whose success our way of life may depend.

We've just begun to be good neighbors.

Letter from Chicago

(Continued from page fifteen)

and now we have another campus newspaper, the *Daily Chicagoan*. Personally, I would take the *Tar Heel* in preference to either or both of them. The *Maroon* is a little better written; its editorials are a little more mature; but in coverage, in format, in journalism and in spirit the *Tar Heel* is greatly superior.

One interesting institution here is "International House." It is like a big hotel, and is designed for foreign students and those who are especially interested in foreign affairs or languages and who would like to live there. It seems to be a place where all the quacks, phonies, Bohemians, esthetes, and esoterics hang out, as well as a lot of excellent for-

eign and native students. The sight of this motley crew, some of the boys wearing berets and Russian fur hats, the girls with baggy silk slacks, oriental dresses under American coats, smocks, and strange hair apparels—that is something in which Chapel Hill cannot equal Chicago, thank God. I don't mind peculiarities. But I feel like Dizzy Dean—if a man has a lot on the ball, you can forgive him a lot; but if he's a fake, you can't stand these phony idiocentricities. But even though most of them are fakes, people here seem to get used to having them around, and finally don't notice them. It reminds me of George Orwell's description of Paris in the late twenties: "The populace had grown so hardened to artists that gruff-voiced Lesbians in corduroy breeches and young men in Grecian or medieval costume could walk the streets without attracting a glance . . ." Not that any of these students are perverted (how should I know?).

So much for the school. As for the city, I hadn't been here a day when I decided that the city has no place in a reasonable civilization, a conviction which I am glad to see is shared by many of the engineers and scientists who look to the future of city planning. When I arrived here in the middle of the morning, December 31, rain and snow made the city as dark as twilight; the famous wind of the

"windy city" drove through my light coat like muslin; I had come on a furious train from the South to the City to make my way; with giant buildings overhanging those few small people who struggled against the rage of cold and flying sleet, the city and its inhabitants acquired a demoniac quality; their conflict seemed endless and epic, and somehow super-real, as if they were torn by forces larger than themselves. Then in a week, fickle as Chapel Hill weather, the sun came out and were it not for the fresh breeze from the Lake, it would have been a summer day; everywhere people walked along without coats, window-shopping, strolling along Michigan Drive or in the parks, flamboyant with the approach of spring; but I looked at their faces, and thus into their vitals, and I knew that my first impression was true, that this was false, that these had indeed been made into monsters, that it was wind, snow, and fury in their hearts.

EYES TO THE SOUTH

(Continued from page nine)

obligation to those who look out of darkened windows.

One hundred and fourteen years ago Simón

HITS THE SPOT

PEPSI-COLA

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y.

AMERICA'S BIGGEST NICKEL'S WORTH

PEPSI-COLA

A SPARKLING BEVERAGE

REFRESHING - SATISFYING

12 BOTTLES

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Bolívar summoned delegates to meet at Panama for a Congress made up of all the American Republics. He declared that the future of this continent was wrapped up in the slogan "Unity, Unity, Unity." In his great dream, Bolívar was more than a century ahead of his time. His ideal was that all the Republics of America should form a common front against imperialism, the fruitful mother of most wars. His project of a permanent confederation was based upon the maxim, "Democracy is the ideal." Bolívar was not permitted to see the full fruition of his vast dream, but we

living today can do much to bring about its realization. We are moving toward the goal of American Republics animated by the common resolve to uphold the ideals that caused their first European settlers long ago to throw off Old World dominion. If there be such a thing as manifest destiny, it is that the present world conditions demand the cementing of all American strength—from the Great Lakes to Tierra del Fuego—to preserve American freedom.

THE BROTHERS

(Continued from page thirteen)

Wishing to Our Fellow Americans—

**MANY
HAPPY
RETURNS**
Carolina Pharmacy
"THE REXALL STORE"

Good Luck

South Americans

we have enjoyed
having you with us!

Foister Photo Co.

A complete line of
cameras & supplies

•
Quality Photo Finishing

deep. Just a little blood. The sky looks good. Fertile, remember?

"Bill . . . Bill?" He heard Joe calling. "Bill!" And then he heard Joe coming. Joe jumped down in the gully.

"Bill, are you hurt?"

"Naw, Joe."

"God, I saw you fall and I thought I'd killed you."

"Naw. I just wanted to get down in this gully as quick as I could. My neck got pelted a little, but they didn't go deep."

"Let me see. . . No, it isn't bad. God, I thought I'd killed you. I'm sorry, Bill. . . I was too close."

"That's all right, Joe." And he looked at Joe, and said, "It's a good thing you saw me first." They both smiled kind of tight-like. They climbed out of the gully and headed for the car. They walked along silently, still smiling tight-like.

"Where's Chip?" asked Bill.

"I put him in the car."

"Good. I was wondering where he was."

"Yeah, I put him in the car a good while ago, so he wouldn't get hurt."

Bill couldn't think of anything to say. He just kept smiling. And the smile felt funny. He felt like he had so much to say. They came to the car, opened the door and put the guns in. Chip was glad to see them. And then Bill got in. Joe went around to the other side and got in. Joe started the motor. Bill was looking out at the sky.

Joe said, "Here's something for you." And he flipped Bill's tobacco pouch over in his lap. Bill looked up to say thanks. And then somehow their eyes met. They were smiling. And then they were laughing loud. Then laughing *deep* together.

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The six-bottle carton

"Let's get
a
Coca-Cola"



DRINK *Coca-Cola*

YOUR

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● In selecting and preparing your food, we are constantly guided by its contribution to your health. We believe good food is just as important as proper sleep, exercise, and other factors entering into good health.

GOOD FOOD IS GOOD HEALTH

THE

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Right here is the cigarette with high score
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Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette
tobaccos is winning more and more smokers like yourself.
Try them . . . you can't buy a better cigarette

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CAROLINA MAG

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PUS—

LITICAL ROUNDUP

OMEN IN POLITICS

VE MORRISON

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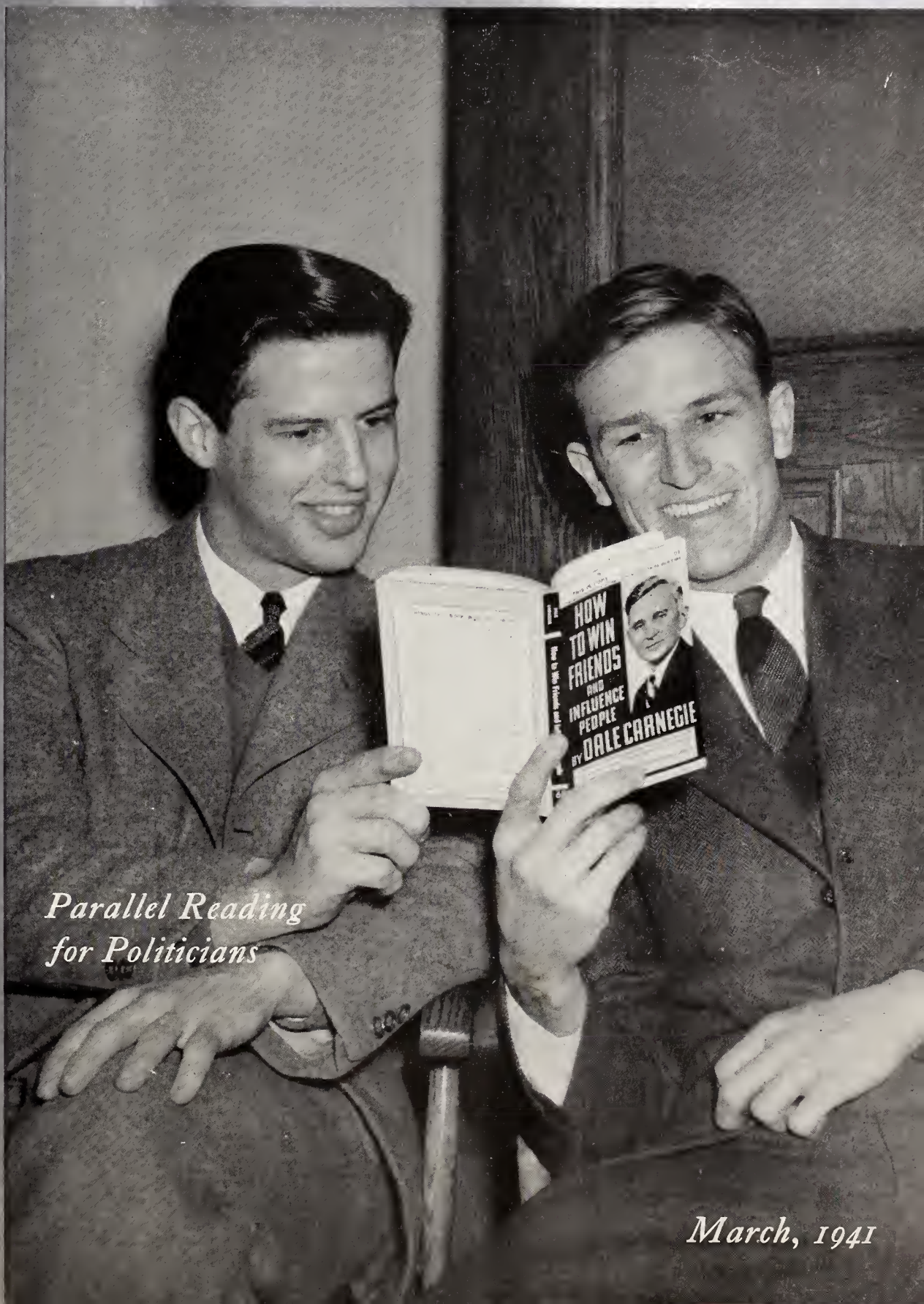
TE—

C. WARREN'S HIS-
RY—A TRAGEDY
ERRORS

FICTION

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*Parallel Reading
for Politicians*



March, 1941

IN A CIGARETTE



THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU
EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND —

28%

LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other of the
largest-selling cigarettes tested—less
than any of them—according to indepen-
dent scientific tests of the smoke itself



By burning 25%
slower

than the average of the 4
other largest-selling brands
tested—slower than any of
them—Camels also give you
a smoking *plus* equal, on
the average, to

5 extra smokes per pack!



WHEN you get right down to it, a
cigarette is only as flavorful—only
as cool—only as mild—as it smokes. The
smoke's the thing!

Obvious—yes, but important—all-
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the smoke of your cigarette depends so
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Science has pointed out that Camels
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That means a smoke with more mildness,
more coolness, and more flavor.

Now—Science confirms another im-
portant advantage of slower burning...
of Camels.

Less nicotine—in the smoke! Less than
any of the 4 other largest-selling brands
tested—28% less than the average!

Light up a Camel... a s-l-o-w-burning
Camel... and smoke out the facts for
yourself. The smoke's the thing!

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Experts, chemists analyze the smoke of 5 of the
largest-selling brands... find that the smoke of
slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine
than any of the other brands tested.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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CIGARETTE —**

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

Established 1844

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(COVER PHOTO OF FEREBEE TAYLOR AND TRUMAN HOBBS BY HUGH MORTON)

VOLUME LXX

MARCH, 1941

NUMBER 6

The Moving Finger



spring song

WE HAVE always hid within ourselves a distilled dash of poetry that effervesces in the spring. Walking along the new campus bloom a few days ago, we were trying to remember what the nineteenth century lads like Shelley, Keats and Byron had to say about this gracious season. Working ourselves into a real *ottava rima* state, we suddenly espied a piece of paper. Right there in the romantic chastity of Carolina in March we saw an orange piece of paper that gave us five reasons why we should vote for a candidate in the coming campus elections. Forgetting about the weather for a moment, we carefully read the chap's qualifications. They were certainly impressive. We were rather proud to be a part of a university which breeds such grand specimens who may actually list their assets, 1-2-3-4-5. It struck us that we are fostering an almost poetical tradition with our annual spring elections. Is it not natural that we, when the very land beneath us is finding a new life, should unveil a new battalion of leaders—all of them with five qualifica-

tions? Is it not poetic justice that reward for value should bloom with the japonica? Is it not proper that our nominations and elections, so notoriously honest, should be perfumed by the equally honest fragrance of a little bud in a crannied wall? Proud of our period, we thought about poor John Keats who, certain that beauty is truth, finally had to go and close himself up in a stuffy Grecian Urn. If Keats were alive today he would behold, in the nice language of E. C. Smith, a Double Feature. For with the spring he would have his Beauty. And with the spring elections he would have, naturally, his Truth. But Keats is gone and it is up to us to humbly note the progress that mankind has made since the boys in the nineteenth century thought that a fresh flower was the only blessing of blessed April.

ostrich omnibus

THERE ARE certain individuals who have been criticizing our February "South America" issue. They say, those folks who must be masters at public relations and international wiz-

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ardry, that we were "imbecilic" in hinting that the Pan American situation was not quite ideal. And these splendid and sanctimonious hosts were especially offended because we dared to be a little honest with our South American student-guests. It struck us that such intelligent gentlemen might have been right. And we wondered what would have happened if we had invited them to help us through our February doldrums. We bet that all of us together would have even put *The Saturday Evening Post* to shame. We can see the issue now. There would have been lots of pictures, just like a Rotary Club ad, of happy smiling Americans all



set to buy a vacuum cleaner. And color photos of our wonderful rolling lands—just enough out of focus to hide the erosion. And even more genial articles on the future of the Americas. And polite blurbs from the few Latins themselves—conveniently translated by some member of the Spanish department. And, in four different inks, a list of prices and sailings as specially arranged by the Grace Lines. It would have been a lovely edition and we probably could have sold a lot of copies to the National Association of Manufacturers and other such enterprising American organizations. We could have drawn an exquisite picture of our democracy that might have won the *Harpers Magazine* award for creative fiction. Or, most original stroke of all, we could have made out our southern guests to be little brown democrats themselves. It would have been most impressive. And if we only could have put blindfolds over the South Americans' eyes and destroyed their power of memory and erected an immense wall around Chapel Hill, we would have made a splendid contribution to international understanding. So stunning a spectacle of what might have been makes us really and truly regretful that we acted on the principle that honest understanding—for all parties concerned—must come before any sort of progress.

synthetic torch

FOR SEVERAL years we have wanted to take a crack at comprehensive examinations. Now, having luckily passed our own, we can wallow delightfully in the mud. Comprehensives, in case you haven't reached the state of universal wisdom that comes *ipso facto* with being a senior, are a sweet little game that the faculty plays with itself each year. A little group of academicians seek seclusion, seduce the muse, and make out a long list of questions. They have been making out questions for years, these gentlemen, and they know just exactly what students should know. Impressed by Oxford and true to Harvard (whether they went there or not) they emerge each year with a veritable stinkeroo. The boys and girls look at them, get sick to their stomachs, giggle and wonder where they were during the last four years when the various questions were discussed. (We hesitate to use the word taught.) When a few gentles complain that they are being examined and subsequently failed on matters that some inefficient professors forgot to cover they are met with hurt scholarly looks. The little men have only one course of action. Tradition, that wonderful word that covers a multitude of



sins, has clearly set the path. They will find their little corner and prepare another examination. They will give each student a synonym and be decently impartial. They will read the papers and shake their heads and worry about the younger generation. They are very obliging gentlemen from the good old school who will do just about anything except teach their classes the subjects which they blandly demand on comprehensive day. And they are so used to carrying an antique Torch that they have not even noticed that the light has long since burned out for lack of fuel.

footprints in the wilderness

WITH THIS ISSUE, the competition for the Thomas Wolfe Memorial Award is ended. Next month, with the help of Dr. Harry Russell and Walter Spearman, we will announce some sort of a winner. For a long time we have been discouraged about collegiate writing. It seemed to us, a year ago when this office in Graham Memorial was a shining new palace, that college boys and girls could be really honest and effective writers. In the months that followed, in the long midnight sieges of rewriting before deadlines, in the fiction that had sincerity as an only virtue, we wondered about the promise that seemed so pregnant last spring. When we were allowed to make a writing award in the name of this magazine's most illustrious contributor we were a little ashamed of any puerile student piece that would rank its writer's name with his. For, though we've belted his romanticism and flayed his philosophy, we really have admired Thomas Wolfe. Some days ago, trying to live up to the brilliant comment of equally brilliant Editor Witten in the publication which he is pleased to call a humor magazine, we were working alone in the office. Looking through a 1917 issue of the Mag (it was Magazine then, and all of the letters were capitalized) we came across a collegiate short story by Tom Wolfe. It was all about a fellow from Virginia who was a Cutherton—or an equally F.F.V. name. The story was a saga of his progress from a weak coward to a dying soldier who at last, by courage, had vindicated being born a Cutherton—or Culpepper. It was, dear Wolverines, a perfectly lousey story that might not even be accepted for the 1941 Mag. Reading it over a second time in absolute joy, we found a new hope for the current Chapel Hill writing crop. If the path from collegiate rot to professional success is a long one, we shall at least have as company, all along the way, the same Thomas Wolfe whose memorable name graces our newest prize.

the awakening

FOR A LONG TIME a great many people feared for the folks in New England. The descendants of our early settlers, they have managed to stay pretty settled ever since. While the rest of the nation has been prancing along and making new discoveries about the way to live New England has managed, along with the Cabots

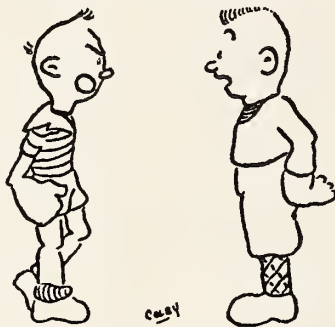
and their Lodges, to walk a smug Colonial path. Even the spring comes late up there. But something has happened recently which has revised our judgment. Some weeks ago a New England school conducted a very elaborate day's program. They were making believe, all day, that fascists had taken over the town and school. A



group of husky students, lettermen no doubt, were given special storm-trooper outfits. And they went around raising Hell with the other boys and girls. Students were given terrible punishments for minor offenses and the classes were converted into militaristic propaganda outlets. When the school day was finished everybody lined up in front of the school. The principal told them that it was all an educational joke. Whereupon they joined him in singing "God Bless America." It is enough to say that we are impressed. And we are willing to bet that the local Chamber of Commerce made the principal a life member. Now the people of New England can go back to voting Republican and waving the red herring and fighting the child labor amendment. Like the settlers of old, they saw a simple duty and did it. For the dire roots of fascism have been destroyed by that gang of school-kids who played at being unhappy little totalitarians (with time out for recess and lunch.) And if any other little trouble should ever come to America we are sure that our rock-bound compatriots will, with visual education, take matters in hand.

how beautiful with shoes

RECENTLY Miss Connie Smith essayed a *Daily Tar Heel* review of Noel Houston's "The Marauders." Trying to be quite up to the abstract philosophy behind the play, she spent a good many inches in tagging the various characters. One of them, a left-over from a long line of theatre radicals who are pictured with poor manners but a heart of gold, she called a "liberal communist." Now this expression gave us a little trouble. We have known a lot of liberals and a few communists, but we have never known any who had very much to do with the other. In fact, we have seen some exquisite epithets thrown back and forth in the Letters section of The New Republic. So we thought some more about what Miss Smith, who, as a Playmaker, becomes an immediate authority on things political, might have meant. The point seemed small, and we might have been ashamed of all the trouble that was being taken if a major in English had not assured us that this was the way that all important advances are begun. We took this painful por-



tion of her review, translated it into six different languages and then retranslated them into English. Along the way we read a careful history of Miss Smith's life as prepared by her colleague, Dr. Jack Dube. Finally we evolved a theory. It seems to us and our two graduate assistants that Miss Smith had no doubts that the gentleman was a communist—she says so. Now any accredited article writer knows that a real red would never allow himself to sponge off of a savage capitalist as the chap in the play did. But Miss Smith searched deeply into his dialectical soul. And she seems to have seen there a generous and absolutely liberal guy who allowed his reforms to rust on a feather bed. A man big enough to suffer the company of a flock of perverted millionaires. This is a resume of our theory about Miss Smith's delicious expression, "liberal communist." And having thus largely writ, we retire in the afterglow of genuine creative effort.

thirty

FOR SOME months we have been planning our last issue—which was to have been in April. In it we were going to put all of the hopes and appreciations and lessons that can come in four years of collegiana and one year of amateur editing. Like the sturdy shine on a comfortable pair of shoes that are still sturdy but a little tight, it was to have been a most impressive summing up. At the end of last quarter, however, it was discovered that we had passed all of the required courses and were ready to be graduated. Suddenly, and with something less than the proper



gentle preparation, the protective cloak of college fell away and passed into nothingness. And so, with some regrets and many approbations, we are leaving the constant loveliness of Chapel Hill. The world—that we have discussed in this publication from the vantage point of Chapel Hill, which is not quite of it—draws us fatally into its inscrutable meshes. Hope and progress, those very nice words which would have really looked good in that April issue, now have a very acute personal importance as we try and figure out just what a college graduate is supposed to do. And "the teeming millions of unemployed" are something a little more close to home than those neat literary phrases which one picks, like daisies, from his social sympathies. In other words, we are well on the way of becoming a case history and, most deplorable, a statistic. But April must surely come, and, with it, another issue of the Mag. And we hope that our successor will somehow manage to include all of the promise and hope and destiny that we will be tracking down in the great outside. And if he finds more reason for optimism than we do, we must, shivering in the new nakedness of adulthood, wistfully attribute this to the superior climate of Chapel Hill.

Growing Pains

Our student government is good on paper, but it is hampered by poor leadership, political chicannery and indifference.

STUDENT government on our campus is missing the boat. There are evidences of it all about us. From the President of the Student Body to the floor counselors in every dormitory, there is something missing—and that something, plainly, is the support of the student body.

We hear a lot of little cries about revising class government and about graft here and there, but these small items are not the crux of the lethargy, that, like rag-weed in a potentially fertile field, has enveloped us. The trouble lies with the student body that is not active in its support of student government, and with the leaders who come out of the disinterested student body.

It's been a long time since students on this campus, living in Old East and Old West, struck hard at the faculty and board of trustees to demand that they be allowed to regulate their own lives, and be allowed to set up their own form of self-rule.

The men who attended Carolina back in the 1800's were men who resented outside control. They were offsprings of the same folks who had fought against British tyranny, and had instilled within them a faith in the ability to regulate themselves.

Yet, it was almost a half a century later that even the first concessions were given to the students. Gradually, through the Di and Phi, the tide of student self-government swept on, building up into the complicated system that we have today.

Control has been taken down from the trustees to the faculty and finally to the students. Theoretically, President Graham can declare student government out of existence and decree that complete faculty rule be established again. I feel thankful that some student leaders of today would persuade Dr. Frank to change his mind, should he decide to abandon this self-rule, although a good part of the student body might very well take any sort of a faculty or administration mandate sitting down.

What is the thesis of student self-government? What is the very backbone of our campus system, and wherein does its value lie?

Our own Dr. Graham made the best answer

to these questions a few years ago at an Officer's Training conference, when he said, "Student government is nothing more than a lesson in democracy."

What he meant was that here students were given the opportunity to do anything that they please, without any outside control. The entire set-up is a matter of self-discipline. That students can go out any night in the week and get drunk or even take women to their rooms is proof enough that what the student body makes of its collective self is entirely up to itself.

The students themselves, without the aid of any outside forces, have made a system that should adequately regulate their own lives.

The only rules of the game we are supposed to play here in this little village called Chapel Hill are: we will not cheat, lie, or steal; and that we will act as gentlemen at all times.

When most of the students are asked what these brief regulations refer to, they promptly state; "this is our honor system, and it simply means that we won't cheat on examinations."

The honor system and cheating on exams is merely one tiny part of the complete system of student self-government. Actually, we have a whole socialistic state here that is based on these same rules.

We have four publications that can print anything they please; a Publications Union board that controls the finances of these publications; a Student Legislature, recently awakened, that can make any law whatsoever relating to student life on the campus; a Student Council, that just this year obtained final and complete authority to expel a student from school if it feels that in any way he isn't fitting into the mode of life we are supposed to have; a dance committee, that completely regulates all dances we have on the campus; an Inter-dormitory council that is empowered to have control over student life in dormitories; and an Inter-fraternity council, that has the same authority over student life in fraternities. In the last few years, the Town Boys Association, which will some day have the same control over town students, has sprung up, although it is not as yet well-enough organized to take its place with the dorm and fraternity councils.

There are very few, if any, schools in the country that have such complete student control. To an outsider coming from almost any other college, the set-up is amazing. It is something that transcends the borders of mere class-work and the sheer business of book-learning at college—it is the way of life of some 3500 students.

Yet, we don't appreciate it.

Men of other decades have fought for measures to make the system freer, and even today, there are forces at work to improve continually the status of student liberty and self-government. Just this year, the big steps taken in student government have been the transfer of final authority from the faculty to the student council in matters of cheating; the taking over of budget-passing by the student legislature; and the abolition of the Buccaneer by the legislature. But the sad part of it all is the students were not aware of these acts, and, on the whole, do not realize how much power they actually have.

It must be said that real leaders in student government, as in most government, come few and far between. In the past, there have been many examples of leaders who have been given the opportunity to make student self-government a working system, but have fallen down in their duties. It isn't that they can't, they haven't tried.

A prime example—in fact, one of the skeletons in our campus' closet for the past couple of years—is the Student Legislature and the men who have been placed in charge of it. This present year is the very first that the Legislature has blossomed out into a semblance of the potent, responsible body it should be.

The idea for the Legislature was founded in 1937 by Bob Magill, president of the Student Body that same year, and director of Graham Memorial from 1938-40. Its history shows the failure of two successive vice-president's of the student body to prove their worth. Under the original plan of the Legislature, the vice-president was to be made chairman of the Legislature. In the first year of its existence, after a student body that didn't realize at the time what it was really voting for, approved of the idea, Bill Hendrix, star trackman, took over the reigns for a short time, and finally gave up in desperation. Both the student body and Hendrix himself proved that they were not able to cope with Magill's brain-child.

The following year, Jack Fairley, a hard-working, popular self-help boy held almost chaotic sessions of the Legislature in Gerrard hall,

as members would stammer for the lack of almost any business other than political bills.

An indication that both these men had not done their work was their failure to be tapped by Golden Fleece in their senior years.

There are innumerable examples of leaders who have shown a lack of responsibility to student government and the offices to which they have either been elected or appointed. Isolated instances do not paint a fair picture, but help to make clearer the state of affairs.

A few years ago, the Inter-fraternity council held a meeting one night and the President announced that seven members of the council were to be elected to represent fraternities in the Legislature. There must have been 14 or 15 men at the meeting that night, and when nominations were asked for, everyone just looked around and said they didn't want the job. In desperation, the President finally got to the point where he had to ask individual members if they wouldn't accept the posts. Several even then refused, although they finally got the seven necessary members. Here were leaders of groups ranging anywhere from 15 to 65 who were refusing to take a responsible position in student government, as representatives of their own organizations.

Perhaps the lack of student support of the Inter-dormitory council might be attributed to the utter lack of a place in most dorms to hold meetings. Yet, it might have been possible for the Inter-dorm council to have better carried on a program in the last few years that would make the dorm residents more conscious of the complete self-rule they have. The demands that the council could have made to the administration for better lights, furniture, social rooms, and many other permanent improvements are countless. Some measures, such as social rooms, have been acted on, but, only individual dormitories, such as Steele with its "Save-a-Light" campaign, or H, with its extensive social and educational program, and not the entire group of dorms in one united body, have taken major steps.

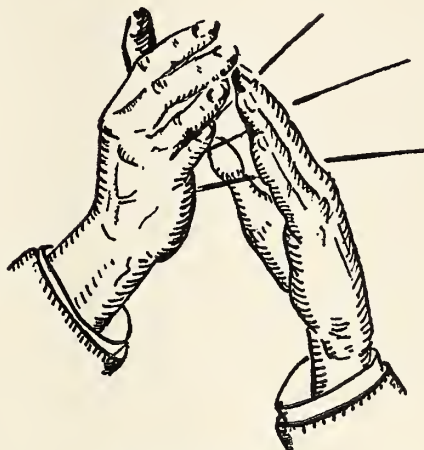
There is a dearth of student leaders who really understand the true nature of student government on the campus today. One of the chief reasons why Dave Morrison hasn't named the students to handle his reorganization bill is frankly, and admittedly, that there are not forty key men in the University who want to understand student government adequately to hold down such jobs.

In recent years, all too often potentially good
(Continued on page twenty-nine)

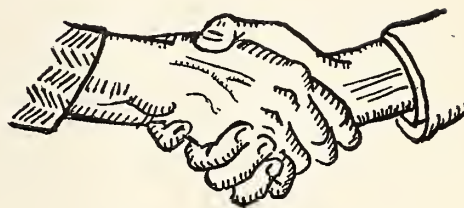
CANDID HANDIES OF A CANDIDATE



NOMINATION



ACCLAMATION



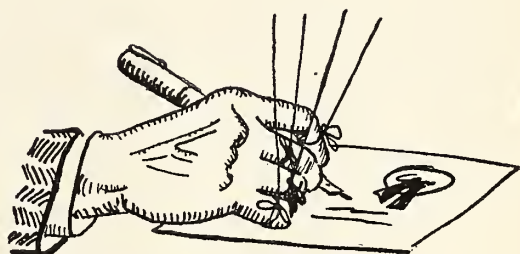
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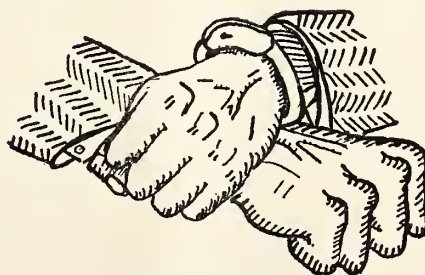
SUMMATION



PUBLIC-STATION



INVESTIGATION



DEFLATION



Gold In Our Campus Dirt

The campus political scene is gory, yet the two-party system is working toward constructive ends.

I HAVE been looking forward to this moment for three years. Since the good old days of my freshman year, when politics was politics (and were no different from today's brand), I have yearned for the time when I could "tell all" in the Carolina Magazine about the dirty doings of campus politics, the backpatting and handshaking, the "black grains of sand" of the University Party and the farcical conventions of the Student Party. I anticipated with pleasure the coming of my senior year, when I could blister the politicians with an expose of their malicious maneuvers.

There are stories worth retelling about the old Swain Hall political ring that had the student headwaiter as "boss" and the waiter attending each table for 12 students as a "ward heeler." This machine became so powerful that the fraternities had to absorb it. Strange combination this, white-collar fraternity politicians and no-collar waiter-ward heelers, but it beat down for a long while any form of opposition. The last vestiges of a ring at Swain Hall were swept away before the eating house moved last year to new quarters. Bud Hudson was headwaiter there when he was campaigning for the student body presidency in 1938. He had his henchmen—busboys and dishwashers—who hustled votes for him; but gone was the old, closely-knit machine which would have squeezed into unemployment any fellow who refused to battle for the headwaiter or his choice. Dining hall efficiency has disrupted the political unity of the student waiters.

There were the articles and bull session tales about the rollicking days of old, when a one-party system had only to fight off upstarts parading as independents. Stories abound concerning the old "one major, two minor" system of division of offices for the fraternity party, the abandoning of this inflexible policy, the disaffection resulting from an even less satisfactory plan that succeeded the simple mathematical formula. Having one or two men who were perhaps a shade better than some promoted by other houses in the circle, a few fraternities began to bag a healthy handful of positions with each election, while the less-capable—or less-shrewd—houses were reminded that straight ticket loyalty was the price of their ticket

on the gravy chain. Finally, the gravy became so diluted that it floated fraternities right out of the party.

But now, strangely enough, I find I have no tale to tell. The old feeling of indignation at the grasping ways of office seekers—and worse still, their supporters and managers—seems now to have drifted away, even as another of the annual vote-chasing tournaments gets under way. When I raise my eyebrows at political developments on the campus I think of the late Huey Long, of Mayor Hague, of Teapot Dome and WPA, of North Carolina's Senators. Then I congratulate myself for being under a student government which far exceeds in efficiency and effectiveness the governmental units of cities, counties, and states the nation over. I feel more inclined here to write about the governor's race of 1936 in North Carolina, or of history textbook Hitlerism in Raleigh in 1940. So when I confine myself to the province of local, petty politics, I do so with the acknowledgment that we are not so bad after all.

I remember the Magazine articles of three years ago which were written by outgoing seniors as parting shots at a political system which either steamrolled them into office or into the ground. Some glorified the ward heelers and statesmen of their day, some condemned, others were only factual.

I was covering one half the politics in my freshman year, so I concluded that perhaps the privilege might fall to me three years hence to review the politics I had seen and recorded. I wrote a day-by-day account of University Party nominations, platforms, and pledges of abandonment of its policy of secrecy. Freshman reporter though I was, I used my authoritative position to give orders to the biggest of the politicians. Party chairmen, editorship-aspirants, and campaign managers had to look to me to write their news stories. I worked with one side only, but I saw and heard the similar things that were going on in the other camp. So I began to take notes, to store away the article of the future.

Four pages of notes rest somewhere in my accumulation of collegiate junk, a four-page dissertation on the Bud Hudson-Jim Joyner campaign for president of the student body in 1938. I wrote down

REBUTTAL

the version I received of Joyner's acceptance of the vice-presidency on the ticket with Hudson, of his subsequent acceptance of a presidential nomination from the Student Party. Into my notes went an account of a fiasco "pep rally," at which the University Party candidates spoke eloquently and drove away votes by the dozens. A paragraph or so on the "pull out" act of SAE fraternity from the University Party when the fraternity failed to get nominations it sought. I stored away for future discussion the official endorsement of Editor Mac Smith of Allen Merrill, the UP candidate, for editorship of the Daily Tar Heel. All these things, and many more, I accumulated for my article of the future.

The sophomore year came, the year of the weird Davis-Pearson race for president of the student body, the year of the synthetic candidate for the Tar Heel editorship, Martin Harmon. I was still reporting politics, covering the University Party but hearing of the activity of the inner and outer circles of the Student Party. That campaign of Jim Davis and Bill Pearson was certainly going to make good meat for a Carolina Magazine political porridge! Davis' secret nominations by the University Party, the Student Party's surprise selection of him (because they had no one who could beat him), and the struggle of party leaders over the prestige of making the first announcement—these were the elements of a story. It was finally decided that simultaneous announcement would be the only solution. The campaign of Pearson, the Independent candidate who hoped to pull Student Party votes from Davis, was one that left its mark on Carolina politics. Pearson and company made much talk of the danger to campus democracy of double nominations and launched upon a vigorous campaign; a Pearson-for-President rally was held in Swain Hall, with ice cream, swing music and Professor E. J. Woodhouse's preachments on democracy being served the packed house.

Just as strange was the Tar Heel race. Tom Stanback, Walt Kleeman, and DeWitt Barnett were the editorial staff members in line for the editorship, but, by some coincidence, Frank Holeman, formerly on the editorial staff, wrote an article for the Carolina Magazine which said in substance that the future was black for the campus newssheet under any of these worthies. The article did not nominate Harmon, but it paved the way for his acceptance by the voters when he galloped away with the staff nomination in the face of the fact that he still had his first Tar Heel editorial to write!

Last year's campaigns are close to all but the freshmen of this year. There were many stories, many peculiar angles emerging from the political doings, but they must remain for another to tell when he is writing a swan song resume of campus politics.

I wanted to relate the details of all these events. My article which I have been anticipating these three years was to have been a scathing one, a condemnation of party treachery, division of the spoils, and deliberate disregard of "logical men." There is much to be said against the selfish, greedy, willful individuals who have ruthlessly worked politics for their own ends. The parties—and I include the Student Party to show that I am speaking of comparatively modern times—have railroaded terrible injustices. There is good material in the recent past, but why disturb the dust that covers it? History is repeating itself before our eyes. Read, instead, the current story in the Tar Heel.

Editor Spies wanted a vitriolic diatribe on campus politics. He thought that my four years of participation and observation would inevitably lead me to the conclusion that campus politics is rotten, that instead of improving the chances of good government in after-life, we are only training apprentices for the corruption and shallowness that prevails in so many cities and states and parts of the federal government.

One discovers occasionally evidence that a campaign manager or quadrangle contact man has taken too seriously the machinations he learned about in political science and history. He remembers the incident of the Davis-Pearson campaign, when enthusiasts for Pearson, operating with a maximum of money and a minimum of sound judgment, distributed literature, which, on the face of it, seemed to be from the Davis side but actually served to discredit Davis. Handbills were circulated in areas populated by non-fraternity men. Yet they sought to rally fraternity men to unite against the threat of the independent candidate. This case was sufficiently serious that the Student Council dealt expulsions. Still, the black mark against student government remained a smudge. Less scandalous for politics in general, but certainly of much import to Fish Worley and his feminine following when he was a candidate for the senior presidency, was the rumor that he was running around with co-eds here something awful while his loving wife stayed at home in Asheville!

But, generally speaking, I have little argument

against the practices around here. It's true that fraternities push for elective offices men who have no more right to the positions than Davie Poplar and the Old Well. Likewise, some dormitory men run for office, not because they have shown any vestige of leadership, but because they are affable fellows and contribute volubly to bull sessions. It would be interesting to conduct an experiment in student government here for a few years. If the *Yackety-Yack*, *Tar Heel*, and News Bureau ceased to give any publicity to class affairs, except for announcements which were minus names; if Student Council and Legislature received no more mention and gave no more keys; if the students

confronted the names of their leaders only at the ballot box—if all this secrecy and absence of pomp enclosed "public service" here, I wonder how well student government would function. The result, I think, would be to eliminate about 50 per cent of the present "leaders," who are but key-hunters and Yackety Yack readers. These characters, who happen to possess the superficial qualities that attract votes, would ignore the offices, and less ostentatious students would take over and do far better jobs than are at present being delivered.

Perhaps the greatest setback for student govern-
(Continued on page thirty-two)



Leadership Is A Long Race

Dave Morrison has attempted both to retain his brilliant track record and reform campus government.

A YANKEE for president of the Carolina student body? No, thank you."

That was the hangover from Appomattox which had the Student Party bleary-eyed for two and a half months last year until Dave Morrison of Plainfield, New Jersey, survived recounts and runoffs to win the biggest office on the campus.

And ever since, the short, poker-faced yankee has been running both track and Carolina student government.

Athletes make good politicians and it's not unusual to see a monogram sweater presiding over a meeting of the Student Council. Last year Jimmy Davis skimmed the indoor track in Woollen gymnasium for the second fastest collegiate mile in the whole country and ran out a full lap ahead as president of the student body.

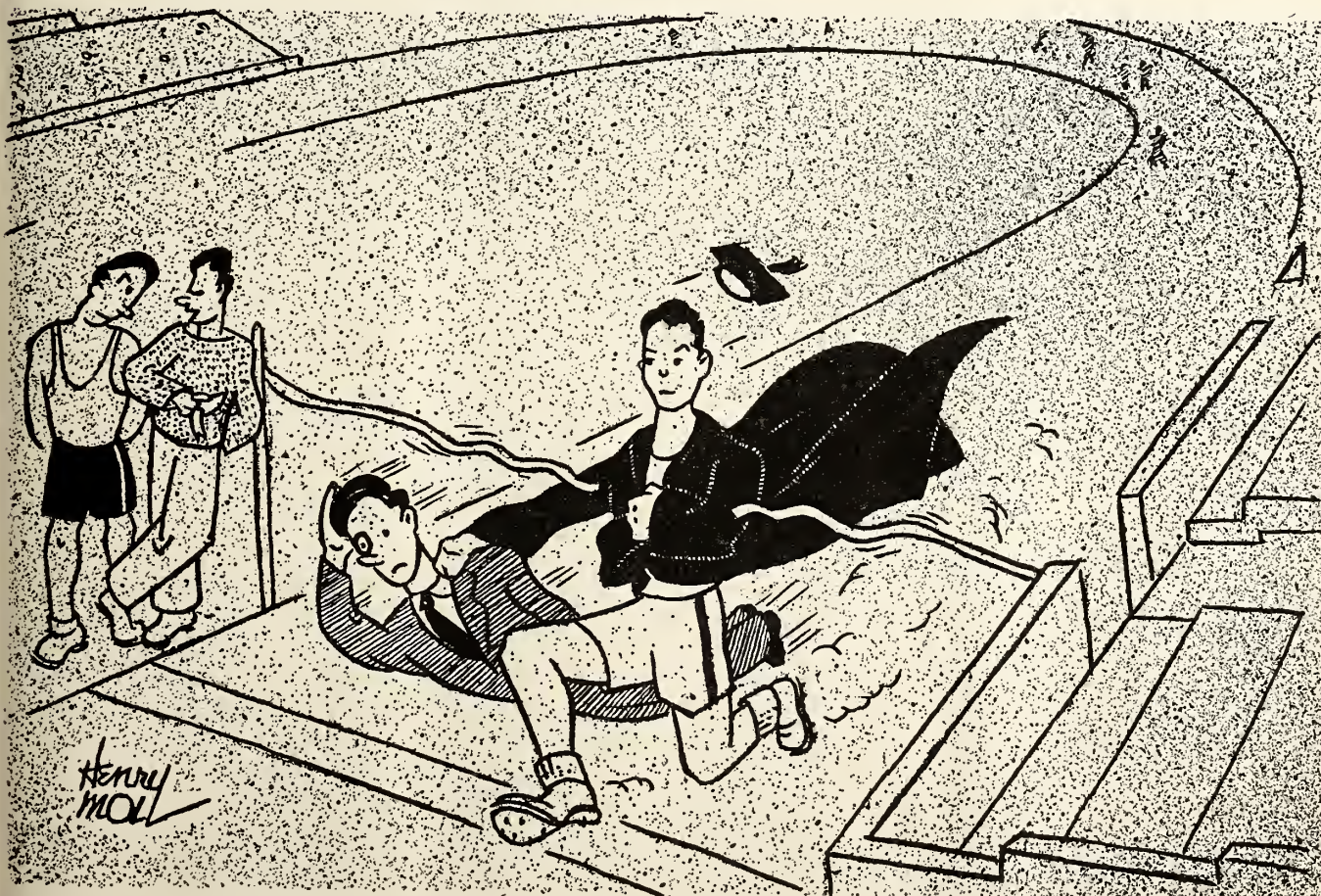
But Dave has done more than just take over the baton from his predecessor. Against top-notch

runners, he has ranked himself, with consistently excellent times, as one of the best middle distance men in the nation. More important than that, he has led Carolina student government, which even in normal times is pretty hellish to handle, through a lot of tight places. And he is racing against time to put through unfinished schemes.

No one could have blamed Dave for giving up track and devoting all his time to his office, but after seven years of running, cinders felt good in his shoes. To some folks who have never tried it, plodding around in a circle until exhausted is futility, but for track men it's satisfaction.

"In track, you're on your own," Dave says. "Either you've got the goods or you haven't. If you win, the credit is yours. If you lose there's nobody but yourself to blame."

And he has had his share of losses to flavor the wins.



Seven springs ago when he began to run the mile in high school, things were pretty easy. Dave was the kind of runner that coaches dream and smile about—a natural. He stepped into the track shoes of his father and brother, both of whom had starred at Princeton, and he found himself tops in the high school circuit.

During those four years, Dave broke the tape in 30 out of his 33 mile races. His senior year he copped the state championship in a breeze, yards ahead of the nearest man. And hard as it is for any Carolina fan to conceive of Dave's 135 pounds and five feet seven in any other sport, he also quarterbacked the football team and played forward on the basketball squad.

When he came South to Carolina, Dave gave up other sports to concentrate on track and cross country and his continued string of firsts made even dour Dale Ranson smile.

Some Carolina track addicts will remember his race against Tommy Fields of Maryland in the frosh three-quarters at the Southern Conference games. Dave was out to beat Jimmy Davis' record. Fields, out of condition and running on nothing but guts, was out to beat Dave. On the final straightaway, Fields—who doesn't remember a thing after the second lap—stumbled for the second time from pure exhaustion. Dave broke his stride to straighten him up and then went ahead to win the race but miss the record.

When he stepped up to join the varsity, he had to neglect his record of firsts. Stars like Davis and Bill Hendrix of Carolina and Jim Kehoe and Mason Chronister of Maryland weren't the kind of competition he had met in high school and frosh running and weren't to be beaten by any upstart sophomore. Still, Dave's times improved consistently and he was one of the Tar Heels that gave the two-mile relay team a runaway victory in the 1939 Millrose games.

Last spring he switched to the half mile to balance up the team and again joined the ranks of the tape-breakers, taking first in five out of seven meets. In the Southern Conference finals he was nosed out by Kehoe, but his time of 1:54.2 won him a bid to the Princeton invitational meet. Sixth place there was no mean showing, since he ran against the cream of the nation's collegiate runners, and his time of 1:52.8 ranked him with the country's best.

Since Christmas, Dave has travelled 7,500 miles all over the East to run five races totalling less than four miles in invitational meets. He matched strides with such big shots as Fenske, Borican,

Kehoe, Mehl and Beetham. In Boston and Baltimore, he tied the old records for the Bishop Cheverus 1,000 and the Oriole 660 but had to watch the other runners just a second faster take the first places.

Two weeks ago at the Catholic University games, he gave meet officials gray hairs by falling into a dead sleep just before his event and holding up the race for ten minutes before he was finally found behind a row of seats and awakened. Both he and Fields broke the old record for Rector's 1,000 by a good five seconds, but the Maryland runner nosed him out to take revenge for his freshman defeat. With no one to push him, Dave coasted to win the Southern Conference indoor half-mile in the relatively slow time of 1:57.2.

With the spring season approaching, it looks as if Co-Captain Morrison is going to step out front for good. Coach Ranson will be banking heavily on his firsts in the 880 and the extra points he can pick up by doubling in the mile or quarter. No Southern college runner but Fields has beaten him in his distance this winter, and if Dave doesn't fall asleep again before the meet, it probably won't happen again. His indoor times indicate that his spring races ought to rate him invitations to compete at Princeton, the National Intercollegiates, and the National AAU. If and when Dave again matches strides with the Boricans and the Burrowses, it may be his turn to grab the lead and keep it.

When you stop to consider the time it takes to keep in condition for these track performances, you wonder how he finds time for the student body presidency. Track requires nine hours sleep a night, two and a half hours of practice six days a week, and about two weeks of absence from school every quarter. Duties of the student body president, which rival those of Dr. Frank, and other committee and club activities take up all his spare time at night. Counting classes and labs, Dave has only four hours a day to study, do extra student government work, and live like a normal student.

He manages to get through only by budgeting his time as strictly as the legislature budgets the University appropriations, but still has to admit that he hasn't been able to do all the things he wanted to do with his office, that his track has suffered, and that his scholastic average has fallen—think of it—from 96 to 94.7.

"It's still been worth it," he declares, "and if I had to make the choice again, I'd do the same

(Continued on page thirty)

Our Book of the Month

The Warren text-book is even more incompetent than had been expected.
And the political stench is worse than ever.

I HAVE just made an amazing discovery. I have discovered that a few years ago people didn't wait until they were born to start doing important things, and they didn't stop doing them when they died.

This conclusion comes from reading Jule B. Warren's history textbook for fifth-graders in the North Carolina schools. Mr. Warren relates story after story (to be read with two meanings) telling us about people who fought wars and indulged in politics and in statesmanship, at most unusual periods in their lives.

I read, for instance, that in 1726, fifty years before the declaration of independence, Edward Moseley went around the state demanding liberty. That is very interesting, because he wasn't born until 1749.

And there is Joseph Martin. The history book says he died in 1788, then fought in the Mexican war in 1848 and the Civil War in 1861. Charlie McDowell was another hard-working phantom. Buried in 1775, he was a hero at the battle of Kings Mountain in 1780.

Now if I were a fifth grader, reading these stories in my history book, I probably would get scared and go hide behind the smokehouse. At the earliest opportunity I would fearfully put a few questions to someone of normal intelligence. This person, I feel sure, would ask to see the book, and then politely toss it in the fire.

And that, exactly, is what should be done. It would cost the state of North Carolina almost \$50,000 to do it—just about the total of the combined yearly salaries of the state board of education—but it would be worthwhile. Because unless something is done about the fifth-grade history book adopted by that board, the next generation of North Carolinians is likely to be strongly addicted to a belief in ghosts. Certainly it will have a most jumbled conception of our state history.

It seems incredible that a book with more than 200 actual errors of fact, with dates garbled, names murdered, events twisted, and grammar mutilated, could become a standard textbook in this state. Yet last week Mr. Warren's *North Carolina Yesterday and Today* came pouring forth from Raleigh, well on the way towards distribu-

tion to each of North Carolina's 100,000 fifth grade pupils.

This was the book selected by the education board in spite of unanimous recommendations from educators on the textbook commission in favor of a text by Drs. A. R. Newsome and Hugh T. Lefler of the University history department. This was the book whose selection created a mild explosion in the state and ever since has kept board members squirming on a warm seat.

Now so far during the controversy, it looks like somebody, somewhere has been very clever. All the attention has been centered on the board's objections to the Newsome-Lefler book. These objections were proved ungrounded, but then the matter was forgotten. Few people have asked where the Warren book comes in the picture. There has been no discussion of why it was singled out from the four books left after the Newsome-Lefler book was eliminated.

In view of the nature of the Warren book, this discussion is past due; because the adoption of it is a greater crime than the rejection of the professors' book. It has been condemned by educators and school people as absolutely unusable if the state has any regard for teaching a truthful history of itself.

This condemnation seems justified even to a casual reader, who knows little about book-writing or publishing. Anyone—even fifth graders—will note frequent errors and mistakes in fact that would be humorous if they were not disgraceful. Mr. Warren has riddled his history with inaccuracies. An endless stream of examples could be given—he makes Willie P. Mangum president of the United States at 15, he has Isaac Shelby offered a cabinet position 27 years, after his death, he has a commission named to select a site for the state government after Raleigh had been designated the capital for more than 30 years, etc., etc., etc.

Not only is the text amazingly inaccurate, but also it has serious omissions and misinterpretations. There is no mention of the New Deal, all the credit for ending the depression being given to the state administrations. He devotes only a paragraph to the interesting and vital story of discovery and exploration of the new world—scarcely giving a nod to Christopher Columbus. Also he



"... easily our most capable and progressive professor. He's had THREE text-books rejected this year."

barely mentions the present constitution of the state, adopted in 1868, which certainly should be of most interest to history students.

Mingled with the flood of factual errors are mistakes in grammar, making the book poor reading for young students. As was aptly remarked, some of Mr. Warren's subjects and predicates are as far from agreement as the state board of education and Drs. Newsome and Lefler.

A prominent official of one of the largest publishing houses in New York, queried about the format of the book, described it as "an amateurish job of which no reputable publishing house would be proud." The paper is glaring white—used mostly for official documents but rarely in books for the public. The binding is the least expensive possible, leaving a flat backbone, unbalanced margins, and difficulty in getting the book to lie open.

The index is a hodge-podge of misspelled words and important omissions (Democrat, Republican, Whig, manufacturing, agriculture, etc.). If you follow the reference for the Emancipation Proclamation, you'll end up in the middle of the battle of Yorktown.

Some of these faults in the book show a blatant carelessness, others a distinct lack of knowledge about the history of the state. Whatever their cause, the 200 factual errors, the omissions and misinterpretations, the poor grammar, publishing, and indexing—all make Mr. Warren's book an educational disgrace as the state's choice for the fifth grade.

It is up to someone, then to explain its selection. If a book with 200 historical errors is being taught in our schools, the least officials can do is explain why they selected it. This explanation has been asked and denied.

If board members remain burrowed in their impenetrable little holes, then there is only one thing to do. We can surmise from the known facts. We can reconstruct the crime.

The beginnings go back more than ten years ago when Jule B. Warren became secretary of the North Carolina Education Association. More than ten years ago he began his close official and personal relations with North Carolina's political and governmental leaders.

This relationship has been demonstrated often during those ten years. In 1933 when Governor J. C. B. Ehringhaus was looking for a new superintendent of public instruction, Mr. Warren was instrumental, along with most other members of the administration, in securing the appointment for Clyde A. Erwin, then superintendent of Ruther-

ford county schools. Mr. Erwin, who is not a college graduate but is responsible for the state schools as their official head, won the position over Guy B. Phillips, then superintendent of Greensboro schools and now a member of the University education department.

In 1936, when Mr. Erwin was up for reelection, Mr. Warren again went to bat for him and also for Clyde R. Hoey, who became governor and chairman of the state board of education. Mr. Hoey in return appointed Mr. Warren to the state school commission, greatly expanding the secretary's power and influence over the schools. This influence would be of great help to any member of the board of education who might seek further political office.

That is the picture, then, when the textbook selection came up. And this picture largely explains the board's remarkable action in ignoring the textbook commission's recommendations. It explains why a book with 200 historical errors has become the standard history for the state's fifth-grade school children.

The significant thing is not that the Newsome-Lefler book was rejected, but that the Warren book was adopted. Favoritism for the latter largely explains the rejection of the former. This favoritism, built up through long years of close association in both official and personal realms, is strikingly indicated by one fact which has been lost in the rush—the fact that on October 3, two months and seven days before textbook bids were opened, Mr. Warren began having his book printed. Failing to get a publisher to sponsor his book, he was taking a tremendous personal risk by acting as his own publisher, paying thousands of dollars from his own pocket to get his text in print. This assumption that his book would be adopted—for certainly he would not have risked the money if he had much doubt—is the most positive indication yet that the fate of all five textbooks submitted—and of the fifth-grade students in North Carolina's schools—was predetermined before Governor Hoey smiled and gavelled the board of education to order.

Now, after the state already has spent \$46,000 for Mr. Warren's book, we find that it is valuable chiefly as firebox material. It seems impossible that the board of education, responsible to the people of the state, will permit a history book averaging almost an error a page to become the official text for the story of the state's origin and remarkable growth. The only sensible solution—though not very pleasant for the gentlemen in Raleigh—is the adoption of a new book as quickly as possible.

One On A Rock

This is a love story without a heroine and a travel story without a voyage.

AS THEY turned into 58th street he realized the necessity for speech. He gripped her arm and stopped. The wind from the Park whipped around them.

"Cigarette?"

She took the Lucky and the first light hissed to a sudden flame that went out quickly. The second wasn't any better.

"It's out, wait a minute." He lit the last and cupped its strong light.

"Here." She bent over it, her face white against the dark, and took a deep drag, inhaling it deeply as the cigarette end glowed. It cast light over her set of features and he saw she hadn't changed her mind. He put out the match irritably.

"Answer your letters!" He looked as if she had suddenly slapped him. "As if the city wasn't big enough!"

She kept quiet.

"Why—if you lived in Kentucky, O.K." he clipped it out and his head bobbed shortly and energetically in assent. "In Ohio, O.K. . . . in Vermont, O.K. . . . even to Jersey O.K. I'd answer your letters! But I'll be damned—"

"If you please," she cut in coldly, "refrain from cursing again—it won't do you a bit of—"

"All right . . . all right . . . I'm sorry, but I won't—and I can't write you. Why you live here, you live in the city," he pleaded, "one river separates us—a half hour's ride on the subway, two seconds away on the phone—and you ask why I don't answer letters!" He groped around for words. ". . . the city . . . is big enough. . . . It's large enough as it is for us, so don't make me *write*, even if it's to the person I'm supposed to love," he added bitterly, and noted quickly the shade of annoyance that crossed her face at his mention of the word. "One writes to people far away," he said patiently as if stating an accepted truth, "but you live so near. Getting a letter from you makes Brookl—makes you miles away."

"Well, if that isn't too—well, if that isn't so very romantic!" She was being coldly sarcastic. "Are you sure that's the only reason you won't answer my letters? After all, I'm not going to stand here and *beg* you to—" She couldn't finish

as she shook her head with annoyance and impatience.

His conscience accused him. No it isn't. Is it because I know each letter is a triumph for her? Does she think she can keep me cataloged for posterity, packaged up with the rest of the others she's had? . . . She broke in on his thoughts.

"There was a time," she went on slowly and maliciously, "when two feet were not too near a distance to write me a note—when any dim-lit restaurant table served as your little postoffice!" He could have killed her, but she saw she had made her mark. His mouth moved in ineffectual retaliation, but it was too late, she had turned triumphantly and strode away. When he caught up with her, she was standing before the doorway and lobby of one of the more impressively furnished apartments that faced the Park.

"Is this where these Latin friends of yours are?" She nervously stamped out her cigarette and the wind from the Park carried the shower of sparks down the sidewalk. They stood in the hard, white glare of the expensive and well-lit entrance. He was forced to nod belligerently, and knew the past subject was closed.

After the ride in the elevator, the door of the apartment they sought was opened by two young people, engrossed in literary discussion, who nodded as the couple entered and then went on with their argument.

". . . frightfully diffuse, and those long passages are just too boring. But the old codger must have been awfully amusing. There are those tremendously stinky passages, but then he feels he must make a gesture and he does that remarkably lovely thing. You know—that climbing bit of poetry which is quite fine . . . and he's really responsible for . . ."

Ann leered at him over their shoulders as she removed her coat, and then the two stood alone in the small anteroom. She turned to him in accurate, but cruel mimicry.

". . . oh, but Victor is just *too* dull. . . ."

"Victor—Victor . . . ?"

"Victor Hugo, you goon, who else do you think they were talking about?"

He realized that she was going to judge his friends, that she meant to criticize the people

there. He wished he hadn't brought her. "I never saw those people before, I've never even met half the peop—" But a tall blonde girl was standing beside them; he had met her the last time he had been up.

"Enter two strangers," she said pseudo-dramatically, as she closed the door behind them. Then with warm friendliness, "I'm so glad you've come," she motioned vaguely inside, "Quete and Jaime are in there by the window, you go in and find them, and I'll get your girlfriend—introduce us, will you—a drink." He introduced Anne to the blonde girl and the two strolled away together, talking.

The living room was filled with light cigarette smoke, subdued light, and some low music issuing from a hidden radio. There was a high-pitched and lively chatter from the hierarchy of well dressed people there that evening. The groups were scattered around the room, some debating earnestly before the artificial fireplace, others slowly dancing around the room, but most of them seated in various attitudes on the deep sofas and armchairs as they conversed and sipped their drinks. People gave him bright, short smiles as he made his way through the groups to the other side of the room. His friends were not at the window seat, but he decided to wait, unnoticed, in its seclusion.

A restless dejection possessed him, but then he saw the two girls he had just left, Anne completely at ease with three people she had just met. There's no getting around it, he thought as his mind filled with pride, she *is* lovely—how beautiful with shoes and the sweater-set. . . . She filled her clothes well. Thoughts mulled through his mind. . . . How had he wanted his sex? Glorious, sun shining? On the high hill in the long grass naked and the blue sky? It was to have been music in the running water naked. *L'apres midi d'un faun*. . . .

"For why are you brooding, my handsome friend?" A dark and well preserved, middle-aged woman was smiling down at him. It was Quete, Jaime's mother. They greeted one another and then sat down, the tapestry of the window's scene at their side. From where they sat they had a view overlooking the city and Park. Inside, all was warmth and the murmur of conversation. The space outside was silence, darkness, and small pin-points of city light. The two rivers seemed oiled as they flowed down to the immense harbor of the metropolis. Jaime came in shortly and they began to talk amiably in Spanish. He was tall, quite thin,

and intelligent—his wealth had not spoiled him beyond a lack of comprehension of situations and people outside his class. He was not to be blamed. Suddenly, at a look from his mother, Jaime excused himself and went to find them cookies and something to drink. The city was approaching its full midnight bloom and they looked down into its softness.

"It is beautiful, isn't it?" she said at his shoulder, "but wouldn't you like to leave it—for a little while?" There was nothing he would have liked better, but he did not speak. Then as she continued speaking he understood, and looked with unbelief at her generosity. She continued on merrily.

"Now," she said kindly, but authoritatively, "there is no reason why you shouldn't get away for a little while. I was thinking it would really do you good for six or eight months . . . and wouldn't it be pleasant to be down there on our farm," she smiled. "Rio's seventeen kilometres away so that's another city to take New York's place—and besides you needn't stay there, see all the 'strange' places: there's Bogota, and Chile and Peru. . . ."

Wouldn't it be pleasant? He thought of all the times he had wanted to get away. He thought of city mornings, punching the clock at the bank, his walks around Battery Place. From there he had seen N. Y. bay and felt sure it was not as blue as the Mediterranean or the ocean at Buenos Aires. Though he had never seen the Seine, he knew the color of the Hudson in November. He remembered how the boats floated past the Bowery in the Spring, he remembered the Normandie, how one's heart went out with the banana boats to South America, and there were white, clean-gleaming Cunardiers with the trampsteamers in his brain.

Being embarrassed, he tried to cover it up with a question. "Has Jaime been putting a lot of stories in your head?" he asked, "because if he has, they're not at all true—I like it here."

"No," she answered feigning surprise. Then she made it easy for him to accept. "He hasn't told me anything at all, but I just thought that since I can't go 'down' this year—I thought perhaps I could pay you a little something for being a sort of, a companion for Jaime, you know."

He didn't know what to say, and unconsciously assumed annoyance as an escape from his discomfiture. "Is Jaime an old maid that he should need a 'companion,' or aren't you sure it's not a sec-

(Continued on page twenty-eight)

The Cliffs Are Steep

"Crashing Broadway" is an old tale that is told well here by one of the theatre world's intelligent young men.

DON'T get discouraged, that's all I can say. I can't tell you how to keep your spirits up, and I can't give you any remedy for the blues—just don't get discouraged." Frank Heller doused his cigarette in the Hotel Bristol ash tray and rose to go. "I have an understudy rehearsal, Bob. Best of luck." A handshake and out he went. That was in September, 1938.

For the next eight months the admonition, "Don't get discouraged," roared down subway tunnels, smiled sweetly from the sympathetic eyes of kindly receptionists, formed itself in the waters of the Hudson River, and, if I extended the vowels to fit the rhythm, worked into the chatter of the air drill that tore up the street below my hall bedroom window.

When I had breakfast with Frank that first morning in New York, I knew nothing about storming the bastions (bastions are always stormed) of the theatrical world. We had worked together in San Diego doing six-and-seven-a-day Shakespeare for the Globe Theatre Company, and he was the only actor of my close acquaintance who was then working in a Broadway show. Besides stage managing he was also playing the part of Kolenkhov, the Russian ballet master, in the Pulitzer Prize play *You Can't Take It With You*. Frank knew the routine and gave me several tips. But, since no one has a formula for breaking into the entertainment world, at the end of our chat I knew little except that making the "rounds" was the accepted procedure for beginners in the theatre.

The quickest way to get square corners on your life is to make the "rounds." It consists of learning the names of all the producers and actors' agents who have offices, where the offices are located, what street, what building, and what floor; and then daily going from one to the other until either paranoia sets in or George Abbott breaks down and hires you to walk his dog.

Sara Enright, an actors' agent, was the first person I approached about a job. A friend of mine had said she was constantly on the alert for young actors with talent and had suggested that I see her. She was cloistered in the Sardi Building on the seventh floor. Finding the building that first day I crowded into the elevator with five or six

long-hair boys who were excitedly discussing their summer seasons just finished, muttered "seven" as if I would just as soon go to the basement, and opened my paper very very nonchalantly to the editorial page. Reaching the seventh floor, we all piled out of the car and headed for the various offices. I was the only one of that contingent seeking Miss Enright. I found her door at the end of the hall. Without knocking I sidled in. Seated behind a desk, her formidable back to the door, was a woman of some fifty years. She was barking at several young people grouped about her and didn't notice my entrance. Either my dynamic presence in the room or the sudden seizure of locomotor ataxia that assailed me made her suddenly break off and whip around. Fixing a pair of red-rimmed, bloodshot eyes on me she gave me the once-over for a full ten seconds before she demanded:

"What do you want?"

At first I was prompted to mutter something about the wrong office and leave, but I stifled the impulse and said I would like to see her about a job.

"A job," she boomed, "I haven't got any jobs." And then the ensuing conversation went something like this. . . .

"What's your name?"

"Robert Bowers."

"Are you an actor?"

"Yes."

"You're not good looking."

"I know it."

"Why don't you go back home?"

"What for?"

"This place is tough."

"So am I."

I disgustedly turned to go. Her voice, somewhat softer, stopped me.

"Wait a minute Mr. Bowers. Have a seat." Then turning to the others she said, "I'll see the rest of you people later."

"Ah," I thought, "maybe this is a break." It wasn't. Instead of asking me questions about myself or my experience she launched into a machine-gun tirade about the business situation, an excruciating pain in her back and the paucity of good scripts available for production. Thirty minutes

later I departed considerably bewildered. She hadn't even given me a chance to name my qualifications; instead, I had gotten a subtle brush-off, but it didn't matter. My first contact with the theatre was made. Now for bigger game.

In the course of the next five weeks I covered the city from the bad lands of Brooklyn to the farthest northern reaches of the IRT. With the aid of a little green book called *A Directory of the New York Theatrical Industry* I became familiar with each of the Times Square offices and worked out a simple route until I could cover the district with a minimum of footwork.

Those days were fruitless. I would rise every morning at ten—no self-respecting producer or agent gets to his office before eleven—breakfast at Bickfords, cheap and easy; purchase a Times and a News; board a subway, and then exhaustively peruse the theatrical gossip columns while the train raced for the forty-second street stop. During those weeks I heard the word "No" said

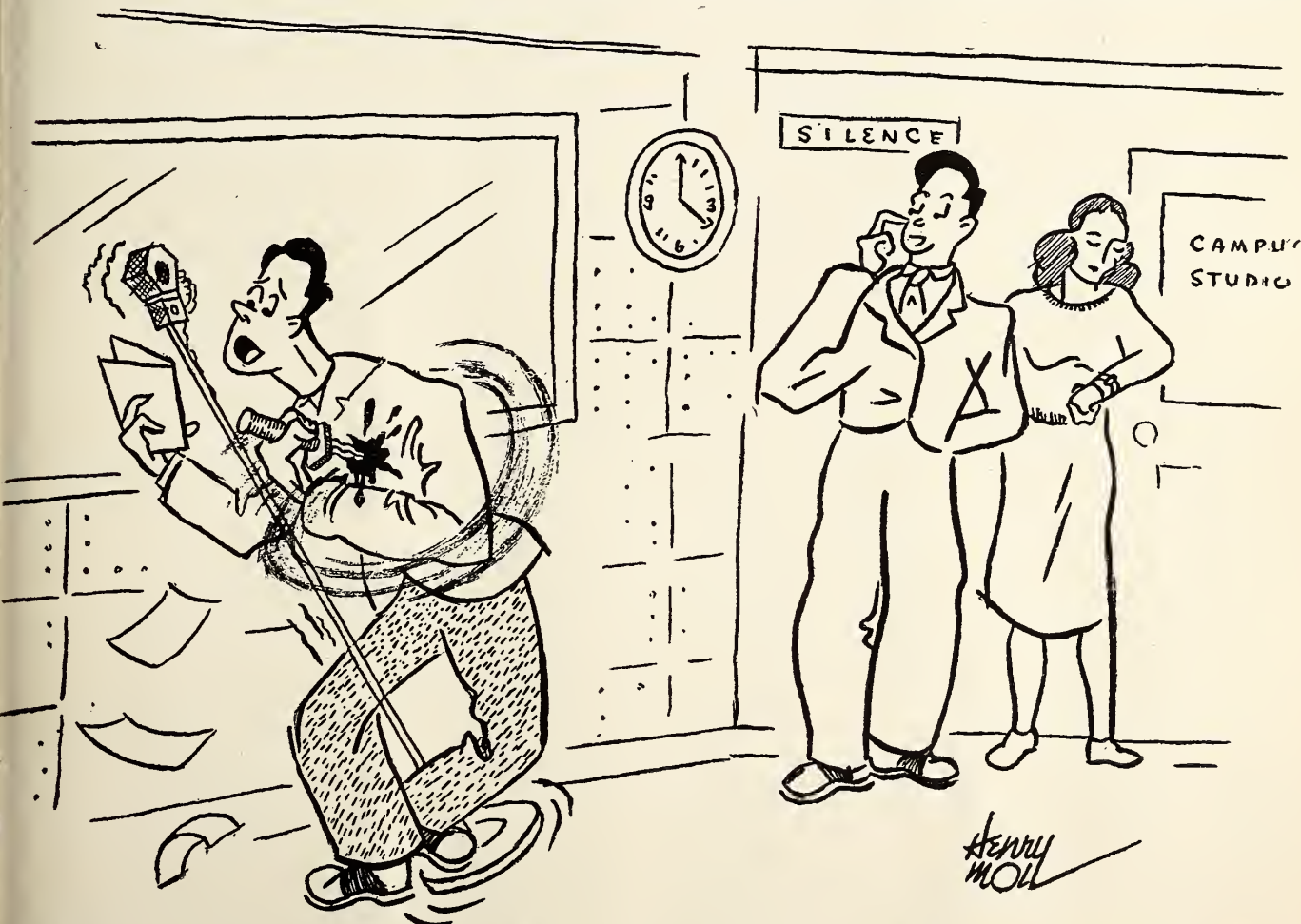
with emphasis, regret, anger, contempt, pity, sorrow, vigor, sweetness, light, sheer exasperation and schmerz. Then the first break came.

The only certainty about looking for a part in a show is that if something does turn up it will surely come from the least expected source. I hadn't seen or heard from Frank Heller for weeks, but the day I decided to take a vacation from the seemingly futile search for work and comfortably settle down in the apartment with a book of Ring Lardner's short-stories, the telephone rang. It was Frank.

"Do you want a job?" he asked.

It must have taken me several seconds to get across to him the idea that I did; for he finally demanded, "Well, do you or don't you?" . . . Yes, I did. . . . "Then come on down to the Harris office right away. Good bye."

From then on until I found myself cooling off on a Staten Island ferry armed with a contract



"Someone really ought to tell Joe that they cut us off the air fifteen minutes ago to pick up a baseball game in Cuba."

and an Actors' Equity card the details aren't clear, but anyhow, I was hired.

The part wasn't much, but I was also understudying Kolenkhov, played by Frank himself. For the next ten weeks—all that was left of a 102 week run—I prayed every night, "Bless Mama and Papa and let Frank Heller fall down a sewer." In spite of my prayers he successfully evaded any open manholes and ran a constant temperature of 98.6.

It was good to work. Most of the people in the company were well-known actors. I talked shop with them and picked up the actors' habits of rising at noon, stopping in at Ralph's for a beer after the show, and generally advertising that I was employed by Sam Harris.

Too quickly it was all over. The show closed and again the days began to drag. The winter crop of flops came and went in rapid succession, and with each newly darkened theatre another seam crept into the consumptive countenance of Broadway, the superannuated hag.

Then, Joe Feldman, the wonder boy from East 98th St., returned to New York. He had been in Hollywood where he produced a film short of his own, worked under Al Green, the director, on *The Duke of West Point*, and snapped some random photos of the beach at La Jolla. Up in my cubicle on 77th St. we commiserated with each other over our present poor luck. The situation for young people with the goods looked pretty hopeless.

In the midst of our lamentations we dreamed a dream. Why not do something on our own? Why not inject a few red corpuscles into the anemic blood of Broadway? But how? Then I remembered that I had played in *Shroud My Body Down*, a beautifully mystic and poetic drama by Paul Green. It had never been produced in New York. It would be a worthy endeavour. We were both enthusiastic and went to work. Our plan was to produce this play at some small theatre in New York, run it for three or four Sunday nights and then invite the critics to see the results of our labor.

First we bought a copy of the script and wrote Mr. Green for permission to do the play. As our business manager we elicited the help of "Skipper" Mackie (Duke '37—but a nice guy, and honest too) as our business manager. He was then working in the box office of the Metropolitan Opera House. He contended that he could raise the \$800 that our rough budget called for, and set out for Philadelphia to cozen a rich uncle. With

"Skipper" Mackie in Philly, Joe Feldman and I went to work on the artistic side of the production. Would Mr. Green let us have the script? Yes, he would. He even did some rewriting for us. Cleon Throckmorton promised us a design for the show and Lamar Stringfield, Pulitzer Prize composer would do the music. Everything looked easy. Now for a director and a cast.

Our first attempt to contact a talented young director was through Antoinette Perry, chairman—or something—of the American Theatre Council. A difficult woman to see, we called her by phone. She didn't understand. Why were we calling her? She had millions of things to think about. Couldn't we see someone else? For twenty minutes I talked to her while Joe deposited nickels in the phone. She liked our spirit but couldn't see how she could help. I finally gave up trying to explain that we wanted only a suggestion or two and said good bye. That was hopeless.

It so happened that Lynn Riggs was in town. Since he and Mr. Green were both interested in the same kind of theatre, we asked him to direct the play. Due to commitments in Hollywood he was unable to oblige us, but introduced us to Mr. Jalinski, a tall, square-shouldered Russian with silver hair and a rich, resonant voice.

It was a cold February day when, accompanied by Lynn Riggs, we turned into Mr. Jalinski's apartment house. Before discussing the script he invited us to tea. The atmosphere was a little uneasy until we reached the subject of the play.

"Well, Mr. Jalinski," I said, "what do you think of the play?"

"I think it is a very great play," he answered. "How long do you intend to rehearse it?"

"At the longest, six weeks. No more. You see we have our budget very carefully worked out with a minimum of expenditure, and time will be expensive."

"Hum," Mr. Jalinski rumbled.

Then followed a long silence.

Finally Joe asked: "Would you consider directing the play for us?"

"To direct the play, I would like very much," he said. "But it cannot be made ready in six weeks."

"But, Mr. Jalinski, we are unable to spend more than six weeks on the play. We *do* want to present the best production possible, but when the budget is considerably restricted, and each of us cannot afford to spend too much time or money, we must compromise our ideals somewhat."

(Continued on page thirty-one)

No Rats And Rouge

The first appearance of coeds at Carolina was greeted with derision. And they have only begun to justify their stay.

UNIVERSITY COEDS have come a long way since the battle cry of the campus was "no rats and rouge," and the *Daily Tar Heel* published an extra edition protesting the idea of changing "a perfectly good man's University into a co-educational flower garden." Instead of the fight, so vigorously carried on by Mrs. Stacy and others for a single dormitory for women, coeds now have four dorms, and a completely filled Archer House. Instead of missiles flying from boys' windows, and the shout of "angel on campus" when a woman comes into view, the girls have an established place in nearly every outstanding campus organization, and their voting constituency is being recognized by both campus political organs. The women here have fought a winning battle and will continue to do so. They have increased in number, quality and intelligence. But their own self-government has not increased at nearly the same rate. Why? Why did almost 75% of the coeds vote in their own elections in the year 1935-36, while not even half (approximately 47%) voted last year? Why is May day continued when interest has dropped so low (1000 people crowded into the Arboretum in 1936—last year, the crowd was at the ball game)? Why are coeds so ill informed about the conditions of their own Woman's Association?

The answers to these and other questions like them do not lie in any one factor, nor does the responsibility devolve upon any single individual. A part of the fault rests with the coeds themselves. In the past many of them have shown that they neither knew anything about student government, nor wanted to. Some of them still feel that way. They are phlegmatic about attending compulsory Woman's Association's meetings. They seem to have no particular interests. They refuse invitations to enter into dorm or sorority athletics; they stay at home when Norman Thomas or the National Symphony is in town, but they never miss an afternoon show. All this and more would be excusable if they were excellent in their studies, but they usually make very mediocre grades. It is this type of girl who has forced the officers of the Woman's Association and the Woman's Council to take more responsibility than they need have; to do on their own everything

that they want done. And what is quite harmful, to put all coeds, with the exception of a few leaders, into this lethargic class.

In this last matter the Council wrongs a great many women students. For I find that a surprising number are sincerely interested in the things



around them, and in woman's government. They want changes made, can offer suggestions, but have not the slightest idea of how to go about taking any action. They would like to see a copy of the constitution of the Woman's Association, but they don't know where to find one.* They are

* It is read to them at the first of the year, but few of them absorb it at the time.

interested in, and critical of, the Woman's Council.

Many coeds have said, however, that any interest they have in the W. A. is thoroughly chilled by the first meeting. Nothing of the real spirit of the coed's place on campus is instilled into them, they do not see their power or their position. The meetings seem to have dropped in importance from the full attendance that greeted Jane Ross, president of the Woman's Association, when she talked to the coeds about their potentialities as a "real motivating force" on the campus. Such a trend, the "spirit," so to speak, is probably too minor and too elusive to explain. But it is a certainty that meetings of the W. A. are frequently confused, disrupted and difficult to understand because of the flagrant violations of parliamentary procedure. When a group such as the Student Legislature, much smaller than the W. A., finds it necessary to maintain an elected parliamentarian and to follow strictly Robert's *Rules of Order*, so that they may successfully carry out business, surely the W. A. is not so much more superior or less important as to be without such protection.

So it seems that the problem becomes a vicious cycle. The Council and officers do not believe the girls to be interested enough to take responsibility, and the girls find it hard to work up interest and activity when they seem to have no responsibility, and the important rules, decisions, etc., are meted out to them by a few.

The answer to the problem, of course, is more enlightened education of the coeds as to their government. Some of the fascinating parts of the history of women at the University, of Mrs. Stacy's part in that history, plus the new constitution and other necessities, should certainly be contained in the Woman's Handbook. The women leaders will have to take a chance with democracy. They will have to see if the girls are capable of taking responsibility, of nominating as well as electing their own officers, of carrying on their own business. Certainly, it may be difficult or even a failure at first. But an honest, sincere attempt at evaluating real problems through receiving sincere criticisms ought not to be out of place. And though it may seem odd to suggest it, in face of the present situation, more meetings of the W. A. might be a good idea.

Aside from the Woman's Association as a body, there is the Woman's Council.* The powers of this

*The Woman's Council is composed of the officers of the W. A., Dorm. presidents, a town representative and a graduate representative.

group are legislative, judicial, and executive. They are in charge of carrying out both the campus and honor codes among women students. Meetings vary from weekly gatherings to nightly sessions which sometimes last well into morning hours and are most secretive. Exactly what type of work they do, aside from cases, I cannot say. Suggestions for action on various matters come largely from the dorm presidents, who are members of the Council, and from the president of the Association, who presides over the Council. At any rate, there is no clear distinction between judicial powers and legislative (or executive for that matter) and, at times, it looks as though the Council confuses them. As to the cases brought up, their verdicts are fairly lenient, but they have never explained their process of trial or their methods of reaching a verdict. As a result, most girls are in the dark about offenses, the certainty and character of their punishment, etc. And in too many cases, girls have come away from appearing before the Council with a feeling of resentment of that group, instead of feeling that they have been corrected or reminded of a rule in a helpful sort of way.

Sometimes the Council is too quick to brand a girl as a liar, a drunk, or whatever the charge may indicate. They are inclined to be vindictive about faults and misdemeanors, of which they themselves are sometimes guilty. They appear to set themselves up as judges of human nature, rather than as a disciplinary group that is only the equal of the student before them. But the Council is not to be blamed too much for these things, as they are typical feminine characteristics. (And may the reader be asked to remember that these are personal observations, gathered from talking to girls who have been up before the Council, rather than an "inside" viewpoint.) The rulings of the Council on *any* matter, are subject to no appeal, except that of the faculty.

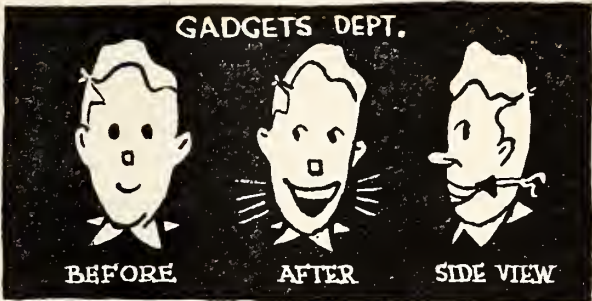
The new Inter-Dormitory Council has this year done its bit to give information and help, especially to the new coeds. It has taken a step by holding hall meetings in the dorms for the discussion of problems and grievances. It has been held back by members who do not thoroughly understand student government, or the principles upon which it is based. These members were "hand-picked" by the old and new Woman's Councils last spring: and in the light of this year's record, the bungle-some, democratic process (election of Inter-Dorm girls by their own dormitories), might again prove worthy.

(Continued on page thirty-two)

➔ BELIEVE
IT OR NOT

BUT SOME SAY THAT
OUR MOST EFFECTIVE
POLITICIANS ARE NOT
LOWER QUAD BOYS
BUT INSTEAD THE
SOUND AND FURY
COEDS.....

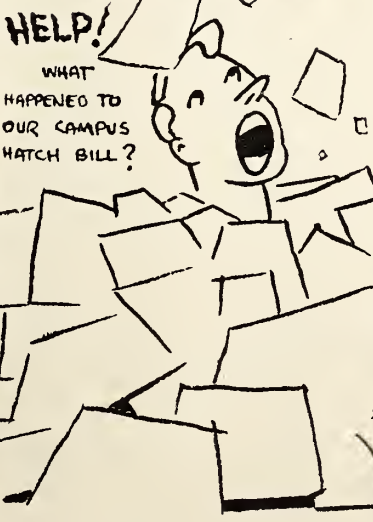
ON THE RIGHT,
ONE GETS HER
POINT ACROSS...
A LITTLE FORWARD
BUT IT GETS
RESULTS....



POLITICIANS! SEND FOR OUR FREE "SMILE-ETTE"
FOR THAT 'DISARMING' SMILE NECESSARY FOR
A GOOD CAMPAIGN! EASY TO ADJUST!
BASED ON THE FAMOUS EQUINE PRINCIPLE.



... A CARTOON COMMENTARY
ON THE MOST HECTIC WEEK
IN THE SCHOOL YEAR.....



Snake-eyes

In the rain, with no orchards to work, there was nothing to do but play cards and wait for the first fight.

PAIR SEVENS high," Old Man Wilson was dealing.

Frankie threw a dime in the pot. George and the old man folded up. Clay and Scott threw in a dime. Gene, the negro, looking at his hole card again, followed up with a nickel raise. Frankie looked hard at the negro for a minute and threw in his nickel. Scott and Clay folded up.

Scott watched Frankie as he stared out the window. His eyes are getting snakey again. For three days he's been watching that rain and his eyes had been getting snakeier all the time. He looked around the circle of the five players. Old Man Wilson didn't give a damn about the rain. He was an old man. George, Frankie's brother, was lazier than Frank. He was glad not to be working. But Frankie was getting mean. He and the negro.

Those dumb eyes of his, and the stubbly black beard on the brown skin looks wrong. He probably doesn't like it, what with Frankie talking like he is. Clay's scared. Don't blame you Clay. This ain't no tea party.

Old Man Wilson dealt the negro a queen. "Pair ladies showing," he said. Frankie got a ten. "Pair ladies over the sevens." Gene threw in a dime.

"Got another whore in the hole aintcha, Nigger?" Frankie said.

"Yeah, I got another lady here. A dime and you can see her."

"You're a liar!" Frankie said it mean and loud, so that all of them looked up. Frankie threw in a dime. He pulled a seven from the bottom. "These three sevens will take anything you got." He reached for the pot.

"Wait a minute," the negro said, "three queens."

Frankie jumped to his feet. He was short and apish. His long arms were bowed for a fight. Scott pushed the pot over to Gene, watching Frankie.

Frankie started cursing. His low brow sunk lower over the black snake eyes.

Let him curse, thought Scott. He was watching Frankie fast, but moving slow. He shuffled the cards. Handed them to Clay.

"Your deal."

Frankie walked swaying, with his arms bowed over, to the other side of the room. He pulled his

knife out, whipped it to the floor with a clean thud. Then he picked it up, threw it again.

"Deal you out of this hand, Frankie?" Scott asked. He didn't answer, but kept on throwing the long knife to the floor. Scott nodded to Clay and he went on dealing. They played the hand without speaking.

Only the regular sound of the knife. The slow hum of the rain on the roof. And the fast guzzle of it in the gutters. From the corner of his eye, Scott could see the arm rise with the knife. Then the almost imperceptible wrist movement. Quick like the strike of a snake. And the blade was in the floor, quivering. And the long arm followed through.

Oh, God, for the sun, he thought. He looked through the window and up along the rim of the mountains which cupped the small valley on three sides. He thought he saw a faint ribbon of light above the ridges. Don't fool yourself. Old Man Wilson says it will be here for a week. We'll have to spray the north orchard over again. God, if he'd stop throwing that knife. The nigger's scared of him, but he won't take much more off him. We got to get back to work before the whole crowd blows up. Why did Powell pick this wilderness for an apple orchard anyway? And he ought to know you can't room black and white hands together. The nigger's winning too. That's bad. Frankie and his brother and Old Man Wilson will stick together if it comes. They're all kin somehow. I don't like it. *This crowd is too damn quiet!*

"We'll have to spray the north orchard over again, eh Mr. Wilson?"

"Yeah, the rain has cleaned the spray off the leaves."

"We killed three rattlers in north orchard," Clay said, "I don't like going back to it."

"You ain't through with rattlers yet, son. The young orchard is full of them." The old man spoke slowly, and when he got through it was suddenly very quiet. Only the slow hum of the rain on the roof. And the fast guzzle of it in the gutters. And the knife.

Frankie sat hunched, the back rounded, and the head hanging loosely forward, so that it wobbled when he jerked the knife from the floor.

FICTION

Scott looked at the negro as he pulled in another pot. His face showed nothing. Maybe he didn't know what Frankie was muttering about. The brown jaws twitched under the black stubble.

Clay said, "Scott, want to run down to Powell's and get something to read? It's letting up some now."

"Naw Clay, I think we better stay here."

Frankie was muttering louder. "Talking bout me ain'tcha? Well you needn't worry bout me doing nothing. I ain't doing nothing but cut his ears off. All niggers ought to have their ears cut off."

"Gene, you kinda raking it in, aren't you?" said Scott, loud over Frankie's muttering.

"Yeah, winnin me a little fat-back heah." And he smiled short, rolling his eyes toward Frankie, saying nothing with them, only watching.

Scott shuffled the cards. "Well you got to beat three aces this time. I got 'em right here waiting for me."

"Deal me out," said George. And he walked over to his bunk near Frankie.

As he dealt the cards, Scott watched him leave. They're getting ready now. Don't make a fool of yourself by lining up with this damn nigger. Stay out of it. It's none of your business. Let him get knifed if he ain't got sense enough to get out of here. I wonder if he's got a knife.

"Clay, you got a cigarette?"

"Naw, I ain't, Scott."

"Heah." Gene handed him a package. Scott saw him slip a razor from his pocket with the cigarettes and lay it close by his thigh. Scott took a cigarette and handed them back to him.

Frankie's muttering was loud as talking now. "I'll be damned, taking cigarettes from a nigger."

All right, you're with him now, thought Scott. Better get Clay out of this.

"Clay, run down and ask Powell if he wants us to work this afternoon, if it clears up."

"Now?"

"Yeah, now."

"There ain't no hurry, Scott. I'll wait a while."

Thanks, Clay, he thought. But you're awful young. You ought to be out of this. I'm not standing much more of his jabber even if the nigger will. Calm down you fool. It might pass over. That arm goes up, and lets it go like a snake. Watch it when it stops dead still. He lets it go then. Remember that.

"Mr. Wilson, you think it'll clear up?"

"Don't know, Scott. I think I'll step outside and see how she looks."

Good for him, Scott thought. He's staying out of it.

"George, you seen that western belt of mine with the green sparklers on it?"

"Naw, I ain't, Frankie."

Here it comes, Scotty. He shifted his legs.

"I reckon somebody stole it. I couldn't find it this morning." He was looking at the negro. It was quiet. Clay and the negro laid down their cards. Scott saw the negro's hand drop to his thigh. The slow hum of the rain on the roof was soft. But the guzzle of it in the gutters was still fast and loud.

"NIGGER! What'd you do with that belt?"

The negro got to his feet. "I don't reckon you left it with that high-yellow of Powell's last night, did—"

"Why you black—" He stepped back. His arm flew up. Scott sprang. His weight fell against Frankie pushing him backwards. He caught the knife arm. George leaped on his back. The three of them fell against a tower of apple baskets in the corner, then back away as the tower fell. Clay had hold of the negro.

"WATCH OUT!" the negro yelled. Then all of them heard it.

Buzzzzzzzz Buzzzz Buzzzzzz.

They froze. Scott looked behind him slow. He saw it coiled in the corner where the baskets had been. The head lifted from the floor swaying. . . .

He eased his grip on Frankie's knife arm. Still watching the swaying head, he felt the sudden constriction of the wrist muscles in Frankie's arm.

Then the knife was there, quivering in the center of the writhing coils. The pinned snake lashed again and again at the knife. Then slumped to the floor. Scott let go of Frankie's arm. Clay stepped away from the negro. Scott looked at Frankie, then walked over and got an axe. He came back and chopped the snake's head off. He jerked the knife up.

George and Frankie had sat down on a bunk. The negro took out his cigarettes, gave Clay one and pitched them over on the table. The negro's face was still waiting as he leaned to Clay's match. No one spoke.

George got up from the bunk, walked over, took two cigarettes from the pack on the table, walked back and gave one to Frankie. Frankie was smiling as he leaned to the match.

"How was that, Scotty?"

"That was all right." And he smiled. He saw the sudden sunlight on the watered earth outside, thinking, we'll work this afternoon.

Theatre

With "The Marauders" the Playmakers have awakened to give us at least the beginning of a play.

WHEN Noel Houston's "The Marauders" was being ballyhooed in its late rehearsal days, some misguided flunkey sought to stimulate ticket sales by calling this very admirable attempt "Broadway material." This was supposed to be the supreme accolade that would set the play upon a professional pedestal and make it a success before the first curtain. At the Playmaker Theatre, during intermissions, I heard some very choice marginalia about this matter from spectators who apparently had come for no other reason than to expertly detect big-time possibilities. And somewhere along the line a specifically local appreciation of Noel Houston's work seems to have been lost. It seems to me that "The Marauders" is a more than creditable amateur theatre play that misses professionalism by certain flaws that may or may not be ironed out. For the Little Theatre of Chapel Hill, however, and for those of us who are looking for an honest literature that is ripped out of the confused thought of today, this is an important and encouraging piece of work.

Today, in the big world fabric that observing people like Houston crystallize into personified abstractions, the luxury of thought is deemed by some people a cause worth fighting for. With the necessary military being promoted into a "little man's holiday" and with people finding it simpler not to think, occasional sincere writers have tried to be honest to their times and still be faithful to their art. Always the most sublimely difficult of tasks, it is today almost a myth. For it is awfully easy to say that the Theatre is only a bag of tricks anyway and essay an inoffensive farce, or to smugly hide behind a fake pair of neo-classical whiskers and disregard the present completely by reading Homer both day and night. But Mr. Houston tried to be honest with himself in a setting of good, rich theatre.

We have been hearing certain remarks and explanations of the play. And we have heard it said that the writer created certain characters to represent various nations today. This seems to be a consideration which is more sensational than it is important. Any writer who is trying to set down the current conflict between dictatorship and democracy as they affect the lives of particular peo-

ple must inevitably think in terms of those countries which are fighting out the issue today. What is important is that Houston recognized here in America, in a setting as native and traditional as we can muster, all of the elements and embryos of this struggle. In a group of people gathered together he has detected every cause of disaster and hope that there is. And although we may very validly question his own solution or lack of solution, there is a real encouragement in noting that he has made these people, right or wrong, the masters of their own destinies. Miss Connie Smith's cousinly *Tar Heel* review to the innocuous contrary, this is a highly optimistic doctrine.

Houston is right in realizing that the war goes on, even in the superficial civilization of an Oklahoma mansion built on an accident and sustained by a philosophy of property and power. And he is right in picturing the profoundly civilized intelligence and decency which, though sometimes battered and even distorted, must someday oppose all of this. But in mixing these ingredients into a single family or close group and extracting certain untainted characteristics for different members, he creates a group of characters who are types or abstracted arguments in a debate. It is only his warm feeling for good theatre, fortified by a good humored understanding of people, that saves his play from an unfortunate division of pros and cons.

Thus on one side we have Mardella, and, indirectly, her father. On the other side we have Eleanor, and, indirectly, the itinerant radical writer and the grandfather. The other characters more or less fall in between in varying positions, with the off-stage Maurice a rather romantic and symbolic device to represent what seems to be the playwright's ideal. And there is something altogether too rigid about the entire composition.

We are asked to believe certain things about Mardella which we never actually see develop. She is supposed to be ruthless power, cunning and beautifully devastating, which is as big and horribly colossal as fascism itself. But what we actually have is strong-willed and scheming woman who attains her various aims by a series of feminine artifices. She is a trickster and a seductress.

who is incredibly selfish and really quite transparent. Everyone, even the father, recognizes her evil, yet each character allows himself to be ruined or almost ruined by her. Her eventual recognition of the need for a complete relationship with her father, a mating of avaricious lust for strength with itself, is only feebly suggested. It is an ending which does not come naturally from the rest of the play and it is, in the end, a quack resolving of a situation which may be too big for some of its characters. Synthetic doctoring on the last nights could not overcome a basic fault in structure.

Houston seems to have conceived of a telling character. But all of the while that she was sending her fellow characters through her diabolical paces, I, sitting in the audience, kept thinking that a swift kick in her back-side could have cleared matters up. In other words, original conception did not materialize into a character who lived up to what the others said about her. Thus all that is really important in development seems to happen off-stage—an omission which has deadly effects.

Likewise, we are confronted by the peculiar set of motives which make up Joseph Greentree, the father. When Houston is presenting him in the more or less convention clothing of the tycoon who has rationalized himself into a philosophy of might, he is effective. But there emerge such cloudy motives as his vindication of his Indian blood and his misguided desire to do right under the convenient circumstances. The man changes from strength to the most complete weakness in a few lines of dialogue. A fighter who has gloried in his power, he accepts the degrading defeat of incest with only a pretense of a struggle. That the marauder seeks into its own image for an eventual decay is a positive thought. But that he does it unmotivated is strictly amateur theatrics.

And we could go on with the Grandfather, who is not only type, but stock. Essentially a happy creation that is supposed to show the basically wise primitivism from which the marauder grows, he wanders around being sentimentally philosophical to an almost ludicrous degree. He was, as the boys say, pulled in by his ears to recite a few apt lines.

In Eleanor, the "good sister" who lives a faith in the decent goodness of people, we have a character of some development and consistency. Of the same blood as the others, however, she is their complete opposite, their constant foil. The good and the bad (which is an oversimplification) are

precisely separated in a manner that at best is highly artificial.

In his alleged communist, Mr. Houston cleanly frees himself of any Dies Investigating Committees. Smacking more of a whimsical S. N. Behrman red ("End of Summer") than a Union Square boy, he is only a wistfully weak foil for Greentree's individualism. He is completely ridiculous most of the time, and when he is not he is grudgingly sentimental.

And yet, because of an abundance of awfully good dialogue, these characters are highly effective most of the time. Even though the play begins to fall apart along about the middle of the second act and needs a *deus ex machina* to end it, the characters are placed in a series of tense and splendid situations. They are not real or nearly real, but isolated speeches and actions are tellingly so. Houston has learned a lot of tricks and his stuff stages well. But in the end, when emotion flutters and reflection begins to rub away the veneer, we find a disjointed and diffuse brilliance that is not quite first-rate.

It seems to me that a good deal of the local success of "The Marauders" may be ascribed to the careful directing of Earl Wynn, to some very good settings and costumings and to several commendable acting performances. The vitality and finish of Robert Bowers, the sympathetic reserve of Betty Boice and the promising exuberance of Jean McKenzie rushed past several rough passages. Houston's Mardella was entitled to more vitality and subtlety than Elizabeth Carr gave her and his grandfather might be less corney without Donald Mason's peculiar guttural delivery.

It is difficult to be precise about a play when you suspect that the author is not quite clear in his own philosophy. We have a feeling that Houston has a wee admiration for his marauders that destroys the unity of his work. But this is what comes of earnest ideas when they are adapted to the stage. They don't flap around and then fit into neat corners like drawing-room clichés. If they are harder, however, the successful result is greater. Noel Houston, enjoying only a semi-success in this medium, is more important than a hundred smooth hacksters—on or off Broadway.

It is nice to be able to write an honest review again. And it is encouraging to have gone into the Playmaker Theatre without having run into either a revival meeting or a superannuated edition of Gilbert and Sullivan. And when "The Marauders" is happily located on Broadway next season I shall expect two autographed passes for the trouble I have just gone to in being all wrong.

ONE ON A ROCK

(Continued from page seventeen)

retary he needs, or is it a governess at his ripe 22 years?"

Quete saw through his defense, and she realized he was grateful and embarrassed by her kindness and generosity. So she did the best thing, she ignored what he had said. She went on brightly and swiftly—Jaime would be going down alone, and of course he knew how unpleasant that was at this time of year, and she thought that since the both of them got on so well together—

"Alone? Is the *Santa Barbara* making a special trip for little Jaime, Quete, or is it that Jaime is going to be alone with some several hundred people or more? Why who is he, Quete,—Garbo or something? And why is it more unpleasant at this time of the year than any other? Really, Quete. . . ."

"Now don't be obstinate," she continued, "and don't bicker—I really can't have Jaime going back home without anyone that I can say I know—" She saw his shade of a smile, and with seeming annoyance finished what she had to say. "Well, I thought you liked us well enough to do me this little favor, but all right."

He smiled wryly. "The trouble is that I know who's doing the favor."

Jaime appeared beside them with a tray loaded with highballs, nuts, and small sandwiches. He had a merry, knowing smile.

"Well," he said, "is it all settled?" and he winked in the boy's direction, then looked at his mother. Neither of the two answered, but the woman turned to the boy.

"I won't ask you again after this because I realize we embarrass you. But please, won't you consider it? The facts are that we have more money than we know what to do with—we know one another well enough not to have embarrassment—and it would give us pleasure for you to accept. . . . What do you say?"

At this point, the boy looked up and was surprised to see that Anne was standing nearby, and that she had taken in all that transpired. She was staring fully at him now with the old set expression on her face, and he knew that she, too, was waiting for his answer. And now it seemed that the events of that night had been leading up to his answer. He remembered the earlier part of the evening, the eventful trip there, the party, and now, his two friends' offer. He was suddenly

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tempted to accept, and he turned toward them.

"Thank you a lot, both of you, but—" he shook his head dumbly. "There are some reasons I have to stay here, so I'll have to wait a few more years before I go down—but thanks, anyway." Quete took a sandwich and her son sat down. But at this point the boy happened to see Anne's face again. He was not sure, but for a moment her lips curled in a soft smile of triumph and possession. He walked over to her.

"Anne. . ." He couldn't understand her placid and friendly expression. "Anne, won't you try one of these? Those round ones on the left of the tray are of cheese and ham. . ."

She had won again.

GROWING PAINS

(Continued from page six)

men have the idea in mind that politics is an end in itself, and that improving student government is the job of a few fellows who are either half-cracked or who are working to make Golden Fleece or the Grail. And sometimes this is true.

Yet, we have to realize the meaning of the system we have here. It is first operated by the students who rent out the campus from the University. Each student has an individual, equal share in the porridge, whether it be through taxes in the state, or the out-of-state differential fee. Our student government is merely a process of transforming young boys, fresh off the farm or hidden under the wings of parents in a city home, into men who know how to stand on their own feet and make decisions for themselves. They are supposed to learn how to appreciate the advantages of self-expression and self-rule.

Politics is good in stimulating interest in the democratic process, but what good is voting unless the constituency keeps checking up on the elected candidates, and takes an active interest to see if the men it voted into office are doing a decent job?

Many suggestions have been offered to solve the problem. An idea was recently submitted to have each dormitory's representative to the Student Legislature make a report back at the dorm meeting every month and ask the men he represents if he is voting as they would have him. If he isn't, then he must convince them that he is doing the right thing, or he must yield to their demands in the form of a compromise. I would venture to say that not more than two or three of the present dorm representatives have thought

about going back to the boys they represent and find out how they feel on certain issues.

The student leaders don't stimulate the student body, because the student body doesn't stimulate their leaders. It is a vicious cycle. Many of the measures passed don't affect a good part of the student body. But in many cases, when they do, the students actually think that they are administration-sponsored.

With a population of almost 4000, any politician on the campus will tell you that it is nearly impossible to get to know or to get together many of them. Since 1920, the enrollment at the University has doubled.

With the continual increase in number, the student body seemingly grew more and more heterogeneous, and had less and less common interests. A man became primarily an Aycok man, instead of a member of the unified student body; a man lived in the XYZ fraternity house and forgot that there was such a thing as a government that the other 4000 students had created and wanted to run; general interest continued to lag, and the powers of student government went into the hands of politicians in the Spring and into the hands of a few either conscientious or approbation-driven, duly elected officers the rest of the year.

The cause for the drop-off in student government might be due to the too-sudden increase in the campus' population. It might also be due to the lack of proper orientation for freshmen and transfer students when they come here to begin their lives as North Carolina students.

The average freshman, Johnny Jones from Everett, comes up here during freshman week, gapes in awe at the class buildings, is shoved around to what seems like a million placement exams, and finally retires to his room and strange room-mate, lonely and eager to go home again. Then, up pops an energetic young counselor, anxious to make a good impression on the virgin timber, who tells the frosh what a great place we have here, all the freedoms we have, and that a Carolina man will stand alone in the portals of collegiate specimens. Even if the counselor does have a fairly good understanding of student government and the basis of honor and responsibility—which are the firm foundations of all student self-rule—he usually does not impress young Johnny, whose thoughts are either carried upward to the day when he will graduate from this place or will be elected president of the student body.

In a first-rate suggestion, Don Bishop, this year's

editor of the *Daily Tar Heel*, has campaigned for a University-sponsored course in the history of the school, which will include a complete survey of student government. This should be taught to incoming freshmen and all new students, so that they can grasp at least the fundamental phases of what kind of a set-up we have here. The whole fly in the ointment is that honor and responsibility, the keys to the problem, are things that only can develop within each individual. Yet, the course idea is a good one, and might solve the problem of ignorance of campus institutions.

As we can see, student government here today—yes, the same student government that claims to be a real leader in student governments throughout the nation—is missing the boat on two counts: in the development of leaders it is producing, and in the students who grope about the quadrangles for something real on which to hang. Neither of them is reaching the peak that self-discipline should yield.

In the words of one fair prophet in our campus' miniature government, "The days are likely to come when even the lip service talk about freedom will begin to fade." It's then that we begin to drift backwards on the road to faculty control and eventually trustee control again.

So it is with all democratic forms.

The answer lies with the students and the leaders they elect this Spring and the campaigns to come.

LEADERSHIP IS A LONG RACE

(Continued from page twelve)

thing. Being chairman of the Student Council has meant more to me than any other activity or course in the University."

Staying here for summer school, he began work on his ambitious program for the advancement of student government and helped think up the idea which has made the biggest splotch on his administration—the campus reorganization plan. He expected a busy time when school opened in getting this plan under way, but the *Buccaneer*, a drum majorette and two coed cheerleaders had student government, the athletic department, the administration, the PU board, and the *Daily Tar Heel* in a terrific furore before the reorganization bill had a chance to show.

When Mack Hobson failed to return to school, Dave decided that it was the opportune time for solving the perennial *Buccaneer* problem without

stepping on a student editor's toes. His personal opinion that the magazine wasn't worth the trouble it caused resulted in his appointing a student-faculty committee to conduct a thorough investigation. Dave admits now that the first issues of *Tar and Feathers* looked like the old Buc under a new banner, but considers the last two issues in line with the bill passed by the legislature.

When the controversy on girl cheerleaders and the drum majorette was raised in the early football season, officials did not forbid coed participation but tossed the responsibility back and forth between Woollen gym and South building. As the issue became too hot for either the administration or the athletic association to take responsibility for a decision, Dean House appointed a conglomerate committee of students, faculty, and administrative officials with Dave as the chairman. This group consumed hours in debating and after a close vote submitted a plan to Dr. Graham to keep the status quo.

During Dave's administration the Student Council has made two big steps forward. It now has complete power to deal with all breaches of the campus and honor codes. Formerly, jurisdiction was split between the council and the faculty executive committee which handled all cases reported by instructors, but it was agreed last fall that the students should handle all student discipline.

The Council also has partly lifted its cloak of secrecy from cases handled. Just before Christmas Dave appointed Council Member W. T. Martin to release stories, sans names, to the *Daily Tar Heel* every week to "give the campus an idea of the council's procedure and the type of cases handled."

On the campus reorganization plan, Dave admittedly has slipped. Although the Legislature passed the scheme as soon as it had caught its breath from the opening spurt of activity, and gave Dave the responsibility for setting it up, the plan is still on paper. Dave frankly takes all the blame and promises to put it into effect before the end of the term.

And he has a particular issue in mind for its first test. Although he was one of the summer school students who recommended to the Board of Trustees that the four-year compulsory physical education program be installed, he has now changed his views. The physical education department, he has found, has neither money nor facilities to maintain the entire program satisfactorily and he is sure that the organization plan will show student opposition plainly. He approves a two year program more adequately carried out.

Like a lot of harassed seniors, Dave can see little real value in comprehensives. Although he passed his own last summer, he feels that the student body has a right to know departmental reasons for retaining the bugaboos. He recently appointed a student curriculum committee to investigate this and other curricular grudges. Perhaps Carolina, like many other modern universities, will find that it has outgrown comprehensives.

By the time this article is published, Dave's plan for putting cheerleading on a merit and awards basis may already have passed the Student Legislature. His scheme to eliminate unfair politics would allow the Athletic Council, instead of the political parties, to nominate the candidates for head cheerleader. In order to stabilize the whole set-up and make cheerleaders eligible for monograms, the squads would be limited and selected by the AC on the basis of the head cheerleader's recommendations.

Dave came into office with an ambitious program of improvements and found a job heavy with ready-made routine. Unexpected crises swamped him in the opening weeks and many of his new ideas had to wait . . . and wait . . . and wait. With good luck there is barely time for him to put over some of his plans before his term is out.

Maybe his finishing kick will do the job.

THE CLIFFS ARE STEEP

(Continued from page twenty)

"Gentlemen," Mr. Jalinski leaned forward. "If you want to call yourselves artists, you must not compromise your ideals. You say you want to give this play the best production possible. You say that you want it well done and you want me to direct it. I am sorry. How can you be sure the play will be ready in six weeks? Perhaps it

will take six months. Maybe a year. Whenever it is ready, then will we present it to an audience. Don't you understand? You cannot make the flower bloom before its time. To be healthy the baby cannot be born in six months. It must wait nine. And so with this beautiful play. We must plant the seed, water it, nurture it, and then wait, yes, always wait, until it blooms. Then and only then could we pluck it. Only then could I direct it. Only then could we call ourselves artists."

Though we thoroughly appreciated the meaning of Mr. Jalinski's words, we still knew that we had only eight hundred dollars. This was no time for the Russian method.

After that we contacted the blind Augustin Duncan, formerly a director of the Theatre Guild and later noted for his performance as John of Gaunt in Maurice Evans' *Richard II*. Despite his lack of sight he had still done some fine directing for the American Theatre Council. He hesitated to take on the responsibility, so we still had to find a director.

The next three weeks passed like a nightmare. Out of the wilds of Westchester came a director. Out of the winding streets of Greenwich Village came a cast. Sleep was a thing of the past. We hunted properties, lighting equipment, a theatre, and hundreds of other necessities that make up a production. We rehearsed in the evening in a hall on 42nd Street. When the going got tough I dragged Joe into the warmth of St. Malachy's Actors' Chapel to pray. Joe recalled from the dim dark past a few *Broches* that he recited in broken Yiddish. Everything progressed—slowly—but it progressed, and then the blow struck. Three of our actors, culled from long lists, left us for jobs. They couldn't help it. They were hired—offered Forty Whole Dollars a week to act in somebody else's play. That was too much!

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In a coffee joint off Broadway Joe and I looked over the past few months. There were no words. We were tense and gloomy as we sipped strong coffee out of those thick white cups. Then I suddenly remembered Joe handing me those nickels at the telephone that day when we called Antoinette Perry. He had started out with two and as the conversation grew longer he went from door to door in the house frantically collecting more. It struck me funny. I began to chuckle.

"What's so funny?"

"Those nickels," I gurgled. "Remember. At the telephone."

He remembered. He began to chuckle too; then both of us laughed until we choked.

The tension was off. We finished our coffee and sauntered up to look at the two little trees in front of the International Building, Rockefeller's Reforestation Project.

GOLD IN OUR CAMPUS DIRT

(Continued from page ten)

ment today is the practice of nominating athletes for positions, not because they are good men, but because their names are well known. This isn't to say that athletes cannot serve well; they can and have. But student government takes a beating every time a man gets into office on the strength of his athletic name alone. Presidents Dave Morrison and Jim Davis were track men, but they had something concrete to offer for their positions other than their running fame. I could name other athletes, past and present, who pushed into the top ranks of student leadership when actually they had only the goods for kicking a field goal or knocking a baseball over the fence.

In spite of all these pitfalls for student government that are dug by the political system, it must be recognized that the two-party system is working well here. The broad purpose of the parties is to put up the best candidates. Often they nominate a favorite son or a jolly good fellow or a four-letter athlete, but they must be excused for an occasional mis-choice. The rise of the Student Party in recent years was a valuable movement for student government. Its original function, to be a dormitory party, was all wrong. There should be no division of fraternities versus dormitories. By now the parties

have so aligned themselves that there are enough fraternity and non-fraternity elements in each that we can be said to have a pair of all-campus parties, each striving to find the best slate and corral enough votes for victory.

I am sorry, Mr. Editor, there is no tale to tell; there is no crusade to conduct. All is not well but neither is all bad.

NO RATS AND ROUGE

(Continued from page twenty-two)

Another conflict which should be mentioned is the sorority-non-sorority by-play. There isn't much feeling of difference between the two groups except during rush week in the fall and elections in the spring when sororities do their best to grab off all of the offices and honors they can. Granted that some of the most outstanding girls belong to sororities, let us also recognize the fact that sorority membership is not a pre-requisite for character, dependability, etc. If two sororities combine on a slate, get a little non-sorority help, and are smart, they get results. Since this goes on and will continue to go on as long as there are sororities, isn't there room for some sort of organization or unity of action among non-sorority girls? Nothing has ever been done along this line, and I simply ask the question.

Nothing much need be said about women in campus politics. Most women do not make good politicians. Furthermore, often they do not know but one or two people who are running. They may vote if someone asks them to, but they are not very much interested in anything except major offices. Very few of them understand the way the political machines on campus work, which is not unfortunate. A few over 200 voted last year, and if the parties work hard, more may vote this year. But it will be because the parties worked, not because of any new or re-vitalized interest in politics.

That is the set-up as I see it. I hope to see many women attending Professor Coates' lectures on student government. I hope to see officers elected who are increasingly better qualified for their positions. I hope to see women at this University take the broad, outside point of view on matters that concern them rather than the more narrow, inside one. These things are important. With intelligence and a normal collegiate energy Carolina coeds may vindicate their unpopular entry and improve their present status.

A black and white photograph of a man performing a handstand. He is wearing a light-colored short-sleeved shirt, dark shorts, and light-colored sneakers with dark socks. He is balancing on his hands, with his legs raised high and crossed at the ankles. His head is tilted back, and he has a slight smile.

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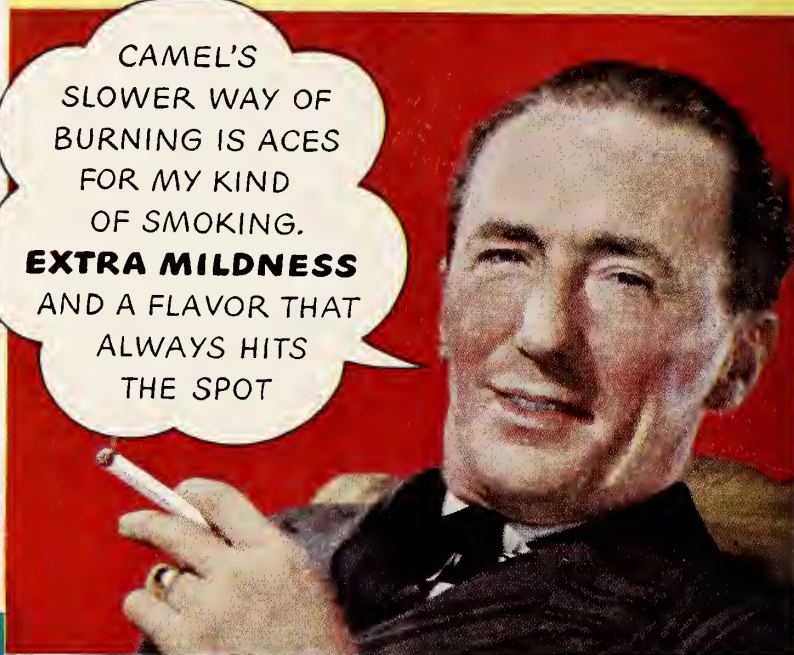
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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

Established 1844

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The Moving Finger



the missing link

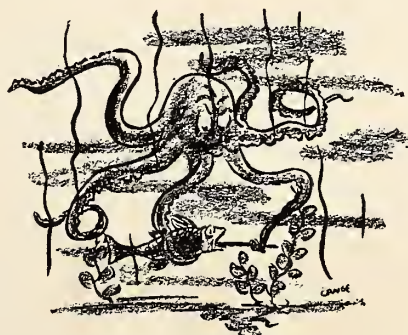
DURING the hectic compiling and gathering of the April issue of this Mag, we feel more like a bridegroom waiting at the altar of another church. If one has never experienced the unique sensation of putting out one publication while waiting and trying to get a campus to name him to the head of another publication, then one cannot realize quite the spot we have placed ourselves in this month.

As is common knowledge, ex-Editor Spies, tired of English comprehensives and of thinking up razzle-dazzle ideas for a previously dormant Mag, left for a job up North. That he then went down to the sunny beaches of Florida for a week or two, and then headed out to the wide spaces of the West the other day is immaterial, except that the editorship of the Mag will do a lot of funny things to a usually sane man.

The maze of paradoxes might well be the theme of this issue, further evidence being accorded when we consider the fact that the new editor for 1941-42 had been chosen even before we began working on this issue. Cartoonist Henry Moll, with a staff

nomination neatly tucked under his belt, garnered both parties' nominations early in the month, and then settled back calmly to watch the present Mag editor and many other suddenly conniving individuals show their wares before an unusually unenthusiastic campus.

So, in this issue, we have two kind words to say



to two gentlemen who have left us as the tottering link between the past and the future. To ex-Editor Spies, who wished upon us a job that we never before realized took so much toil, we say,

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"Bravo, your Mag this year was the best in decades. But, why didn't you decide to turn Gulliver next month instead of last?" To new editor Henry Moll, we say, "May your Mag stack up with Adrian's, and may you not go through the proverbial chaos we have in putting out this issue. But, why didn't they give you your two nominations before Editor Spies took his drastic step?"

The normal conclusion for us to come to is to resign ourselves to martyrdom, but, when one delves into the ethereal realm of back-slapping and vote-gathering, one realizes that moral prostitution is definitely not a characteristic of the great forefathers that preceded us in the Mag editorship.

lady eve

WE picked up an interest item off the UP wires the other morning, telling of a new stringent regulation that our neighboring state college of South Carolina had passed, preventing co-eds from participating in intercollegiate athletics. It seems that the female population of the Columbia school had dominated the field of soccer and a woman had even bested several moundsmen to become the number 1 pitcher on the diamond nine.

This item naturally interested us, because for years now we have always wondered why some of our more bulging co-eds didn't take off for football, lacrosse, or other rugged sports. Yet, upon close inspection, we did find that our fairer population has taken an active part in determining the future of the local athletic scene. What with several "Athletic Susies" and many others we all know well, working out regularly throughout the year, we feel that perhaps a similar manifesto should be issued by the Athletic council.

One case in particular stands out. This is the one where a star linesman had decided that his fellow running guard should be a dear, little resident of Dorm number one. Night after night in Kenan stadium the pair worked overtime, running through plays and having secret blocking practice. When game time came around, however, it seems as though both co-ed and male athlete had had too much contact work, and so both had to sit on the bench, having grown stale in the process.

Yet, it must be admitted that co-eds have a valid case along the traditional lines of women's suffrage, and, when we stop to consider the liberal atmosphere and increased freedom for co-eds on our campus, we then realize that at long last we must recognize the staid and conservative, pos-

sibly reactionary tint that transcends our neighboring school in the Palmetto state to the South.

ham and eggs

REPORTS have reached us that hens have grown scarce in war-beleaguered England, and that the populace now is using stork eggs for breakfast instead of the usual pullets we swallow fast before our 8:30 down in the University Dining hall.

There are two significant features about such a drastic move on the part of health officials in Britain. The first is that the sacred area that storks have been accustomed to roam in has been violated, and the second is that eggs, we hope, will have a tremendous effect in the future of the war.

When we were young, we used to believe that the way little brothers and sisters were added to our family was by the big, old one-footed, towering stork taking it upon herself to lay an egg. Then, she would sit on the pellet, and finally a son or daughter would evolve.



Now, undoubtedly today there are many of the younger members of our population who feel about the same way about storks as we did in those dim, blissful years. To allow them, then, to eat stork eggs, or to even find out about it, will certainly prove to be a most disillusioning affair. So, probably what the Britishers tell their youngsters when they sit down at the breakfast table and divvy up a delicious stork egg, is that daddy went out and caught a huge hen, who did the next best thing to laying the golden egg.

On the other score, that the use of eggs might

have serious effects on the war scene, we talk primarily in the laying realm. We don't know if Herr Hitler eats eggs for breakfast, but we are, most definitely, waiting for him to lay one some dim morning when he decides to attack the British isles. We would like, for instance, to see him settle like a huge egg on the bottom of the channel, or perhaps be fried like one on the scorched beaches of English ports. But, wherever and whatever form he lays the egg, it will be as large, if not larger, than the stork's eggs.

heat wave

H EAT is a funny thing. The other day as we carefully laid away our well-saturated raincoat on top of our stuffy winter over-coat, we realized that, like the growing tad-pole, we were undergoing a sartorial metamorphosis—all due to the heat.

In our woody, little town of Chapel Hill, summer always advances in stages. First, there is the spasmodic, rainy period which is intermingled with sunny days, during which our co-eds alternately blossom forth with shrouded winter wonders and crinkly cellophane rain-breakers.

Then, there is the second stage, the best, in which the sun beams down not too brightly, the magnolias and other pink and white blossoms burst forth with all their dainty beauty, and finally, co-eds come into their own with flowing blouses, and neatly tailored skirts. These nights are those when Fish Worley's new night club, Harry's and the Bloody Bucket are vacated an hour earlier than usual, and trim couples trip lightly to the outer extremities of our village on nature jaunts.

Finally comes the third stage, the hot stage. The days get progressively hotter, sweat beams roll

readily through shirt backs and down faces rapidly growing bronze, the buds blossom into flowers, and co-eds once more show new and better form. Yet, the nights are warmer, the days get sticky, and everyone takes on an air of nonchalance and lack of vigor. Spring days have passed, and the summer has come. We all seek relief, and co-eds and men are more concerned with trekking to the beaches, or finding some shady tree to cover up from King Sol's voluminous slants, as he pitches his high, hard, fast one right down the center alley toward our sun-burned brows.

But, whichever stage we like the best, we must admit that heat definitely brings out the best in our campus population, in spite of the fact that it does make us wear twice as many clean shirts—all of which keeps us from doing our sworn duty of getting back a goodly portion of our laundry deposit at the end of the year.



love's old sweet song

H UMAN relations officially came to our campus during the first week of the month, but we know that we've had human relations here before. Yet, Harry Comer, Ed Kantrowitz, Melville Corbett, and their diligent committee still pulled off a new, unique sally into the field of these same human relations.

It didn't come in the open, word-worn speaking den of Memorial hall, but rather in the sanctum of two men's room in the Carolina Inn. The men were Fred Libby, sworn non-interventionist and head of the violently-opposed-to-war Council for Prevention of War, and Senator Gibson of Vermont, who took over William Allen White's post as head of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies.

Playing a very coy stunt on the two very much opposed gentlemen, the HRI committee neatly placed them both in the same room. Both men being genial, they sparred tactfully during the first day's round of activities. Although the contrary might be expected, gradually the two men became more closely knit, not in view-points, but in tolerance, and when the day arrived for them to pair off against each other, each insisted that the other take the first pot shot. The relationship between





without an ad make-up, and without the proper amount of rest during the hectic political week before. Yet, as the streaks of the hot sun began to pour in our clouded window, and as we doused the lights of our office to work by the natural phe-

GRIPES AND GRINS

AS GRADES COME IN

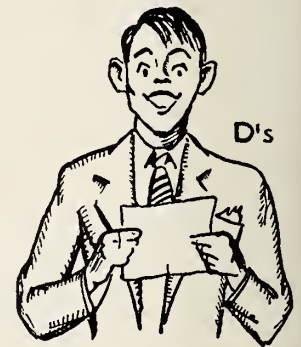
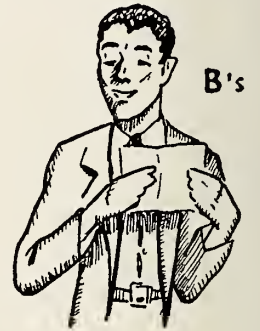
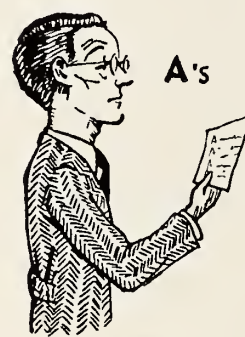
the two men ended in such a favorable state, that it might be well-taken to serve them up as a living example of tolerance to our President and Senator Burton Wheeler who have raked each other over the coals so many times that they both leave burning embers wherever they sit down.

The whole relationship came to a blissful end as both insisted on staying to hear a good part more of the Institute, one refusing to leave before the other, although in the Vermont Senator's case, it must be added that among the leading attractions in Chapel Hill that kept him here was none other than co-Chairman Melville Corbett.

night must fall

ALL NIGHT affairs are not new to college students who have been used to late dates and house parties of various sorts. But, staying up throughout a chilly April night with two associate editors is indeed a new experience.

In putting out this issue of the Mag we were caught just last Saturday night from 8 in the evening until 8 in the morning, without cigarettes,



Samuelson



nomena of day-light, we realized that we had indeed put together a Mag. Included in our pages is a new non-fiction novelette by CPU head Bill Joslin, innumerable cuts we neatly swiped from our fellow publications, and this paragraphic which was wholly unlooked for. Yet, as our boyhood comic strip used to say, "Heroes are made, not born," we console ourselves to our fates and pray that the reviewer will be a man of personal sympathies and will not lop our heads off in the guillotine of make-up chaos.

The Month in Review

Our amazing campus finds a goodly number of activities on its monthly menu, headed by politics and speakers.

MOST AMAZING property of the human mind is its ability to forget the news of yesterday. Just what was this history we participated in making this spring quarter?

POLITICS

● Democracy on the Carolina campus was exploited on schedule this year with frosh demagogue Mac Sherman peeling off slates for the SP and blond, handsome Pinky Elliot turning the dials on the UP wave-lengths.

Building up to the denouement with a crescendo of nominations, both factions are now set for that fated day. With Robert McLemore and his complications gone the way of paved sidewalks, all, at the time of this writing, is in readiness. Since Don Bishop of New Bern broke ranks last year, staff nominations have become merely an invitation to the waltz. First Jak Armstrong had William Seeman tossed up to him; canny Louis Harris met up with equally canny Orville Campbell; the Yackety Yack staff also received a party rebuke.

Some 200 students on the University of North Carolina campus are dashing about, their breaths bated with appointments. The other 3400 don't seem to care much.

LEGISLATIVE

● Most significant has been the rise of the student legislature, once graveyard of politicians. Before this quorum seeking body have come bills proposing reform to every existing function on the Hill.

Dave Morrison appointed a five man student committee to investigate the class cut situation when the wayward phys ed lads discovered that the administration was not fooling. Then someone undetermined wanted to take the election of cheerleader off the hands of the student body. No one got upset about it but the legislators defeated it after three tries.

After that the practice spread and there was a student committee investigating everything on the books. Even the Book Ex got a going over from the Bill Allen committee on activities.

Now confronting that august body is the question of blocking student fees into one fund. No

one but the DTH and the legislature itself has gotten excited about this, even though managing editor Charlie Barrett termed it one of the biggest stories of the year.

● This has been a quarter marked by people not caring much about much.

THEATRE

● Of course the Sound and Fury came through with another original side splitter, even though saddened by the loss of Composer-Inspirator Jack Page to staphylococcus infection. The Playmakers went right on in their blissful way with "The Marauders," are now planning a Shakespearean Forest Theater production which marks the second break of the year from the soil-tillers of the tidewater. Helen Jepson thrilled a packed hall with her mellow soprano. Everyone had a peachy time.

SPEAKERS

● The Institute of Human Relations threw into the forensic circle a three ring aggregation of talent garnered from the four-corners of larynxland. Herbert Agar, historian and Pulitzer-prize winner, declared war on Hitler. This brought down the house. Then Clarence Streit came out with a plan to merge the democracies of the world into one big union, neglecting to add how he would convince them that the U. S. should lead this samaritan movement.

IRC, CPU orators decorated the rostrum briefly in Memorial hall, soap box station for just about anybody with anything on his chest. Miss Pat Clement, who fits that description admirably, pulled a merger for the Allies, invoked the wrath of the ASU. Bill Joslin awoke from his worried bed several midnights to discover that his rostrum was yet unfilled. Cancellation upon cancellation terminated in the appearance of rotund, jocund Boss Flynn of the "El" district and an impassioned plea for the spoils system, which would have lived here until eternity had he willed it or no.

Titled Speaker over them all was Bill Ward who received the nod from the Philanthropic congregation.

(Continued on page thirty)

He Came Home Again

Controller Carmichael has turned his back on Wall St. gold for the lure of the ivy-bound paths of Chapel Hill.

WHEN W. D. Carmichael decided to give up his Wall Street stock tickers for the controller's desk of the Greater University, another Carolina alumnus in New York wired him congratulations for "reversing Lucifer's flight and making a non-stop flight from Hell to Heaven."

It's been one of Carmichael's stock stories in luncheon speeches to disgruntled alumni. Smiling, he always concludes with the remark that he had to pass through a good bit of purgatory before he finally made heaven.

Shortly after he arrived at Chapel Hill last summer, the Board of Trustees began to brainstorm for a part by the University in national defense. Everything from 7 o'clock calisthenics to complete regimentation of the student body was considered. Upshot of all the furor was compulsory physical education, a naval ROTC unit and beginning construction of a huge modern airport.

Greenhorn Carmichael kept quiet to get his bearings, and then helped to secure the state and federal grants for the airport. August, 1940, at Carolina was as hectic as October, 1929, on Wall street.

Almost as soon as school began, he crossed words with the student body. Students aroused over the now dead issue of coed cheerleaders and a drum majorette stormed South building. Since President Graham was busy conferring on the Buccaneer, the controller consented upon request to talk with the delegation and to give his opinion. When he expressed a bluntly disapproving answer to the question, his interrogators shrieked administrative murder.

Other administrative and athletic officials finally stopped shifting the responsibility and solved the problem by countenancing the coeds. Carmichael, who had never even consented to speak in his capacity as a University official was promptly labelled a "butt-in".

That was a hard epithet for any administrative mogul to live down, especially if he were a novice at dealing with students. Gradually, however, he smoothed over the grudge. He still welcomed and got student interviews, where his informal manner and gift for colorful profanity won back some of those same students who only a month

before had turned against him. He lent all possible help in arranging the Carolina trek to Fordham and New York City. At the pep meeting before the Duke-Carolina game, he touched off a student body spirit that is still gloating over the 7 to 3 victory.

Meanwhile Carmichael was still getting initiated into his regular job. The biennial fracas with the legislature, which he had dreaded ever since taking the position, began in November with submitting the Greater University's request to the budget commission. Making daily trips to Greensboro and Raleigh and working with the University's business offices, he compiled the figures for Dr. Frank. At the meeting he heard the president plead for an adequate appropriation and began to make friends for himself in the assembly.

Carmichael and Graham should rightly have had breathing space between that hearing and the one at the appropriations committee in February, but one Saturday in early January a short-circuited drop cord started a fire which in thirty minutes consumed ten planes, a hangar and the University's CAA program. Other planes were quickly borrowed, and on Monday after the fire, training went ahead as usual. The following day five new planes were flown in from Pennsylvania. Some time later, a further government grant permitted the commencement of a new permanent hangar.

Carmichael disclaims any great part in the comeback and gives major credit to the business office and head instructor W. R. Mann. Still, there remains the story of how, on the afternoon following the fire, he phoned up the Piper factory to ask for immediate delivery of five new planes.

"Give 'em to you in three months," was the brusque rejoinder.

"Three months, hell," Carmichael is supposed to have snapped back. "We need those planes tomorrow." The aircraft arrived on Tuesday, just two months and 29 days early.

Meanwhile, the budget commission in its recommendation to the legislature had shorn President Graham's budget request of over a million dollars. South building had to retrench and refigure. Worst of all, President Graham came down with the influenza. Many of the trips to

the capital to prepare the way for the hearing before the joint appropriations committee, Carmichael made alone.

On February 5, when the president appealed to the committee for funds sufficient to allow the University to maintain itself and its influence in the South, the controller put in his own brief word as a businessman. Speaking from a strictly financial angle, he frankly told the legislators that he considered the modified request fair and economical, and at the same time stymied questions from heckling committeemen.

The hearing evidently had a good effect. Within several days, the appropriations committee announced the tentative grant of a \$540,000 increase over what the budget commission had so freely recommended. But shortly afterwards, the overestimation in revenue was discovered and the University had to be content with an appropriation \$135,000 short of what it absolutely needed.

Carmichael comments on the budget figure with his characteristic frankness and practical sense: "While the final appropriation was not as much as we asked for—or even needed—the legislature showed enthusiasm and interest in the University. The best thing to do now is to dig in to preserve and utilize what we've got."

Lots of times when he talks about the legislature, he grins and glances down at the charm on his watch-chain—a miniature silver doghouse. With it came a certificate signifying honorary membership as a frustrated lobbyist in the Raleigh "Kennel Club." He is now entitled to all the benefits, privileges and courtesies usually extended to all breeds of underdogs during session of the General Assembly.

Carmichael is through with his initiation and purgatory now. The University with its airport and ROTC program is playing a capacity part in national defense. The legislature bugaboo is past experience. Most important of all, his easy and informal relationship with the student body is now well established.

The greatest reason for favorable student opinion is that Billy Carmichael—as psychologist, English Bagby, puts it—still has the student viewpoint. Only 40 years old, he can still remember the time not so long ago when he kicked some times against the administration and had to cram for exams. His undergraduate days were just about as hectic as Dave Morrison's.

For four years he played forward in basketball, which became a major sport when he captained the squad as a junior. In the summer follow-

ing his freshman year, he enlisted in the air corps and stayed there until February of his sophomore session. A year later he edited the notorious *Tar Baby*, forerunner of the *Buccaneer*.

By the time his senior year came around he was so far behind in his scholastic work that he had to pass 28 hours a quarter to graduate. D. D. Carroll who had just ushered in his commerce school, invented the B. C. S. degree—Billy Carmichael Special—without which he says the controller would never have scraped by.

T. J. Wilson, then, and now head registrar, "first did his damndest to keep me from getting back in school and then swore I'd never graduate," Carmichael laughs now. "Every time he passed me on the street, he'd stop and tell me I wouldn't make it. I guess I wouldn't have, at that, if it hadn't been for his heckling."

The year after, Carmichael returned to do graduate work and to hold down the business managership of the *Tar Heel*—and to use up his last year of basketball eligibility.

For the first six years after he left his home in Durham, he worked with a New York advertising firm and composed copy for Liggett and Myers Tobacco company. Finally, in 1928 he went to Wall street where he rose and fell with the boom of 1929 and the boomerang of 1930. He was a member of the Stock Exchange for five years.

When President Graham went up to persuade him to return to Carolina in the fall of 1939, Carmichael had far surpassed Dean Carroll's expectations. The *New York Times* stated at the time that he was giving up a salary of six figures. That, says Carmichael, was an exaggeration. But he declines to elucidate further.

"I had been thinking for some time of coming back to the South and North Carolina," Carmichael says as he lays down the receiver on the fourth telephone call in ten minutes. "But I'd always thought that when I came back, I'd just sit around in the sun, not try to hold down a job like this."

For his position as controller means financial, not only of Carolina but of State and the Woman's college as well. By spending more than half his time working with the other two institutions, he has broken down much of the antagonism held by the other two "step-children."

As he talks to you with his vest unbuttoned and his feet propped up on the desk, you never hear any mention of his sacrificing a solid position on

(Continued on page thirty)

Grail #1

BY
BARNABY CONRAD



STUCK!



HEP-CATS



ANGORA



CUDDLERS



WRESTLER



DUTY-DANCE

BC

Guinea Pigs

While at college, a student finds continual conflict within himself between his old and new surroundings.

LIKE A WORM in the center of an apple, our generation moves around in the midst of and is gorged on knowledge; and surrounded by knowledge, we are most uncertain.

Education, I believe, ought to be doing two things; giving us a headful of useful knowledge, and developing character and personality so the knowledge will have direction.

But our life revolves around the classroom, and the classroom around collecting facts. And in many required courses these facts, in relation to our needs, seem rather unimportant.

Which is the more immediately necessary course—mathematics or economic geography? Which lends the greater understanding right now to man's problems? And which is the required course?

The notice given to character and personality in effect is negative: the honor code states what an individual must not do. Character and personality are conditioned fairly puppetlike by rules. Other than in a few classes taught by rare professors, character and personality receive no formal training.

Lacking the intensity of outside activity, where "make your own way" holds true, college takes on the cloistered atmosphere that permits boogie-woogie experts and pedants to flourish side by side.

In class after class we accumulate blocks of knowledge as assorted as stones: purchasing power, Georgia sharecropper, feudalism, social morality. . . . Part of the job of the educational process is to make a synthesis of all this material.

Our generation has been getting into difficulty because our values are mixed. Without a stable set of values we find a nearly impossible task in integrating and interpreting knowledge.

We must do more than make a collection of facts. We must assign certain values to certain ideas. Character and personality are revealed in the way we assign these ideas. Minority rights, economic freedom—how to regard these, and why?

At home, before coming to college, we were drilled with a definite set of values, those of our parents. These values varied according to family from simple to complex, democratic or otherwise, but they were regarded as having inviolable permanence.

The situation changed at college like a bullet striking. Confronted suddenly by ideas ranging from communism and evolution to atomism, the not very logical-thinking freshman was unable to take care of these ideas; and his old set of values began to crumble.

New ideas are as inevitable and necessary as rain. In regard to ideas, most of us come here poverty stricken. We come from sections that have always accepted misery, race prejudice, pinch-penny living, as the norm.

But attacking dogma, prejudice, conservatism, is a process at first destructive. An outlook on society broadened by democratic values should follow.

I think the problems of society, and especially the South, are adequately attacked at the University—but not before half enough students.

Again arises the question of what subjects are most important as required courses. Can we continue to force resentful students to take trigonometry instead of plain economics; Latin, Greek, and other languages, instead of courses such as sociology and political science that actually would teach us more about living?

But worse, I believe, democratic values have been usually ignored in the haste to get "scientific" facts. Although we are made conscious of the problems of society, we are seldom made conscious enough of the human values involved.

Most of us seem to go blissfully on, assuming race persecution, minority hatred, economic inequality, as legitimate parts of the democratic system.

When we lose the old set of values (values usually hopelessly affected by dogma and prejudice) we have made the preparation vital for enlightened growth.

Then what happens when we find our classrooms fail to meet our needs? What happens that causes critics, as one professor recently, to say our generation is "cynical, disillusioned, with very little faith in anything"?

One night three years ago I was arguing with John Creedy and Lee Wiggins in the Mag office. I forget what the argument was. I only remember I was conscious, for the first time, of no longer

believing in the things that could not be proved, as religion.

At some time during four years each of us, I believe, has this kind of experience. With our old values uncertain or dead, in desperation we turn to what we call "the scientific approach."

We take a perfectly good laboratory method and misinterpret it. We throw out faith. Two-plus-two is the rule. A thing has to be proved. Get the facts. Look at the evidence.



And we look at the evidence through a microscope. Is democracy working, we ask? On the authority of the president, first among democrats, we have it that a third of the nation lives wretchedly.

If we deny faith in the beginning, how can we have faith that democracy will flower some day to the point of identity with its theory?

Any student who finds this necessary faith acquires it, I am convinced, incidental to the normal sequence of events. He can mark down his good fortune as a gift of fate.

So, for the seed of this faith, some of us can thank fate for two things—a fondness for books, and a few invaluable friendships. For instance, that of Mr. Phillips Russell who for a long time has been dropping ideas that affect his students like bees.

In the wholesale marketing of knowledge, a place has to be found to provide for aiding us in establishing values. If not, democracy may as well find a seat in the car of a drunken driver.

Fascism thrives in uncertainty. Lack of tolerance and understanding is dangerous. And these vices find life-blood in our confusion. I can illustrate what I mean.

The other day in a class we were discussing the problem of racial inequality in the South.

"Does it seem right," the professor asked, "that in a single county four white men have in their employment nearly two hundred Negroes, and the white men get four-fifths of the profit?"

"Sure," a boy answered promptly. "What's wrong with that? Life is a game of wits, see? The man who can keep control of other men is successful. If you're smart enough to get others to do the dirty work, and you get the profits, that proves you're fittest to be boss."

We are striving to preserve and develop a democratic society, and this task has to be done in a world of sharply conflicting ideas. If that boy is wrong, education must show him where. We need knowledge, yes; but knowledge needs direction.

And part of the answer must lie certainly in a correction of the present curriculum. Emphasis should be given courses concerned with man's problems.

If democracy is our idea of full living, how can we afford to require (instead of making optional) courses in classic subjects, and absolutely fail to offer a study of democratic theory?

At the present time, although we admit botany and zoology are essential to a well-rounded education, is it at all possible that the social sciences are more urgently needed?

And it is just as amazing that the philosophy department, where ideas are evaluated and democratic living believed, is also a department that reaches most students only as a rumor.

One other thing can be asked, this of the professors. Perhaps many of them might attach less significance to cynical debunking, and more importance to the character and personality growth of their pupils. Too many faculty members seem to have the attitude of a professor who remarked to one of his classes,

"As long as I'm teaching drugstore Indians and clothing-house dummies, does it make any difference what I do or say, anyhow?"

While there is a basis for truth in his statement, in times as unsettled as these he might give us, at least temporarily, the benefit of the doubt.

The problem here is directly in the hands of the administration. If they believe the educational process, after dispelling dogma and prejudice, should provide us with democratic values, then we may expect results shortly. How shortly will depend on how pressing they believe the world situation to be.

Pact

They couldn't talk straight to it. But
most of it got said.

TWO OLD MEN stood at the street corner. One spoke with his hands. The hands twisted, darted in rapid figures. His shapeless mouth looked on. The other nodded jerkily. Precisioned flares from the neon sign fell upon them, saying above. . . . CRYSTAL CAFE. . . . CRYSTAL CAFE. .

A man and girl walked up to the large windows of the cafe. He looked into the glass, seeing the reflection of his face spasmodically oranged. The girl stared at the two mutes. She tugged at his hand.

"What are they saying?" She asked.

"I don't know. I've forgot it. I used to know it. You can say a lot with your hands."

"Yeah. I guess you can."

"Want to eat here?"

"We may as well. I never been in here before."

"It's all right. I been here before. The booths are private-like."

He opened the door for her, and followed her closely to a rear booth. . The place was ill-lit and the black booths and sidewalls made it darker still. His hands shook as he helped remove her coat. They sat down opposite each other.

"What're your hands so shaky about?"

"Nothing."

"Harry, I haven't seen you since it happened. A week ago tonight it's been."

"I know. . . . I been busy."

"Busy at what!"

"Nothing. Thinking. I been busy thinking."

A waitress came. He, staring at the table edge, saw it sink into the fat lower belly. She waited with her pad poised.

"What do you want, Kate?" He asked.

"Anything. I aint hungry."

"Bring us these thirty cent plates. That'll be all right—with coffee." The waitress left.

"Harry, you been drinking? You look awful."

"Naw. What're you so interested in what I been doing for?"

"You just haven't been to see me, and I wondered why that's all."

He sat silent. Trying to edge the dirt out of his finger-nails with his thumb-nail.

"Harry, if it's because. . . . that sonuva. . .

that. . well if it's because Papa died, you can forget it. You know that. I aint sorry. I almost wish he'd done it sooner. You know how I hated him, what he's done to you and me. I thought that maybe now"—

The waitress brought their food. He waited till she had set it down, then quickly started eating. The girl sat with her hands in her lap, staring at the food. Her nostrils quivered a little like a cat. Her eyes got unfocused. He looked up at her, noticing them, so large in the white broad, but delicate face. The nostrils quivered again.

"Aint you going to eat?"

"Yeah, but I aint hungry." She picked up a fork and tried to cut the meat.

"Kate, I. . . . was he drinking that night?"

"You ought to know."

"What! What're you mean?"

"What're you so excited about? I only said, 'you ought to know.' Have you ever seen him when he wasn't drinking?"

"Oh." And he lowered his head, eating rapidly. She stared at him for a long time. He looked up close under the eyebrows, saw that she was still staring.

"You know, we all hated him. The way he soaked up all the money I could make, and John's too. There never was a decent streak in him. I never seen him for a minute act kind towards any of us. John's glad, he said so."

"Yeah." He only looked up to her hands and the fork playing with the food.

"Are you glad?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm damn glad."

"You don't seem like it. Are you?"

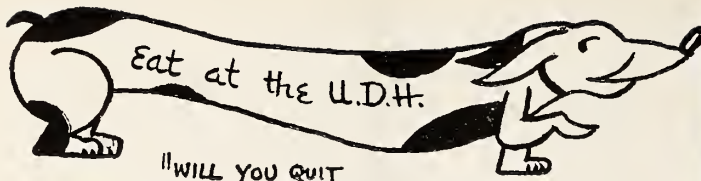
"What do you keep asking me that for? I'm glad, see? I'm damn glad the old man went down the river. Damn glad."

"But Harry, it's a funny thing. He always said that he'd never go near the bridge when he was drinking. He was afraid of it."

"Well, it looks like he did go there. Can't we talk about something else?"

"You know for a while I thought maybe somebody might of took him there, if he was dead drunk, and pushed him over." Saying this, the

(Continued on page twenty-eight)



"WILL YOU QUIT
PAWING MY KNEES!"



CHAPEL
PERIOD....

"IN SPRING A YOUNG
MAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY
TURNS TO THOUGHTS
OF THOSE CAFETERIA....

DOGS

.....BY
HENRY
MOLL



SO THERE, MISS CLAMPITT

The President of the Woman's Association answers her most ardent critic and ends up being a radical in women's self-rule.

WHAT'S WRONG with the Woman's Association? Clampitt thinks she knows and I think she's wrong as usual. But don't worry. I'm not going to write another brilliant chapter in the brilliant history of the Clampitt-McMaster feud; Barney Conrad did a much better job for me than I could ever do for myself. No, I think I'll try to diagnose and prescribe for Woman's Association ills; and I agree with Clampitt that it's in bad shape, physiologically speaking.

Why do people moan when there's a required W. A. meeting? I try to make it as unparliamentary as possible so it will be interesting. Why does everybody take it for granted that anything the Woman's Honor Council does is motivated by stupidity, maladjustment, personal grudges, and the Administration? And why is the Woman's Honor Council placed in the same unpopular category as the A. S. U. and the Playmakers? (And this is the most bitter insult of all!)

There are reasons, I suppose. The biggest one, I think, is that women students here are governed under a prep-schoolish junior college system, and it just doesn't go at a liberal University. The Woman's Association needs streamlining. The system as it now stands is about as effective and popular as a last spring's hat. I don't think most girls realize that it's the system they don't like; I doubt if they've thought about it much one way or the other. But I, after a hectic year of bickering, fighting, and running around in circles, think I've found the solution for Carolina's sociological problem No. 1, the Woman's Association.

It's quite simple, really. In the first place I should do away with the Woman's Association. Why? Because it's nothing but a girls' club. When there were only a dozen or so girls here, it was probably a good idea to have a club to hold them together and, seriously, I think the women students would never have achieved any recognition at all if they had had no such tool with which to dent the masculine complacency of the University campus. But now the Woman's Association which is, by the way, composed of all the six hundred coeds here, is gangling and overgrown.

The original purpose of the W. A. was to provide self-government and to promote women's

activities on the campus. In the early years of the W. A. it was felt that the other women's organizations such as the Athletic Association, the YWCA, and the Glee Club, were too small and insecure to stand alone. So they existed only through the greater existence of a mother organization, the Woman's Association. The women students paid a fee to the W. A. and mother, in turn, apportioned it out among her gaping brats, the minor organizations.

Today most of the women's organizations are still clinging parasitically to the Woman's Association. There are six coed organizations on the campus: The Athletic Association, the YWCA, the Glee Club, the Valkyries, the Pan Hel Council, and the Interdom Council. Of these, only two, the Y and the Pan Hel Council, are self-supporting. The others are subsidized by W. A. fees. And say what you will, as long as there is economic dependence, there is bound to be spiritual dependence. So the officers of the various women's organizations don't assume a maximum of responsibility and independence. And the burden of stimulating interest in women's activities on the campus, falls ultimately on the shoulders of the poor, pathetic Pres. of the W. A., and her unhappy allies, the Woman's Honor Council.

And don't tell me the Woman's Honor Council doesn't have a Herculean task before it. It must be executive in administering W. A. funds (which amount to an unnecessarily large total of \$1800 per year, \$3 per head), in coping with dormitory problems, in stimulating interest in activities; it must be judicial in serving as an Honor Council; and it is also quasi-legislative. It has too much power and too many jobs to do any of them really effectively (although I will fight to the death current accusations that the Council is unsympathetic and has a "better-than-thou" attitude).

As for legislation, that is handled by all 600 of the coeds themselves at the quarterly meetings of the W. A. (These meetings, are, I think, the most "girl-schoolish" things about the whole "girl-schoolish" set-up.) Now I like girls individually. I think some of them attractive and some intelligent. But put them all together in a smoking, what-did-you-do-last-night group, and I

(Continued on page twenty-eight)

Charter to Freedom

The Past Editor of the Daily Tar Heel shows how we have greater freedom in our campus press than in most other places.

THE INTER-OFFICE mail recently brought a letter to the Daily Tar Heel from Dean of Students Francis Bradshaw. It contained a clipping from a Louisville, Ky., newspaper about the editor of a college paper in Louisville being put on editorial "probation" because of his writings about the war. Dean Bradshaw wrote a note to accompany the clipping: "I thought you might be interested in reading of what is happening elsewhere," he said in substance. "It cannot happen in the University of North Carolina without a revolution."

I immediately contrasted the situation here with that in the Kentucky college. Even before America was acutely aware that a war was being fought in Europe, President Frank P. Graham was advocating aid to the Allies. His conception was that democracy everywhere could best be protected by defeating Germany in Europe, with America playing whatever part was necessary, meaning, essentially, economic bulwarking of Britain. With the University President thus committed to this view and majority opinion in America swinging to that attitude, a group of students here organized a peace rally last spring, urging that America "keep out of Europe's war" and strengthen its home democracy.

For a week or more the Daily Tar Heel devoted galleys of space to this argument and vociferously condemned "warmongers" among the faculty and the American people. It supported the rally and condemned the students who attempted to boo and egg it into failure. The Tar Heel took the unpopular stand, but there came from South Building no censure or censorship. President Graham's philosophy was that the rally speakers and the Tar Heel must be defended in their right to express their convictions. He demonstrated this when he walked to the stage that stormy night in Memorial Hall and stood as a silent sentinel for freedom on the home front. He sent no letter of disapproval to the Tar Heel for its editorials against the war; he stood on the pro-aid side, but he would not countenance suppression of those who disagreed with him.

The Tar Heel has for several months been hanging, fice dog-like, at the trouser legs of North Carolina's major office holders. When the state board

of education ignored the recommendation of the textbook commission that it approve the fifth grade history text of Professors Newsome and Lefler and chose instead the book of Jule Warren, a newspaperman and inner circle satellite, there was for the moment only a ripple of comment. Sometime later, when Managing Editor Charles Barrett dug out the story and the implications of scandal associated with it, the Tar Heel published the revelation on its own accord. No advice was sought from the University administration about breaking the story then or any other time. Some officials and faculty members knew the expose was pending, but their conception of a free student press did not permit of censoring, by order or inference, a story that might possibly bring upon the University, which was then in the midst of its appropriations battle in Raleigh, financial or political injury. The Tar Heel has compared the textbook foul play with book-burnings in Hitler's Germany. It has alleged that political considerations persuaded the board of education to its choice of the Warren book. Editorial attacks from college newspapers against governors of states and other high elective officials are rare. Regardless of their truth, the very fact that the University believes in leaving to the student editors the decision as to what to write, is significant indeed.

One does not have to remain in the present to illustrate the democratic ideal that prevails on this campus. A classic example arises from the cheating scandal of 1936. For weeks the Student Council and other students had been at work investigating the ring and prosecuting defendants. Rumors spread on the campus about the number of cases, and the student leaders wanted to publish the numerical facts as a matter of local information. But, once published in the Tar Heel, the number and details would become public information, and, they feared, unfavorable criticism would come to the University. President Graham and other administrative officials urged them to do what they thought best. They broke the story in the Tar Heel, it gained nationwide attention, and criticism was aimed at the University. Yet the entire affair was a triumph for a free student government and a free student press.

(Continued on page twenty-nine)

Gold and Gravy Mix

The men who want to work for the betterment of society should be the politicians of our nation.

I HAVE been having a long argument with a friend of mine about the relative merits in this period of an upbringing in the country or in the city. That is, the non-metropolitan areas as against the metropolis. He argued for the city on the grounds that no one who does not know the city can understand modern civilization and the way it affects human beings, because the city is the prototype of this age. The variety and scope of experiences in a city gives a child growing up a breadth and depth of knowledge that he could not get elsewhere. I argued for the town and country on the ground that the human organism can assimilate only so much at a time, and the influences of the modern city, constructed without regard to the normal capabilities of human biology, will ordinarily brutalize and scar the mind of a child, or at least make him mature too fast, so that he will acquire that precocious top-heaviness without any roots which is typical of city people. It is no accident that most of our artists, thinkers, and great statesmen in this country have come from rural areas, and this is as true today as it ever was.

But it is equally true that those country-bred men and women who made significant contributions to our culture did, as they grew older, come into contact with all the manifestations of life in the cities, and came to experience and understand thoroughly the more subtle as well as the more horrible aspects of life peculiar to the city. They may not have liked the greater complexity of cities, but they understood it. But because of their background of quiet, unhurried, confident life in smaller and simpler environments, they were not overcome by modern life at its worst and most typical, but drew on the resources that every person whose life has a definite locale, a context of places and people in which he is perfectly secure, a history of experiences which he could thoroughly assimilate, and always has. This background provided them with the continuing will and moral certainty to carry out their tasks.

I think this whole argument applies to Chapel Hill. If my point of view is correct, the students there have the potentiality for making great contributions to our cultural and political life. In building this potentiality, not only the studies and

activities of the University are important, but the very quality of life there, the beauty of nature, the cordiality, the human sympathy, the spirit of cooperation. There one acquires not only the feeling that man can be saved, but also the feeling that he is worth saving, that unselfishness as a way of life is more productive and happier than selfishness.

Of course, it is as important to leave Chapel Hill as it is to go there. With all its innocence and simplicity, it does not give the sense of reality, the actual quality of our civilization, which is necessary to real understanding and worthwhile action. Chapel Hill is a training ground, where one acquires the knowledge and skills and character necessary for becoming a productive citizen. One phase of this training which is particularly important is political activity.

Could anyone deny that, in the year of our Lord, 1940, politics is the center of our lives? The focus of human activity has shifted away from economic gain to political manipulation. In Russia, in Italy, in Japan, in Germany, and now in England, we have seen the politicians take power from the business men who formerly controlled their nations' destinies through the ownership of great wealth. By failing to give the common people a decent share of the good things of life, those overlords of great wealth are responsible for the wave of dictatorships which have spread across the world, and for the bloody wake of war which has followed them.

But these malefactors of great wealth, these economic royalists, started something they couldn't finish. Instead, the politicians took over the job. In England, it was found that the business men, who, through their representative Chamberlain, precipitated a world war could not defend England, because of their greed, and they were forced out in favor of the more liberal Churchill and the Socialists Bevin, Morrison, Dalton, et al. In this country a flock of dollar-a-year patriots has control of the defense program and are making a fiasco of our national defense in order to insure their own profits. Edward Stettinius told the nation that there would be no shortage of aluminum, because the aluminum monopoly did not want to build new plants. Today a shortage of aluminum

is preventing our airplane production from increasing as planned; it is a bottleneck in defense. Today the automobile industry has enough idle plants and facilities to produce five hundred planes a day. But because its representatives, who control the defense program, have no desire to risk losing money on automobiles by turning these facilities over to national defense, no attempt is being made to produce those five hundred planes a day. The giants of big business are selling us out the way they sold France out and the way they tried, but failed, to sell England out. France didn't get tough with them and fell. England did get tough with them; we are going to have to get tough with them, and I hope we will do it soon enough. If the common people of this nation knew what is happening they would rise as one man in protest.

The importance of this situation and the fact that politicians are responsible for it, indicates the increasing importance politics plays in our lives. For that reason it is more essential than ever before in history for us to have men in government who are intelligent, disinterested, progressive, of broad human sympathies, men who have the guts and will of Jefferson, who fought the monied industrial interests all his life, Jackson, who smashed the big bankers' hold on government, Lincoln, who said "labor is prior to capital," Teddy Roosevelt, who fought the trusts, and Franklin Roosevelt, who fought the economic royalists, but who today, for some reason, has seen fit to give them control of the defense program.

Now, the tradition of politics in this country at the present time is that it is a filthy business, into which no decent citizen would enter. This tradition is gradually changing, but it is still true that most politicians are in for what they can get out of it. When a new man goes into politics, his intentions may be excellent, but he is soon conditioned by the tradition and becomes as self-seeking as the rest. If we could condition some of our potential politicians into a different tradition, the tradition of service to his fellow man, the unselfish tradition, the tradition of duty, of responsibility—the Christian tradition, if you will, we would be taking a long step towards better government—which in these days means the difference between survival and destruction of our world, and not only because of the war, but because of the same conditions which produced the war are going to produce other great changes.

Fortunately, we have such a training ground.

It is in our colleges, our universities, our youth organizations, our forums, our service organizations. A different spirit pervades university government and organizations from that which pervades our political government. Because the university is an artificial world where there is little economic competition, and invidious motives are thus at a minimum, the main concern is for getting at the truth of a matter, rather than getting something out of it. This is not as true as it should be, because the desire for glory and power can be found also, but on the whole the officers and representatives of student government and student organizations are primarily interested in getting the objective facts and making decisions primarily on the basis of how they will affect the student community.

This spirit, which is relatively unknown in politics, is the spirit which must pervade government if we are to have the leadership which can bring us successfully into the new world which is emerging from the old. Unless we recognize the duties inherent in citizenship and realize that the responsibility, the tremendous task of saving the world from catastrophe is our own, that nobody but ourselves can or will make the world a decent place to live in, we are going to miss the greatest opportunity in history. Student government and activities are our valuable preparation in method and attitude for the more serious task. But unless we go on from student life to adult life, unless our student leaders become also the leaders of our states and our nation, the preparation will have been wasted. Unless they accept this responsibility, they will be carrying out in practice the irresponsible precepts of the most anarchical minds of our time.

But I feel, perhaps falsely, yet somehow it burgeons within me, that our generation will find freedom through a greater responsibility, that we shall find beauty through the human happiness we can create, that we shall somehow unlock the secret of life, learn the real meaning, slay the dragon; that we shall learn humanity and humility; that we shall find dignity without pride, knowledge without cynicism, experience without decadence. It seems always that only by a half-turn of the key does man fail to reach the well of joy and wisdom. Eve has eaten the fruit; we cannot return to the innocent irresponsibility of childhood; we must go through the fire, we must find, amid all this hatred, the love that we know exists in every man. That is the secret, love; with it we can find our world; with it we can live in the warm Spring of man's nature.

Sapling

Trudie was like the young tree. And sometimes there were many different colors in the leaves.

WONDER continually welling in depthless brown eyes that gazed searchingly over a pertly freckled, upturned nose. Pigtails and gingham, gangling bare legs—and at the turn of thirteen puberty still kept hesitantly in the background. The diminutive girl seemed to have stepped from a page of Mark Twain—but that was as far as the comparison went—she had been born in a different time and in a vastly different place. Perhaps it was this paradox that had left the strange, inquisitive look in her wide eyes. Had she been born in another age, her questioning spirit would have gone unsatiated until all the penumbral worlds of the village life she filled had been absorbed and understood to the core: from the trivial externals of Sunday church meetings or the routine of meals and family to the more important—such as wading in the brook on late afternoons, exploration of neighbors' yards, knowing where all the birds' nests lay hidden, the act of riding on Mrs. Brown's white-fence gate, or even her swinging on the bough above the schoolhouse, at recess.

As explanation of this, some may summarily dismiss it by tagging it 'childish curiosity,' but if her averted gaze is caught in one of those rare moments when the wounded look is apparent, there is a shade of bewilderment that lends her eyes an unfathomable quality that also speaks of a maturity belying her young age. There is something deeper than curiosity, and perhaps something vitally related to the sharp sensitivity of childhood which strangely, but best, reflects all man's maturity and his groping in the dark for solutions. In the girl's case, it spoke of perceptions that had made her a stranger to her own surroundings and forced her to live in a world that had been left behind. It was like the frustration of her first Public School class of French—her brain could not fasten down the strange words and the tongue curled unavailingly about the cunning sounds.

The girl will, with time, grow into sleekly-hosed womanhood, and in the process of maturing will be bludgeoned into the usual conformity of tastes and beliefs. But although her freckles will be gone one day, and she will learn to wear her sex well, and her childish bewilderment will fade into the aggressive independence of her kind, let us forget her future typewriter life and turn to her pigtailed

childhood. It is a sunny Saturday morning and her mind is still a dark pool upon which every pebble of sensation and thought leaves its pure impressions.

Morning over the megalopolis of Manhattan. The sun over the Atlantic reflects itself in the million panes of the Empire State. Behind another window of a two-story family house in one of the suburbs, a girl gazes out to the skyscrapers on the distant horizon. Suddenly her view is arrested by the shadow of a man in the yard below.

"Any ice wanted in there?" The doorbell rings through the house.

"... the icewagon's out front!" She quickly finishes buttoning, then dashes down the stairs and out the front door to stand in the sunlight of the cement porch. Ten o'clock. She takes in the activity of Saturday morning on her block. The icewagon stands in the dustiness of the street and the kids are already clambering over the back seeking small slivers of ice to suck on. Stanley whizzes by, his rollerskates making a metallic whirr on the pavement.

"Pigtail Trudie, pigtail Trudie, pigtail Trudie . . . !"

She laughs back at him and shakes them derisively. Saturday is nice. She likes its dustiness and heat, no school and a sense of holiday. It is different from the other days, different from the cleanly quiet and new-clothes feeling of Sunday.

"Trude! Come and get the milk—you haven't had breakfast yet!" Her mother was at the window with a protective towel around her head and she was shaking the mop's cottony dust into the alley. Trude looked back at the wagon. But even errands were fun. She ran and jostling her friends aside she found herself a piece of ice among the smoking slabs on the wagon.

"Lemme out, lemme out!" She had seen her aunt on her front step putting out the laundry. Trude jumped down into the crowd of kids and rushed to the stoop a little breathlessly, but still clutching her piece of dripping ice.

"Mornin' Aunt Helen," Trude kissed her, "is it all right about the bottles?" They walked together to the back of the house.

"There are too many for now, Trude, but take

some since you are getting the milk." The girl kneeled and quickly eliminated the dark beer bottles (only two cents for those) and singled out five shiny milk bottles. As she left, she wondered why her mother bought loose milk. However, her Aunt was different—she could always rely on her for the usual "milks" and the dark brown beer bottles. She was so busy thinking of the mysterious transaction of deposit that one of them eluded her grasp and went bouncing down two steps before it rang and broke into a thousand pieces. She grasped the others more securely, that was five cents she had broken. In all events that left her thirty-five cents saved up, and she knew she would be riding in the Bronx that afternoon.

"Change for Times Square!" The conductor was changing the signs on the subway. As the girl got up, she thought of her Saturday subterfuges. It was now twelve-thirty, that gave her five hours in which she was supposed to be with her friends and at the serial. Instead she would be on her eighth trip into the Bronx and she felt that she was finally coming to know it a little better. The train drew up to the station.

Trude didn't know what attracted her across two rivers and three boroughs or how the secret excursions on Saturday afternoons had begun but she knew it was no longer the novelty of going to a "far-away" movie that intrigued her. For a time this had served as an excuse for her rational mind to permit her to go foraging into foreign territory. However her own local movie and the Bronx theatres always showed the same pictures, and besides, the Loew's theatres proved uninteresting and monotonous with their similar, stamped-out baroque lobbies and architecture. What was more important, two hours was too great a time to spend in a movie when she had to be back in Long Island in time for six o'clock supp—

"All out!" The train came to a stop. Trude got out on the station. She felt vaguely that her trips were wrong and she was being bad in some way because her friends didn't do the same, but she just knew that she liked the travelling—the noise of the subway, the relations of locals and expresses, the alertness required at changes, but best of all the knowledge that the same subway that submerged in Long Island would arise to the same day (it was unbelievable—the same day that her family enjoyed in Queens) that shone on a different borough. Just then another subway rumbled heavily into the station.

VAN CORTLAND PARK EXPRESS. That was it. She remembered the last time and boarded

it. Not sure of herself, she went over to the map of the city and the subway system behind the grill, and began to calculate quickly. First, a change at B'way 96th, then it was the Lenox Ave. Express until—she peered at the congeries of lines crossing the map. The tortured, colored lines had new meanings for her since the man had explained them on her second trip, and what had been a sterile sheet of colored-paper somewhat resembling the anatomy charts in her uncle's medical book, now came to mean recollections of incidents and sights, numbers of streets, and people she had met. She left her borough as a traveller leaves America, the East River was her Atlantic, and for her the Bronx was everything a foreign land was. With her itinerary in mind, she left the map and sat down.

Bronx. The subway stroked its way leisurely from station to station further "up" and "into" the wilderness. At 235th and Grand Concourse Trude got off. This was to where her exploring had taken her the past Saturday. She went up to the candy-booth.

"Bar of almond Hershey's, please." She was fully prepared now. Looking over the rail, her domain of streets, tenements, sidewalks, city blocks, and people stretched below her. The river was to the west and near it the Bronx sweltered in the Saturday afternoon. She furrowed her brows and the old shade of bewilderment passed through her eyes. One day's territory comprised about two miles, or four stations, or one piece in her tremendous jigsaw of accents, types, and streets. Trude saw the city as a vast pattern filled with dark spots of unknown land, and to her head, each week brought the silent process of putting together, adding, and rejecting to her own conceptions of the borough in a manner comparable to the cartographers of Columbus' day. But for Trude, this painstaking inquisitiveness sometimes had its rewards. Twice she had turned a strange corner to find herself in familiar, already-traversed territory. The jigsaw was gaining some semblance of sense, although it did follow the line of the subway. Explored land ended vaguely seven blocks on either side: the subway was her lifeline and she didn't dare wander too far. Only the hinterland of the interior was clothed in obscurity and mystery. And there were other rewards. Trude remembered the time she discovered that the river at 210th and the Hudson (the woman had said so) at 245th were the same. The realization had brought joy—and a hasty reconstruction. Then there was the corner at Marshall and '39th. She thought of it fondly because it was the one she knew best. There

was a shoe-shop and a Ligett's across the corner. She knew she couldn't ever forget it.

Trude lunched that day on a chocolate bar, a bag of peanuts, and a coca-cola. This nourishment was enough to sustain a safari that had taken her to the river where she had watched the boys diving off some weathered docks and on a grand tour that neared its end as she skipped under the "el" that followed Jerome Avenue. The afternoon had been filled with the observation of a noisy Irish family that had been ejected from an apartment, the fist-fight on the corner of Kingsbridge Road, and the incident with the small boy two blocks back. Now as she turned down the last block that led to the station and home, she amused herself by methodically tapping each telephone post that lined the avenue. This is not so strange. City boys, bound by this strange religion of numbers and mathematical precision, will sometimes follow a sidewalk under a mysterious compulsion to step on every crack in the walk (or *every other* crack), or shooting stones at a target, they feel that it must be the *third* stone to break the bottle on the fence, or coming home from school, every even-numbered block must be walked on the *right* sidewalk—and the converse for the left side—or just the other way around. As it was, Trude had just counted off about six posts, when she noticed The Tree. She did not know what had caused her to see it—it was a common slender sapling that had been permitted a few inches of earth in the asphalt in which to grow. Perhaps it was the incongruity of a tree trying to grow in the sterile cement of the Bronx that stopped her, or perhaps it was because it was the one bit of living foliage that stood out on the block. However, she dismissed it from her mind. It was four-thirty, that gave her just enough time to be back in time for supper. She went to the elevated and took the train.

The trip downtown was uneventful—except for the fact that something was on her mind, and she didn't know what it was. It was while they were passing under Harlem that she realized what hung in the back of her head. The Tree. It stayed there—the irrefutable fact of The Tree in the Bronx. She forgot about it, but it came back again. Was it that her mathematical religion wondered if it too, with the telephone poles, had been tapped? It was agonizing. She began to doubt it. How high had it been, how far from the curb? She couldn't remember. Had there really been a tree? A tremendous curiosity and desire grew in her brain. She couldn't. She knew she couldn't—by now it was a quarter to five and it would make her late.

But sitting there quietly, she suddenly knew she had to go back, and she began to despair as she thought of her family and how she would be late. All would be found out. The decision her brain could not make, her body made up for her. At the 155th and POLO GROUNDS station she found herself walking off the train. Time dogged her heels, what had to be done, had to be done in a hurry. She ran under the station to the other side where a sign assured her. UPTOWN. It seemed hours before the next express dragged itself into the station, and the train seemed to crawl as it made its way uptown into the Bronx again. A fever of impatience mounted in Trude's blood and it was days before she reached Kingsbridge Road. Leaving the subway, she ran breathlessly down Jerome Avenue and finally rounded the corner. There was an unnatural usualness to the day, everything was as it should have been. People that she passed talked in the same voices and walked with the same paces—nothing was amiss in the world. With an electric and comprehensive glance Trude took in the whole block. It was amazing. Unperturbed and real, The Tree had remained where it had always stood. Sunlight dappled the glory of its leaves and a few of them trembled in the afternoon breeze. Unbelievably, the girl walked slowly up to it. Trude tentatively touched The Tree. It was real. And with her touch the world and all turned concrete again. She noticed its rough, brown bark, she heard the child cries in the street, and the laugh of a boy that skated past her had a new beauty. She caught the angle that a woman going up a stoop made, there were two men talking across from their windows in an alley, and a group of girls were playing *potsy* in the street. It was a Saturday afternoon like all Saturday afternoons—the setting sun gave it the old tired quality the day always had.

She had been a fool, but she knew the tree would not ever bother her again. A wiser and happier girl, she walked down to the station without looking back once. But it was now five-thirty: she would be late.

Two hours later, Trude got off at her station and began to walk towards home. It was dark; she thought of her family and her sin. As she walked past her neighbors she wondered how it was that they couldn't see her guilt. To her sensitive mind it seemed that her infraction was no longer a secret between herself and her family—all the world knew; they knew how she had been sinning that afternoon and on the past seven Saturdays. And if

(Continued on page thirty)

Right-Cross

The resin-smell and sting of leather will remain the biggest thrill in college for this 127-pound champ.

I KNOW THE happiest moment I ever experienced in my four years of boxing at Carolina was winning the 127-pound boxing title at the Southern conference match in February. After one year of freshman boxing and three years of varsity boxing I had reached the peak in my weight and was the best in the conference.

There's no doubt but that I've worked hard during the four years of boxing, but the story of my boxing career is no different from any one else's. Coach Mike Ronman and all the boys on the team have worked long and hard and have aided me in many different ways. But because of this hard work and the associations with the people connected with boxing at Carolina and in the Southern conference, I can look back on those years with much pleasure, knowing that I have learned much which will always be of some service to me.

Different from what most people think, college boxing is not a rough, devil-may-care sport in which the prime objective of the boxer is to get into the ring and knock the ears off his opponent in the first round. College boxing is not that type of sport, and from what I have learned and observed in four years it will never be that type of sport in the conference.

Boxing, like most any other thing, I suppose, gets into your blood. You feel it all the year. You look forward to it from one year to another. It's a clean, hard, tough, competitive sport in which two men match their skill, endurance, courage, poise and brain against each other. Boxing teaches a man how to handle his body, and his opponent's, and not how to annihilate a foe in three minutes.

Here at Carolina boxing has established itself as a sport in which students are interested—both from a competitive and a spectator nature. An attempt was made last year to have boxing killed here. If it is ever prohibited from the University, it will be one of the biggest mistakes ever made. Boxing is not just for a small number of people. There's a weight available for most any size man, and today's college boxing rules make it almost impossible for a man to be seriously hurt in a bout. Of course a man is going to get hit in a match, but he expects that. If he didn't, he wouldn't be boxing.

But it's hardly plausible to think a man might get seriously injured when 12-ounce gloves are

used in all college bouts. Then, too, doctors are required at all matches to investigate any cuts, and other injuries that might be sustained.

Other than a few playground scraps and one or two fights at Boy Scout meetings and camps, I had never worn a boxing glove before coming to Carolina. At Darlington prep school I fooled around a little with the gloves, but never thought seriously of boxing until my fraternity made me enter the intramurals here my freshman year—1938. While I was at Darlington I wanted to play football. However, I soon discovered my 127 pounds wasn't enough weight to enable me to play much of that.

So I welcomed the opportunity, with some misgivings, of course, to enter the intramural boxing. I registered in the 127-pound division, and much to my surprise, and to my fraternity's, I reached the finals. I lost in the finals to Gwynn Edwards in one of the toughest fights I have ever had. He was a bright hope in the lightweight class, and I was just a slight obstacle in his path.

Surprised by my rather questionable ability in reaching the finals in the intramurals, I went out for freshman boxing, and there started my four years fighting for Carolina.

Yes, I have had a rather good record in the ring. I've lost only four fights and three of them were to a Southern conference champion. In three years of varsity boxing I won 18 bouts, drew one and lost four.

Without a doubt my most successful years were my sophomore and senior years. An attack of the flu ruined my junior year and I was never able to regain my strength, timing or endurance after recovering.

My biggest disappointment was losing the conference championship in the finals my sophomore year. I was fighting Bob McCrady of South Carolina, and the team needed my two points in order to win the team championship.

Both of us had been fighting for two days in advancing to the finals and had been in a tough bout in the afternoon preceding the finals. After the first two rounds, neither of us could hardly stand up, but in the third round he found enough power to slip through my defense a short right

(Continued on page thirty-one)

BOXING

Non-Intervention: Panacea for Peace

Hitler cannot be defeated on the European continent and the costs here at home make war disastrous for the USA today.

THE UNITED STATES is fast drifting into the European war. No one is startled at these words any longer; we have all come to accept them and have resigned ourselves to fighting actively on the side of Britain. Mr. Agar thinks we should have declared war on Hitler long ago. However, we have not as yet announced our intention of becoming an ally of Great Britain, and, if the American people should by some miracle demonstrate that they do not want to become actively involved, their leaders would not dare to pitch the nation into the conflict. I shall attempt to show why I believe it would be foolish and disastrous for us to enter it.

Before we dash madly into this war, let us take a moment to reflect upon the likely consequences. We are told that the Nazi system is at war with the democracies, and that a conflict between the United States, as the last democracy of the world, and the Nazis is inevitable. Serious objections can be raised to this assumption, but without enumerating them, let us consider what intervention in the war right now will mean for us. We should certainly use our judgment and select the battlefield for the war on which our chances of success are greatest. If we are to enter the war now, our leaders should give us some idea of how they hope to achieve victory. I cannot see how we can possibly defeat the Nazis, except by an actual invasion of the continent, an operation that may take years of fighting on soil where we will be at a distinct disadvantage. It is one thing to sympathize with the peoples overrun by the Nazis, but quite another to undertake the task of relieving them by a military defeat of Germany.

The British have been fighting gallantly against the Nazi hordes in the air, on the water, and on land. But it has become increasingly apparent that they cannot win the war unless we throw the full weight of our armed forces in on their side. Britain needs the American merchant marine and American battleships. The British press has bluntly asked the United States for convoys and has been mildly offended at our hesitancy to supply them. Our naval patrol planes, reputedly the best in the world, would be invaluable to the British in scouting for submarines, and the mechanized divisions of our Army, ill-prepared as they are,

could find plenty to do in stopping Axis drives in Greece and Libya, which threaten to wrest control of the eastern Mediterranean from the British.

The German army, numerically almost three times as large as the combined strength of all the armies the British Empire has been able to muster, seems likely to dismember the British Empire, bit by bit. At best, the British can only defend their positions in Egypt and Iraq without hoping to launch an offensive capable of defeating the Nazi army. Only the American Army could overcome the British inferiority in manpower, amounting to some 4,500,000 men.

If the war were to stop today with both sides holding all territory in their possession, the Nazis would be the undisputed victors. To win the war, Britain must defeat the Germans by shattering their army, presumably by invading the continent. Again, it would be the American Army that would compose the greater part of any expeditionary force. Any such undertaking would put the invading forces at a great disadvantage, particularly against a powerful airforce, and, if it succeeded at all, could be accomplished only with great loss of manpower.

The hope is often fondly advanced that, if the British continue their blockade, and once gain such superiority in the air with our help, that they can deal Germany punishing blows with their bombers. The German people will crack under the double strain of the pinch of the blockade and the terror of the air raids. They will revolt and attempt to overthrow Hitler, according to these wishful thinkers. I see no reason for believing that the German people cannot stand up under the impact of air bombardment just as courageously as the British have. The Spanish Civil War demonstrated that civilian morale could not be shattered by constant bombing. Again, I cannot understand why any German would want to overthrow Hitler and deliver his nation to the British and to the people of the occupied countries of Europe. Distasteful as the Hitler regime may be, it is far more to the liking of the Germans than any revengeful Allied rule, which would follow after a revolution.

The cost to this nation of actual involvement in

the war cannot be estimated, even by New Deal statistical experts. The dead and wounded would run into the millions. The financial cost of the war would probably reach several hundred billion, and would burden the nation with an enormous debt far beyond our capacity to pay. Only by adopting an authoritarian form of government could we hope to survive. The intangible costs of the war, the lowering of moral standards, the wrecking of human lives, and the cynicism that follows in the wake of war, would have an even more disastrous effect upon the little that remained of our culture and civilization.

What are the war aims of the British in this present conflict? We have heard their spokesmen utter the usual platitudes about fighting for freedom, to rid the world of Hitler, and about building a world order which will guarantee the integrity of small nations. But all has been said in vague, general terms. So far we have very little upon which we can place our fingers.

The war aims of the United States as proclaimed by the President involve extension of the "four freedoms" everywhere in the world, freedom of speech and press, freedom of religion, freedom from want, and freedom from fear. These inspiring aims certainly should appeal to everybody as reasonable and just, but how practical are they? Are we to free suppressed people wherever they may be found? After defeating the Nazis and liberating the people of Europe, shall we destroy the Russians in order to free the Finns, the Rumanians and the Poles within their borders? Having conquered the world, shall we then proceed to police it, putting down all who question the benevolence of our domination? All this President Roosevelt assures us is "no vision of a distant millenium," but on the contrary "a definite basis for a kind of world obtainable in our time and generation." Americans will be busy bringing the blessings of civilization to warring savages and revolting tribesmen throughout the world for years to come.

Dismissing these war aims as absurd, what do the American people expect to accomplish by this war? By and large, they hope to rid the world of Hitler and all that he stands for and to set up some sort of machinery that will preserve world peace. These aims can be achieved by one of two methods, according to two generally-held theories about the German people. They may be naturally militaristic and happy only under authoritarian rule, or else Hitler has so warped the mind of the Germans that they all subscribe to his glorification of brute force.

If either of these assumptions is true, then the Germans must be dealt with harshly, if we are to avoid the same mistakes that gave rise to our present predicament. If they are by nature militaristic and belligerent, then we can solve the problem of world peace only by total annihilation of the nation; or, if Hitler has misled them and imposed an alien system upon their impressionable minds, then we must reeducate them at the conclusion of the war. This latter method of reforming the people will be doomed to failure because it is an imposition of the victor upon the vanquished and will be regarded as such by the latter. Can you conceive of Hitler's succeeding in inoculating the people of this country with an American brand of fascism so long as he is universally hated in this country?

On the other hand, if we believe that the German people are essentially like all other peoples of Europe and that our present troubles date from our failure to treat them fairly at Versailles,—for humiliating them with war guilt clauses and for occupying the Ruhr Valley, and for considering them an outcast among nations—then the lofty ideas of world peace and cooperation can be achieved only by dealing gently with the Germans at the conclusion of this war and by recognizing their rightful position in the sun as the dominant power on the European continent. Many of our ardent interventionists today tell us that we will not muff the peace again. Even though we discount any secret treaties that the British may have made with their allies to sabotage the full realization of our aims, this group consistently makes a grave mistake. They speak of this war and the peace that will follow it as two separate historical events. We will fight a bloody war, whipping up our populace to fever heat against the Nazis who intend to destroy all human freedom, who enslave the French, starve the Belgians, slaughter the Dutch, and commit unprintable atrocities upon the Poles. Then, having defeated these beasts, we will sit down and, putting aside all thought of vengeance, will draw up a just document that will let these brigands go unharmed and will preserve peace for years to come. Such a picture of the final peace conference is tommy-rot. The waging of total war today requires that the entire resources of a nation be mobilized to insure victory. The emotions of the people will be whipped up again by the usual propaganda methods, and they will demand a Carthaginian peace upon conclusion of hostilities. No matter how much a leader here and there may speak out for just peace terms,

the people will demand revenge, and their leaders will have to dictate a spiteful treaty or be replaced by the others who will. Will the people in the occupied countries of Europe refrain from retaliating upon the Nazis in kind for the many injustices they have suffered? It is nonsense to suppose they will. A recent Gallup poll indicated that more than 60% of the British people today want a more harsh peace at the end of this conflict than the Versailles treaty. Is Winston Churchill one to dictate a just peace? Rather, he is a man whose entire career has been devoted to empire-building, and he is certainly not one to forget the welfare of this empire when he writes the peace treaty. Here in the United States many people agree with Senator Carter Glass, who wants to go over now and "blast hell out of Berlin." A student poll last quarter here in Chapel Hill showed opinion about evenly divided on the question of imposing a more severe peace upon the Germans than the Versailles treaty. But wait until we become fully involved and emotionally committed to an allied victory and then see how many people speak out for a peace without victory!

In short, I can see no good coming out of an Allied Victory; none of the lofty ideals proclaimed by our leaders would be realized. Of course, an Allied victory would in my opinion be better for the human race than a German one: I have no illusions on this score. But I can foresee nothing but the roots of another conflict arising from this one, and a permanent policy of American intervention in all the deep seated wars of Europe and Asia, conflicts which go back to traditional jealousies and hates that cannot be overcome by a dose of American idealism.

What will a Nazi victory over the British mean to America? Will we be able to withstand the "Wave of the Future," if Britain succumbs to the Nazis? Certainly the United States will be in a precarious position with the rest of the world outside our hemisphere under the dominion of a form of government openly hostile to our democracy. To prevent being attacked by the Nazis, we will have to build up a convincing airforce and navy, and a sizeable army. Hitler understands force, and once we become strong, he will not dare to attack us. In addition, for years to come Hitler will have plenty of headaches with the people in the occupied territories and from his fair weather friend Joe Stalin.

But consider what the effects will be upon us if by some accident Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and Matsuoka could unite and stay united in a harmonious front against the United States. If Eng-

land were defeated, a good part of the British fleet would undoubtedly be sunk in defense of the Isles. As Mr. Herbert Agar says, "It would be spent like nickels and dimes." The Italian and French fleets have been seriously crippled by the war, and as the fighting goes on, more ships on both sides will probably be lost. Assuming, however, that the Axis powers could muster a considerable part of their combined fleets for an attack at a given time, how grave would our danger be?

Under terms of the London Naval Conference the ratio of the navies of the United States, of Great Britain, and Japan was established at 5:5:3. Yet even with this superiority of 5 to 3 in tonnage possessed by both the United States and Great Britain over Japan, experts all agreed that neither could undertake a war with Japan in Japanese waters with any hope of victory. In other words, the defending fleet in its home waters has a decided advantage over an outsider. An invader needs a superiority of nearly 3 to 1 if he is to operate in enemy waters with any hope of success. The Axis powers could not possibly muster the required strength to challenge our fleet in this hemisphere. Further, the actual fighting strength of the Axis is far short of its paper strength. Many of the Italian and Japanese craft are lightly armored, are not fitted with the latest anti-air-craft guns and could not stand up against our ships on the firing line. The difficulty of securing united action by the combined fleets of three or four powers against a single fleet under one command is obvious. Naval experts are agreed that we could frustrate any attempted Axis invasion of this hemisphere. Admiral Clark H. Woodward has stated that, if the United States could acquire a base at Natal, Brazil, this hemisphere would be impregnable to attack. Figures of the shipping that would be required to sustain an invader in this hemisphere only corroborate the words of experts, to supply an army of 50,000 men would require from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 tons of shipping monthly, or one-half of the German merchant marine. An army of 1,000,000, enough to really worry about, would require 13,000,000 tons of shipping, or more than the combined British and German merchant marines. Even if our fleet were at the bottom of the sea and offered no resistance, an invasion of the hemisphere would still be a delicate undertaking.

We hear it said that the Axis powers, having access to the shipyards of all Britain and to those of the continent, will outship us in constructing battleships and merchant marine because they will have some five times as many ways at their command as we will have. However, the ship building ca-

capacity of a nation does not depend solely upon its ways, but upon its supply of skilled labor, upon its facilities for making armor plating and ordnance, and upon its supply of vital metals needed in alloys. And here the United States has the supplies and resources which give it a shipbuilding capacity equal to that of the rest of the world combined. ("Harpers Magazine, April 1941, Hanson Baldwin: The Naval Defense of America.")

Certainly the United States today faces a crucial period of its history, and in preparation it should arm to the teeth to make all dictators think twice before invading this part of the globe. The emergency of air power as a factor in military strategy has facilitated, rather than hindered, the defense of this continent. Planes based upon continental and near-continental bases can bomb any would-be invader to pieces before he could come within striking range. Only with absolute control of the air could an invader think about bringing battleships anywhere within bombing range of this continent or of any of our outlying air bases.

The argument is often advanced that the Nazis, utilizing the forced labor of the peoples of Europe, will be able to undersell us in foreign markets wherever we compete with them, primarily because of their low labor costs. South America is pointed out as certain to trade with the Germans in preference to us. To keep what little share of world trade that the Axis powers leave to us, we will have to subsidize exports or adopt a limited barter system based on the totalitarian plan, so this argument goes. Once the Nazis obtain a favorable position economically in South America by way of economic penetration, it will be a simple step for them to prepare the way for revolutions that will set up governments favorable to them.

I quite agree with some of these points. In the event of a German victory over the British, we would undoubtedly be forced to adopt some important changes in our government and in our entire economic system. Foreign trade would be handled in large measure by the federal government; the last vestiges of American individualism would be brushed aside. But, if we entered the war, substantially the same steps would be taken. In fact, we have already taken steps to insure government control of prices, of priorities, and of essential raw materials. After the war, assuming that we become involved and are victorious, the dislocation of American industry caused by the transition from a war-time economy to a peacetime one, with the demobilization of millions of men occurring at the same time, would plunge us into a depression, the like of which we have never

dreamed. If we enter this war with our economy ailing, as our present army of 8,000,000 unemployed bears witness, how sick will the nation be upon its conclusion? We have only begun to see the kind of federal control of our entire economic system that we would face at the end of the war. American democracy as we have known it is going to undergo serious changes, no matter who wins the war, and I see no reason for believing that fighting an exhausting war will help us to solve the fundamental problems that our democracy must overcome if it is not to give way to dictatorship anyway.

Americans must realize that their trade with South America can never be very great. Our Latin neighbors have need for the products of our industry, but we cannot buy many goods from them, and no trade can take place without a mutual exchange of goods. The natural market for the goods of South America is Europe, and, no matter who wins the war, the fact remains that the bulk of South American raw materials will find their way to markets outside this hemisphere. Simply by defeating the Nazis, we do not deprive Germany of any share in South American trade, though we may impair her power to drive hard bargains with our South American neighbors. Nor does it follow that, if the Germans have the lion's share of South American trade, they will undermine the governments of these nations. It will take a diplomatic offensive on our part with a sharp look-out for signs of danger to frustrate any attempted Nazi coup, but with our fleet patrolling the waters of this hemisphere, the Nazis could not possibly challenge us. In a moment, we could shut off their trade with any country in this hemisphere, though it is to be hoped that no such strong-arm measure would be necessary.

In order to keep our Navy well abreast of any possible force that the Axis powers could muster, we would have to embark upon an armaments and shipbuilding race, which would burden us with heavy taxes. Unquestionably, our living standard would be reduced; we would all have to tighten our belts, perhaps for many years. But I had far rather do without some of the comforts of life and take my chances on fighting the Axis powers in this quarter of the globe, where we have every reason to feel confident of victory than to join in some expedition in a remote corner of the world, where the odds would favor the enemy.

If the United States were forced to do without the greater part of its foreign trade, could it continue to survive, or would it in the long run fall

(Continued on page thirty)

After Agar

There can be no peace on this earth until the right of the individual to live has been won. This might mean war.

WHEN Mr. Herbert Agar paused momentarily in his Weil lecture series to relieve his sore throat with a drink of water, the rustle of a dress would have echoed through the booming



halls of Memorial Hall like the prolonged applause which greeted the conclusion of his address. But there was no rustle. There was not a sound. And when the tall, soft-spoken editor had concluded, the surprised, unwillingly believing faces turned one to the other in a buzz of conversation.

In all three lectures there was no challenge to the smooth flowing of his logic or the conclusion that he reached. The challenge that he brought went unchallenged, and the audience as a whole seemed unavoidably in agreement—almost hopelessly and unwillingly. Not that there weren't other viewpoints present in that audience; and not that those viewpoints weren't capable of self-expression; but for some reason they weren't heard during those Weil lectures.

Now Mr. Agar has gone. His challenge remains, but the convincing sincerity of his person is no longer present to support the driving stimulus of combatting a world revolution with war now. In the quiet serenity of Chapel Hill such ideas seem incongruous with the white cherry blossoms of spring and within two weeks after his visit, students have reverted to the moral indifference which is their most significant characteristic, and non-interventionists, with the effect of the war-monger Agar on the wane, are floating once more in the wave of America First.

College students have become well-known for their attitudes—attitudes which, peculiarly enough, are usually along lines of two extremes. On the

one hand, there is the attitude of moral indifference, which is strictly speaking a social, political, economic, and all-encompassing indifference to anything and everything. This is the attitude which assumes great delight in "branding" items of all kinds. Anything which is beyond the immediate scope of satisfying any one of the senses of smell, taste, touch, or sight immediately becomes of that class of things which are "intellectual," or "heavy" and are thus to be avoided by all red-blooded American college students. This attitude finds the Daily Tar Heel its most apt exponent.

On the other hand, there is the attitude of particular and definite dogmatism. This is the attitude which is bred on a theory of omniscience and matures into uncompromising positions, usually derived from having read one book or from the nourishment of a congenital bias. The most blatant possessors of this attitude are scientific students with their opinionated doctrines of social and economic questions. Most students lie somewhere between those extremes. With them lies the responsibility for building America into a greater democracy.

But even to this group which, to give the benefit of the doubt, may be called fairly intelligent and rational, the significance of there being a crisis at all has hardly pricked the surface of a smug complacency that actually thrives on a world of bathtubs and electric gadgets and debits and credits. For most college students, American capitalism and modern industrialism are *faits accomplis* which will live forever in our modern democracy, while such



foreign elements as fascism, nihilism, intolerance are phantasms of the European mind which affect our campus political campaigns, May frolics, and intramurals only to the extent of being included in the social science syllabuses year by year. Of twenty or more seniors studying a course in theories of economic reform, only two or three braved the hard seats of Memorial Hall and sacrificed the library to hear Agar. And there we have the com-

position of a large part of our colleges and universities: (1) the non-intellectual snobs; (2) the dogmatically opinionated; and (3) the morally indifferent.

We have non-interventionists either because of an under-estimation of the danger of the revolution, or a feeling that the evils of a war economy far outweigh the evils of a fascist Europe. Most other considerations are but attendant phases of these fundamental issues.

To think that this crisis is a crisis of Europe alone is but to delude ourselves. To think that the only danger which comes from the fascist countries is the danger of invasion is but another delusion. And to agree with Ann Morrow Lindbergh as to the futility of combatting the "wave



of the future" is to discount at once the very theme of human history: self-expression. This revolution that Agar speaks of is no imaginative creation designed to propagandize the American people into war. It is a revolution that threatens all of us and all of our institutions. It is, as Italian minister of education Giovanni Gentile calls it, a war on intellectualism, a war on science and philosophy itself. Its leaders preach a new doctrine, a doctrine that "men are tired of liberty" as Mussolini shouted 15 years ago. It is a revolution of the mind, of the ideas that rule mankind. It is a revolution that comes as the answer to a longing for order and security the easy way, as the answer to the satisfying benevolence of an all-knowing and all-powerful totalitarian leader. It is not the domination of a military class in Germany that is challenging the freedom of the individual. It is the domination of an idea of life, of the principle that truth shall be no more, that servitude is better

than freedom, that morality is an invention of the weak—it is the menace of these ideas that must be combatted.

But this is not the easiest picture. The outlook is not gloomy, the crisis is not grave if you would hear the tale of the non-interventionist. This war is but an imperialist war, a war of the haves against the have-nots, the natural and usual result of that heterogeneous net of peoples in Europe. The real danger of fascism comes from our going to war, from the temporary compromise of democracy that always accompanies the declaration of war. Our lot is thus a pleasanter, a happier, a more useful one. We are to "make democracy work at home." The wonderful protection that has been endowed us by nature is in effect an exemption from responsibility to ourselves or to the principles for which we stand. We become thus democratic objectors to fighting for democracy, because democracy is not strong enough to survive a struggle for its preservation.

And what kind of an institution is this democracy thing anyway? Is it immobile and fixed within us? Will it survive a world whose very existence hinges on its own negation? Is it removed from the effect of revolutionary thought and economics on a piece of land across the Atlantic Ocean? Has the world so changed that the thought and life of Europe affect us only by way of international exchange and only by way of economic markets?

The answer is so obvious we can't see it. We've read so many books on propaganda analysis, we've heard so much about the uselessness of the last war and of all war, we've seen the truth so often it no longer has meaning.

We loll around in our indifference and can't see the forest for the trees. And the answer is as clear as the spring air. The United States in a fascist world would be as the last of a forest of burning trees, with the fire creeping ever closer and eventually enveloping it too in the conflagration of nihilism, for then the democratic spirit would have melted into the benevolent security of fascism.

The voice that speaks of war today is like the rasping harshness of thunder on a spring day. The thought of revolution is incompatible with a college political campaign and easy to discount as fantastic. But the revolution continues and blossoms smell sweetly and the colleges make "democracy work at home."

PACT

(Continued from page eleven)

girl watched him closely, saw the left hand grip the table till white at the knuckles.

"But of course, I wouldn't have cared. I'm glad."

"Maybe if somebody did that, they'll have an investigation."

"No, they didn't find no marks of violence. They decided he must've fell over. I didn't say nothing about him being scared of the bridge." He scraped the remaining food together with his fork.

"Maybe it's a bad thing to kill a man."

"Harry," she said gaily, "we can get married now, can't we?"

"I don't know, not right now. I haven't got much money right now."

"Harry?"

"Oh Kate!" He closed his knees against hers. Reached out and grasped her hand. He suddenly squeezed it so tight that she cried out. And he said hoarsely, "Kate, you *know* I do. Oh Kate, you know I love you."

The waitress appeared, and took their plates indifferently.

"What kind of ice cream do you want, Katie?"

"Vanilla."

"Bring two vanillas," he said to the waitress. And she left them.

They were silent. Finally the girl spoke, "What were you saying, Harry?"

He locked his hands together, pressing them down hard on the table.

"Harry, I asked you what were you saying?"

"I was saying that maybe it's a bad thing to kill a man."

"I mean just before she came, Darling."

He stared at his hands, and pressed them tight together.

"Harry, listen to me! We've got our life right ahead of us now. All we've got to do is begin it. That settled everything. All we've got to do is begin it, Harry!"

He watched the parts go white where the grip was. Felt the hands become one ache.

"Maybe a man *ought* to be punished for killing another man." Still staring at the hands.

"No, Harry. No! Not if the man was bad. He was doing good if he did it then."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it, Harry."

"But what's convenience for living, beside killing?"

"Harry, we've got it right ahead of us! And we're all that's important now."

His head sank to the hands. Then slowly raising it, his eyes lifted close under the brows. . . . "Kate . . . I did"—

Swiftly like the strike of a tigress her hands covered his! He dropped his eyes. And saw them white. The red nails sinking into the flesh of his hands. Soon sunk into the slight wells with blood. Unable to take his eyes from the fierce white hands on his. Then slowly they relaxed. He watched his hands open and take the others in his. Slowly he looked upward, to the red mouth crooked slightly, to the nostrils, quivering, the blue-grey eyes, the white forehead, the dark hair. . . .

"Sure. Sure Katie, we'll begin it now."

"Let's leave."

"Sure."

He put the money on the table. They rose. He helped her with the coat, his hands moving slow. She followed him out. They stopped as he closed the door. Glanced at the muted under the precisioned flares of the neon sign. And walked down the street together.

SO THERE, MISS CLAMPITT

(Continued from page thirteen)

tremble for the constitution they have the power to change. Sorority interest rears its ugly head. Otherwise there isn't much interest of any sort, and the side which is talking the loudest about six o'clock (which is supertime in polite circles) wins. Other important occurrences at W. A. meetings are the following: announcements of the programs of the different women's organizations, which could be handled just as well through the Daily Tar Heel (goodness knows they need news!); and presentation by the YWCA, and the Athletic Association of their nomination slates, which should be handled at their own meetings.

Of course, the Woman's Honor Council should stimulate interest in these meetings. Clampitt says so. But if you were busy being Executive, Judicial, and Quasi-legislative all at the same time, do you think you'd have time to drum up trade? And if you were Pres. of Executive, Judicial, and Quasi-legislative, and ex-officio Pres. of all the other Women's Organizations, do you think you'd have time to educate the women students in all the things a girl should know?

It sounds hopeless, doesn't it? But I have a solution. Do away with W. A. meetings. This would follow naturally anyway if you did away with the Woman's Association.

Yes, after a year's intensive study of the problem, I make my diagnosis and prescription—abolish the Woman's Association. Let the different organizations promote their own activities. They're big enough to and old enough to. Let Women's Student Government proceed in a dignified and liberal manner through the channels of an elected legislative body and the Woman's Honor Council. Let the different organizations levy their own student fees and the present W. A. be reduced to the minimum necessary to defray expenses of Women's Student Government. If this were accomplished, there would be separation in the powers of Women's Student Government, the Woman's Honor Council could busy itself with effective Judiciary procedure, there would be more women students to participate in their student government and to share the brunt of Clappitt's criticism (if there ever were another Clappitt!)

But another change is necessary if there is to be a responsible Women's Student Body. That change, reorganization of social regulations, has been made, in the past month. Signing in and out for dances, parties, concerts, plays, and midnight shows have been abolished, and so has that other prep-school custom, "key-privileges." Now girls may stay out later on week-ends whether or not they go to University functions. In other words, coeds here are being given a chance, under the new system, to prove that they can act as responsible adults and not as pampered "mama's babies." In the future perhaps, there won't be so much glamour about breaking the few social regulations which exist.

And there it is, my plan for reorganization of women's student government at Carolina. It's not very original; in fact, it's patterned on men's student government here. Whatever it is, I think it more liberal than the status quo, and more in keeping with University life.

And perhaps in the dim future, this campus will see a new type of coed, responsible, independent, and enlightened. But I, like all Woman's Association Presidents before me, will not see it. I shall be under a little mossy stone somewhere, sleeping off the hangover that comes from being President of Executive, Judiciary, Quasi-legislative, Legislative, and ex-officio President of all the other Women's Organizations.

CHARTER TO FREEDOM

(Continued from page fourteen)

Several years ago the Sniscak case arose, in which a football player was suspended by the faculty for a violation in connection with eligibility rules for athletics. In many colleges a strict censorship would have quieted this story, but the Tar Heel printed it.

This attitude of tolerance and insistence upon student freedom holds equally strong when the student press turns against the very men who are most firm in their belief in an uncensored press. When the Student Council ordered the burning of the Buccaneer last year, the Tar Heel called down some rather vitriolic imprecations on the dean of students office. But there was only patient understanding of youth feeling its oats.

Jus recently a committee of faculty members was designated to study class attendance problems, and the Tar Heel fired the question, Why not hear the students' voice on a matter that so vitally concerns them? On the day of the Tar Heel editorial administrative acquiescence was given to a five-man student committee, appointed by the president of the student body, to deliberate with the faculty group.

This article is not a pat on the back for the administration. It is intended to show the difference between the attitude here and at Columbia, where President Nicholas Murray Butler said, "Academic freedom does not apply to students"; at Johns Hopkins, where the dead suspended publication of the college paper allegedly because it was in financial straits—another story was that the dean did not like the editor's opposition to the war; at the University of Michigan, where editorial writers were suspended. . . .

The fact that the University has liberal men setting its attitudes toward the students is not in itself newsworthy. This liberalism is well established and is taken for granted. But in so many other colleges, any semblance of liberty is considered precious. Intolerance is sweeping into minds of every level, and even educators are succumbing to the fever of nationalism and patriotism that influences them to justify their suppression

(Continued on page thirty)



of the very freedoms they consider at stake in the war in Europe. The individual who now expresses an idea counter to the popular will is marked as a man to be watched. He is unpatriotic if he opposes aiding Britain; he is a weakling and self-centered if he has not the Patrick Henry complex of "Give me liberty or give me death," liberty, in his mind, not being at stake, and death consisting of dashing his head against a wall. This is a period when the minority must look for trouble if it insists on expressing itself.

Continuing freedom in the University, therefore, assumes major significance, even though the average student pays no attention to the reasons that permit his daily newspaper to speak out on any question without fear of punitive action from officials.

* * *

Inevitably a discussion of freedom leads to one of responsibility. Without the exercise of the judgment demanded by absolute freedom, that privilege is likely to go down in the sea of intolerance. By their carelessness and wild statements of assumed fact, student writers can easily contribute fuel to the fires that opponents of student freedom would like to build under them. There is great danger that in their haste and juvenility students will write inaccuracies and untruths. They should, therefore, exercise far more caution than they do. With war emotion as it is, the necessity for sound judgment becomes unusually acute.

Most college journalists have one unique asset: they are free from the influence of advertisers. The truly free press in America is rapidly disappearing. Whether the professional paper is located in a cotton mill town in North Carolina or in New York in sight of Wall Street, it feels the fetters that envelop it when it signs an advertiser's contracts.

The mission of the college press, then, is to accomplish as much good in its little pool as it can. On some rare occasion it may discover something that will make a ripple in the big pool. In fact, the Tar Heel this year did even better with the textbook matter and set off what may yet prove to be a tidal wave.

The forces at work in the world today—in Europe and in America—would stamp out even the student free press. Students must cling to their freedom, but they must at the same time employ the judgment and common sense necessary to stave off the fate that is engulfing much of the professional press.

THE MONTH IN REVIEW

(Continued from page five)

SOCIAL

● Dusky Jimmy Lunceford played the soph hop, returned to his halllloved hole at the Roseroom. Kappa Alpha's feted neophytes while the indefatigable Dekes acquired nonogenarianism. Fish Worley planned a nite club, switched from square dancing to waltzing and back again while the new spring brought in new coeds, to which the males are becoming accustomed even though the shades on the Cameron avenue side of Aycock and Graham still stay up all night. Lined up for the rest of the quarter are the Dorsey boys and Tony Pastor of "Paradiddle" fame. Also assorted imports.

HOME DEFENSE

● Stunning in its suddenness was the decree giving coeds a 2 A.M. curfew on Friday, extended limits all other nights. Exactly what the consequences of this move will be cannot be predicted but no complaints are anticipated. Coeds also came across a lovely stink, or whatever that is that they call it in polite society. A few votes got mixed up and prompted certain Tar Heelers to quote: "If certain persons were not involved, a real story could be fabricated from this!" Coeds again, invading even the masculinity of soph elections, scored blondely, got names on the ballot. Splurged pantily in Tar and Feathers, made Sound and Fury, every one of them, cheesecaked for the nearest camera.

WRITING ON THE WALL

● Blue uniforms and drill squads on Emerson field brought thoughts of strife abroad, physical ed at 8:30 made pacifists galore, Jule Warren backed down neatly while Newsome, Lefler, Barrett, and Company published independently, saved the fifth-graders from untold sins they won't remember. Amputated hands saved not the grass while clever cartoons please, appease, and they still walk on the grass. But the job is done—we had a campaign. Fudgy-wudgy received such a terrific buildup everybody's afraid to buy one; the Hays crew banned the tight sweater girl while the cracks in the shows grow more suggestive, reflective of public tension, and the lads still sunbathe in towels on the quad with a three no-trump bid in one hand, a coke in the other, an unopened book on the blanket beside.

Spring is wonderful in Chapel Hill. Anything can happen and usually, it does.

NON-INTERVENTION

(Continued from page twenty-four)

behind the Nazis in an armament race? This nation has been blest with more of the resources required by modern industry than any other nation in the world, except the Soviet Union. Within our own borders there is more natural wealth than all Europe can boast. Here in this land we can come well nigh being self-sufficient, with the exception of several vital products, notably chromium, tungsten, rubber, tin, and coffee. Substitutes can be developed that will decrease our dependency upon outside sources for these materials. Synthetic rubber can be produced that fully meets the requirements of the natural product, though it is considerably more costly. This process of substitution will prove expensive and we must be prepared to sacrifice, if we adopt it.

HE CAME HOME AGAIN

(Continued from page seven)

Wall Street for the controller's job at the most liberal but one of the most meagrely supported universities in the nation.

But while he has given up his question-mark salary, he still keeps his independent frankness and good business sense. His down-to-earth approach to finances and problems makes him a fitting teammate for President Graham to guide the University through the approaching years of crisis.

SAPLING

(Continued from page nineteen)

they didn't know, she felt that all they had to do was to look at her to find out.

She mounted her stoop and timorously opened the door. The entire family was in the parlour. Her mother saw her first, she had been crying in a corner chair. . . .

Her uncle was sternly lecturing her. Trude's white face looked out at the amphitheatre of vague condemning figures. They blurred suddenly and she began to cry. This is, she thought, the end. She felt like she did when her aunt made those solemn, terrifying talks about womanhood and growing girls, the same isolated feeling she got, when in the nude privacy of the bathroom, she examined her perplexing and mysterious body. But they sent her to bed. It was a haven.

And now the even stroke of the regularly passing elevated does not let her sleep. Her mind en-

circles the spaced distraction of noise and she keeps time. It boards the tracks and begins to travel slowly at first, then quicker than thought. The tracks dive under the river and she follows them under. Suddenly, she is in the Bronx again. Life there swims around in a set organization of which The Tree is the focus and center. Vividly, the block suddenly lives in her brain. She sees the fist-fight, the girls playing *poisy* through a great clarity. Like her, these girls sleep in beds in the Bronx. For them that street means as much a home as the very one she lives on. To them her own is equally as strange as theirs is to her. She sees the tree again, its leaves trembling in the breeze. It is green, a beautiful green, and shots of faint blue and yellow show in it when the breeze stirs the branches. A part of their corner of life, the radial center of bleak Bronx tenement—The picture circles slowly around in her brain. She's promised not to go up there anymore.

The vision breaks. She is back in her bed again. The jarring rumble of the elevated has brought her back to her room. The elevated. It was marvelous how far one could go on a nickel—the Bronx—but she has promised. The Bronx, her home—Queens, and on the way up—Manhattan, and then

(Continued on page thirty-one)

Take home

a
carton



The six-bottle carton

"Let's get

a

Coca-Cola"



DRINK
Coca-Cola

RIGHT CROSS

(Continued from page twenty)

jab which caught me flush on the chin. That blow lost the round and the fight for me.

It's a rather hard decision to select the toughest man I ever faced in the ring. I suppose it would be about a dead heat among Ron Luerick of Citadel, Bill Mazzocco of Penn State, and Bob Martin of Navy. All three of those men caused me some anxious moments before the referee raised my right hand.

A boxer knows when he's winning a fight. The usual formula in boxing is to measure your opponent in the first round—find out how fast he is, how hard he can hit and whether he will fall into any of the traps. The second round I go to work on my opponent with short left jabs, using my right only when I have a good opening. All the while, however, I don't forget that he is powerful, and one or two blows might finish me if he catches me in the correct place. If I was winning a fight, I could tell it by the end of the second round. During the third round I would parry with my opposition, never giving him a chance to slip a blow by me and trying not to hit him hard enough to knock him out.

But in fighting Luerick, Mazzocco and Martin

I never was sure just when I could start playing with them. I had to keep driving all the time. I also might say that those three fights were the most enjoyable I ever had, for I knew when I licked them I had defeated a man who was a good boxer.

My plans after I finish school in June are rather questionable now. I'm a commerce major, but hope to get a commission in the Junior Naval reserve. I took a cruise last summer with the Naval reserve and would like to get into some branch of the service.

It's possible that I would try to continue my boxing in the service, but not as a participant. I would either like to be an instructor or a referee for the bouts.

Boxing to me has been a sport in which to engage during college, and not as a means for livelihood after college.

Boxing has enabled me to meet many fine men, among them Coach Mike Ronman, and to associate with a number of excellent boys—Red Sanders, Ed Dickerson, Jack Johnson, Billy Winstead and many others.

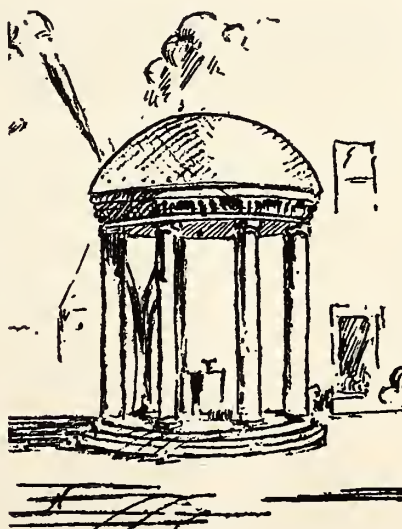
I've kissed college boxing goodbye, and in the years to come I'm sure I will still continue to reap the rewards of four years of strenuous, but interesting, competition in the ring.

SAPLING

(Continued from page thirty)

there was—how was it she hadn't thought of it before! She thinks of a turgid river that borders the biggest, and the darkest borough. Even its name has a hard ring to it. She has promised about the Bronx, but Brooklyn! That would be the biggest adventure of all! She could get lost and then—. The elevated interrupts her again. It passes. She could get lost ann thennn. Annn thennn she coul—. Tomorrow, she thinks, will be Sunday. Tomorrow—

She sleeps.



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New THE
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College Aviation Issue



MAY-JUNE
1941

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA MAGAZINE OF CAMPUS LIFE



«LOCAL AIRPORT»

—Wash drawing by Hight Moore.

LENS AND BRUSH

The change in appearance of the following pages is due in great part to the capable work of our newly recruited artists and protographers. As an introduction, we have selected two examples of this formerly neglected type of effort which until now has had no proper place in any of the campus publications. However, we feel these media to be appropriate in a magazine devoted to the creative arts on the campus.

"CONTRASTS" Camera: Eastman Recomar, Prot
f/16, Filter: K-2, 25th sec., Film: Superpan Pres
Light: 3:50 PM sun through window, Place: Chap
Hill, N. C., Time: May 18, 1941.



«CONTRASTS»

—Camera Study by Hugh Morton

CAROLINA COMMENTARY

REVIEWS

THEATRE

SHAKESPEARE—Romeo and Juliet played in the woods, backgrounded by 20,000 PWA iron men. Good drama helped by atmosphere, Capulet and Montague are still sore.

MUSCLE MEN—Served its purpose . . . BMO's playing the fool . . . melodrama proved actors should stick to the cinders, gridirons, etc.

No Go—Sound and Fury thought better of it all . . . not so bad though as most season ticket-holders never showed up for refunds.

MUSIC

SWING CONCERT—Platter executive John Hammond came a long way to judge Duke's Vince Courtney best among the region's college orks. Johnny Satterfield best on pure swing, Courtney best show band and ultra smooth, Freddy Johnson, with Meadowbrook hopes, weak in the brass section.

CLASSICS—State Symphony showing what the WPA can do when it tries. Amazing aggregation, rough also in the brass, but excellent on the strings.

GAMBARELLI—Sparse on the true art but satisfying to the local bourgeoisie.

SPORTS

COURTS—Zan Carver copped the honors (see page 19) . . . frog gave Kenfield first scare in years . . . avoidance of PC match saved face . . . successful season, still no defeats.

DIAMOND—Devils received another taste of football season. Round the bases in a dizzy procession tore the best nine in Bunny's career.



ART

COLOSSAL—Modern French paintings form the biggest Person exhibit thus far. Allcott exhilarated, even Tar Heel publicity for this one.

STUDENT WORK—Newfound freedom of expression finds unexpected talent under musty hides of art students (see page 22).

DISCOVERY—Hidden in dusty files of the Phi archives an Inman portrait worth a cool five grand. Phi men will clean it up, place it on display, no sale pending.

SOCIAL

MAY GAMBOLS—Crowning of the Queen was beautiful but a trifle silly. The Frolics came in May, the imports again held sway—asonance is out of spirit with the typical tea-pink cacaphony.

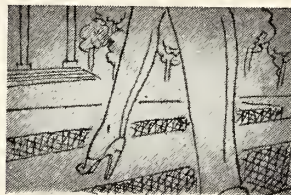
NEWS

AWARDS NIGHT—Weaver resurrected a dormant ritual, handed out honors galore with the Governor upholding the forensics. Everybody pleased, placated, bored.

FEES BILL—Legislature with Allen (page 14-15) Sanford, Cochrane seeking to merge student money, gain proportionate allocation, with the PU Board worried about a surplus figure and the rank and file of the campus hazy on the details, cowed into voting acceptance.

VIEWS

GONE with the wind that sweeps up the triassic basin from Durham is the outmoded woman's association as suffragite coeds vaunt their will and promulgate their own government. Even more significant than the legislature's fees coupe de farce, coed reorganization paves the way for upsurgent female enrollment calculated to reach 800 next year. Med students are fearful for their conveniently located L dormitory.



Getting down to cases. Jane McMaster's statements that the "female student body will grow larger"—which is fine as long as the male body stays in proportion. The gigantic flop of the New Officers Training Conference when electees considered their job done as the polls closed. Albert Coates, "Fees bill is one of the biggest steps forward in student government," as publications moguls frankly feared for their hard-earned salaries, their already small engraving budget. Enlargement of the airport and the deeper drone of high powered planes playing hell with the peaceful, academic atmosphere. An atmosphere that vanished when vehement Phil LaFollette united the brotherhood of the world in Memorial hall.

Most nominated and capable man of the year, Louis Harris, who ran for DTH editor, legislature from his dorm, CPU chairman, finally making the legislature and a committee chairmanship but always with the student government under his sturdy thumb. Grail appointments again and again—the gripe that politics had entered into the honor association. The Grail must take a few obscurities. Busy men don't have time to carry out multitudinous duties in several really functioning organizations.

The eerie spookiness of Fleeceappings and the sudden mischord that lifts another man into the honored rolls of Carolina's unique society. The rapid perusing of one of the neatest Yackety-Yacks ever. More color plates, etc. *Tar an' Feather* editor Gene Witten's one good issue and the rest a disappointment to the campus and to the PU Board which appointed him in this lean year for humor mags. . . .

PREVIEWS

THE UNIVERSITY

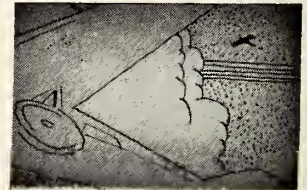
Sliced by conscription, threats of army drafts, enrollment will take a drastic drop proving the PU board a prophet. It has stood firm for a large surplus asserting that a drop in enrollment must not affect the quality of publications. Tuition may be cut for out of state students as additional enticement. Naval unit will rise to 200. National defense starts at home also with an enlarged airport and our prexy burning a rut in the road between here and the capital city.

GOVERNMENT

Challenge to the legislature will be the fees bill undergoing the acid test. Power comes to the black sheep, question is will its fleece be shorn? Forgotten until it mildewed, the campus reorganization bill will be finally laid away in its final resting place. Odds are it will be repealed, given up as mistake committed in the legislature's bewildered infancy. Ruffin's dorm constitution probably will not spread, there are too many people who just want to be left alone, don't care much about form government, anyway. Social rooms for the benighted quadrangles from Tony Pastor's swing will make nice bridge rooms for Unc Sammy's boys in Everett barracks.

THE AIR

Largest college field in the country with room for 55 airplanes in five hangars, four hundred students a year, more money and more land. Fifteen minutes by air from Fort Bragg, able to handle any plane in the world that lands on



wheels, with a pool for sea planes probably in the offing.

Military roads sweeping through, uniforms on Franklin street, but the Hill will be safe from invasion such as the one launched on Dogpatch.

DRAMMER

Gloomiest outlook for next year belongs to the leaders of Sound and Fury faced with a dirth of talent, beauteous coeds, music, time, and McCaughey. But even with the Georgia impresario at Fort Bragg the campus will likely be treated to its annual dose of can-can and slapstick. Playmakers, kidded here but out in the provinces the best known Carolina institution, will be in there kicking under the founding and directing of Dr. Frederick H. Koch, founder and director of the Carolina Playmakers. The setting of Romeo and his moll will prove most fascinating theater location. Dr. Smith's new classroom next door to Harry's for the cinemaniacs.

SPORTS

Football team, as usual, will be uncertain but definitely flashy. No forecasts on Duke game but hawkers will NOT be selling tickets for two bits again. Draft again and the army threatens the footballers, as do grades, frozen soil and a swell half-week's trek to Louisiana. Hanging fire is the recognition of lacrosse, but those in the know think it may be banned altogether along with boxing.

CONTRIBUTORS COLUMN

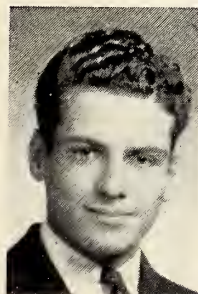


Eleanor Jones (SUSIE COED, page 10) is chiefly known for her active and efficient play-making around the campus theatre. Has injected new life and viewpoints into past dramatic productions, and her flaming red hair intimates a fiery temper that reveals itself best when any short-sighted person uses the term "playmaker" with its prejudicial connotations.

Simons Roof (AVIATION: NO. 1, page 13) has been member of publication staffs for four years and now graduates with highest honors in comparative literature. His columns and editorials did much to make the letter column of the DTH the hottest in years. In this issue, he takes his last undergraduate stand for peace.



Paul Komisaruk (COLLEGE MEN ALOFT, page 8) Vibrant with life and the job of writing about anything that interests him—he is interested in everything. Has unearthed more startling facts on the airport than Edgar Hoover. Curly, square-headed, Komisaruk will go anywhere for a story, has a finger in every pie—seldom fails to pull out a plum.



Hugh Morton (CONTRASTS, page 1) is our Rembrandt with a camera throughout this issue. Ranked as one of North Carolina's top shots with a Garand and Springfield on the State Rifle Team proves his "shooting" to be effective in other than pictorial fields. Favorite pastime: listening to the good swing music of Benny Goodman.



Ray Glikin (JABBERWOCKY, page 5) is responsible for most of the outrage perpetrated on these pages. Left the canyons of New York to come to this campus where he recently was elected producer of Sound and Fury. He is a staunch supporter of the esoteric, exotic, and erotic, and definitely more salacious than sagacious.



COLLEGE AVIATION ISSUE of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE

ARTICLES

- | | | |
|--|----------------|----|
| COLLEGE MEN ALOFT | Paul Komisaruk | 8 |
| All over the country youth take to the air. | | |
| SUSIE COED | Eleanor Jones | 10 |
| A graduating coed analyzes her sisters. | | |
| STUDENT PILOT'S JOURNAL | Bill Seeman | 14 |
| Pages from the diary of a plane trip to Florida. | | |
| LIFE BEGINS AT LOVE-40 | Bucky Harward | 19 |
| Carolina's greatest server served up to you. | | |

STORIES

- | | | |
|---|----------------|----|
| CHARLEY'S WINGS | Ouida Campbell | 11 |
| The story of Charley and his lanky sister. | | |
| CHRIST BY POWER | James Cox | 20 |
| Steve saw the crucifixion when the mountain exploded. | | |
| A GIRL, A PLANE, AND ALICE FAYE | John Roeder | 24 |
| She was sure of what she wanted to be. | | |

FEATURES

- | | | |
|--|--------------------|----|
| COLLEGE AVIATION: PRO | Dr. Louis Kattsoff | 12 |
| COLLEGE AVIATION: CON | Simons Roof | 13 |
| Student answers professor. | | |
| FEES BILL ON TRIAL | Paul Komisaruk | 18 |
| Student discusses vital problem on both sides. | | |

DEPARTMENTS

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------|----|
| CAROLINA COMMENTARY | Sylvan Meyer | 2 |
| Reviews, views, and previews of the month. | | |
| EDITORIAL | The Editors | 4 |
| The editors explain the changes. | | |
| JABBERWOCKY | Ray Glikin | 5 |
| "A rush of words going nowhere . . ." | | |
| CIC AWARDS | Carolina Intercampus Council | 16 |
| The three selections for merit and service. | | |
| MAN IN QUEST—Biography of the Year | George Simpson | 23 |
| A penetrating study of Howard Odum. | | |
| WITH OUR POETS | Goldsmith and Simms | 25 |
| Best creative efforts in student poetry. | | |
| CONDENSATION OF THE MONTH: CHAPEL HILL | Cohn | 26 |
| As others see us. | | |

ART

- | | | |
|---|----------------------|----|
| LOCAL AIRPORT | Hight Moore | 1 |
| Watercolor and planes. | | |
| CONTRASTS | Hugh Morton | 1 |
| Serious work in the photographic field. | | |
| AT THE ART DEP'T. | Person Hall Students | 22 |
| The artists at work. | | |

HEADS

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STAFFS

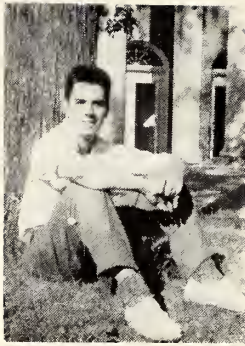
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PHOTOPOSERS—Huldah Warren, Ernestine Noe, Don Nicholson *cover*. Louise Stiefelmeyer, Sue Newell, Molly Holmes, Billy Peete, William Shuford, *page 8*.
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OUR COVER

With coeds helping to relieve the rather unphotogenic airport, photog Hugh Morton in the inset to the right is searching for the all-important proper angle. After standing one of his diminutive subjects on a wheel chock, and smuggling in a few clouds, the cover of this issue is the result. Ernestine Noe (left) and Huldah Warren (right) flanking Don Nicholson, serve as foreground to the plane, featured player of our issue.

The CAROLINA MAGAZINE expresses its appreciation to W. R. Mann, manager of the airport, for his invaluable technical assistance to this college aviation issue.





TO THE STUDENTS

TURNING POINT

We were talking with some friends a few weeks ago and in the course of good-natured banter, those of the more seriously inclined began to joke with us on the deplorable fate of their literary magazine now that it had fallen into the hands of a "Buccaneer cartoonist."

This said Buccaneer cartoonist now takes over the responsibility of editing the 98th year of the literary magazine of the University, and on first perusal it might seem that our friends' ominous prediction has been carried out. The *Magazine* seems to have crazily veered: on first inspection, the type-face, appearance, organization, and policy appear to have been ruthlessly thrown overboard. It has reached its turning point, tradition has been discarded and it has undergone a radical change. Eyebrows raise over illustrated sports articles and light non-intellectual topics found in the "literary" magazine, and discussion runs rife as to the purpose of such a publication.

SLOW FREIGHT

What is the purpose of a literary magazine? Born 98 years ago, and long since failing in the performance for which it was intended, the *Carolina Magazine* has been a slow freight which we have derailed and scrapped. In its place we offer a new version that we hope fulfills its function more efficiently while it takes its place on the campus as a possible force with undiscovered possibilities.

When we brought our plans for reorganization up to the office, the "intellectuals" and "old guard" of the former magazine, feeling usurped, hastened to predict the downfall of the *Magazine* and of its quality. Strangely enough, we feel that the quality has been improved. It is still a magazine for creative writing, but only *good* creative writing. Rather than print the seven stories we get a month—five bad ones and two good, we're printing only the two with what we call "inducements" so that they will be read. As example of this we point to our wall of defense for this issue—

(See EDITORIAL, page 30)

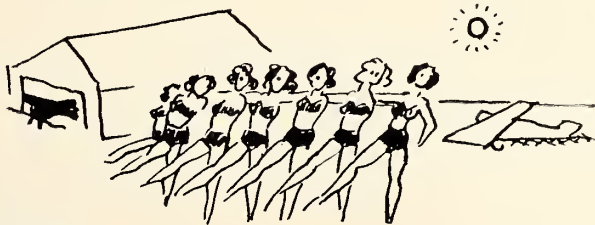
JABBERWOCKY

The Lord Giveth and The Lord Taketh Away . . .

The Moving Finger having writ, moves on, and Jabberwocky takes its place. We come not bearing gifts, nor do we come with an axe to grind. We are like the froth on a draught beer—some blow it off and some drink it down. So we have taken Lewis Carroll's portmanteau word signifying "meaningless talk" to be, by popular acclaim, the only name for this department. On these first three pages the editorial staff will relax. Our moral pointing and cosmic significance must wait for a few pages. Every campus publication has its literary bric a brac that has no proper place anywhere and out of the goodness of the P. U. Board's heart we give them a home here in the next few pages where all their abortive and embryonic ideas will find refuge. Did you ever see a coed come out of the Arboretum at eleven o'clock in the evening humming *Mean to Me* and think that it had some place in one of the magazines? In these pages such ignored items will find their place in the sun, for Jabberwocky is a great rush of words going nowhere. In the meantime, like the Walrus, we will speak of many things, "of ships and shoes, and sealing wax," and of "cabbages and kings" . . .

A Note To Terry Sanford

Now that we emerge from the midst of May Frolics, and Jr.-Sr's, why not endear yourself to the hearts of our present and future Coeds and get the Legislature to pass some really worthwhile laws. How about an import tariff. Make the Carolina gentlemen that invite outside girls to the dances pay a tax on them, not a prohibitive one, but large enough to protect home industry. The proceeds of the tax may be used to buy cheese and crackers for those Coeds who'll be sitting in Spencer the night of the May Frolics.



Draft No. 124C-41

Do you want wings? Do you want Veronica Lake? Well all this and heaven too is yours when you sign up with the Air Corps. Where do you go? What do you do? Nothing, just relax they'll come to you. They come in streamlined silver trailers replete with soft lights and sweet music. They wait for you outside the Y when, mellowed by your ten-thirty coke and three words edgewise with one of the more popular coeds, you are ready for anything but your eleven o'clock class. It is a short step from there to the barracks. Hollywood is doing its bit too. . . . someone not acquainted with our army camps, seeing some of the latest cinematic efforts, might very readily suppose that along with the regular issue of uniform, bedding, etc., each cadet is introduced to Veronica Lake or Ruth Hussey who will then inspire him to do right by the fleet. Anyone possessing documentary evidence proving Hollywood correct, bring it to the Mag office where we, Ready, willing and Able, await the return of the Recruiting Trailer to carry us to the arms of our loved ones.



Funniest thing in Student Entertainment happened when the **National Symphony Orchestra**, with instruments in hand, were told that the dressing room in **Memorial Hall** was an exit and all eighty-five of them tried to get in and out of a room no bigger than a large closet without losing their instruments and their dignity. . . . **German** scientists hope in a few years time to reach the moon in a huge rocket. The landing party will infiltrate over the lunar border disguised as tourists before taking possession in the name of the **Reich**. . . . One of our readers advises our poets to put more fire into their poems. Or, at the very least, vice versa. . . . "Raw carrots in the daily diet will make the muscles lissom," says an authority. Many students already claim that they can make their ears wiggle. . . . The proprietor of several New York night clubs was once a milkman. It was the great number of people who came home with him that gave him that idea. . . . To judge by our editor's blitzkrieg on the **Longhairs and Old Guard** of our former (and unread) *Literary Carolina Mag*, it seems that although he has used smaller type, and the print is respectively closer, he did not make it as difficult to read between the lines. . . . There is still one more story about this past election. Viz: **Mac Sherman** at the **Student Party** convention telling all how a politician spent three hours dressing and undressing at the gym lockers to meet all the voters. . . . To go them one better, the **University Party** had one of their politicoeds spend four hours in her dorm laundry sudsing for **Seeman**. . . . To add the cosmopolitan



touch, let's tell this one that's making the rounds of the continent about the **English Navy**. Many years ago English seamen were so superstitious that they absolutely refused to sail on Friday, so the government named their newest ship "The Friday", launched her on a Friday, and sent her to sea on a Friday,

Of The Living Say Nothing But Good

It seems that every new order, by virtue of its authority, aspires to bring about new reforms and changes into whatever fields it enters. Because of this we have been uncomfortably swaddling around in our former editor's shoes for two months now since he left this too mortal campus and hied himself away to the golden sands of California. Timidly we accepted the torch so valiantly held high for one full year, then we rearranged the office furniture and wrapped the editor's mantle around us twice. Being uncomfortable possessors of a photographic memory, several *Tar Heel* editorial phrases of a year past concerning that initial issue stood out in our minds. Certainly "*the most impressive Carolina Magazine in a decade*" renders ineffectual any presumptuous criticism toward this monument, and its feature of a new "*New Yorkerish editorial column*" only permits the meek assertion made elsewhere, that we believe in writing for our public alone. Perhaps this may be because we have too great a faith in our readers, and because we believe that our own life can be better reflected and interpreted without the danger of becoming provincial or short sighted. . . . And as for deserved praise we can only join in to say that the inauguration of these paragraphics was a step in the right direction, though a pachydermic one, so we have retained them daring to eliminate, however, some of the heavy impassivity of a Greek chorus.



Our Social Conscious Corner

Some one ought to do something about little Orphan Annie. We think she is being underrated, she doesn't belong on the funny page. Her rightful spot is in section one with the editorials. If it wasn't for her we might never have found out what great hearted souls munitions makers can be, nor would we have learned to know bearded men for what they are: Russian spies. Her simple homilies on the need for defending liberty here and abroad have touched us to the quick. It is not for nothing that we follow her adventures with international spies and saboteurs, now we know from whence we are threatened. Sometimes, though, we get a little suspicious and wonder if the newspapers are preserving their journalistic integrity when they print their opinions in places other than the editorial page. But then who can be wroth with the smiling little red-head, "yes Sandy," Arf Arf.

Mr. Knudsen Take Notice

If the present trend in feminine contour continues, the Song of Solomon may soon be on the Hit Parade. We see it everywhere, in Hollywood they are going back to the earth and starring such actresses as Carole Landis and Lana Turner. No longer is their idol "a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair," but she is now an "army with banners." Even Fifth Avenue, the last stronghold of the modishly underfed woman has capitulated and Mainbocher has created a corset which he guarantees will make a Gibson Girl out of a broomstick. We feel it our duty to deplore this trend. National Defense will suffer if the old-fashioned whalebone returns. There certainly can be no meatless or sugarless days for a woman whose idol is Lillian Russell. What we've got to do is figure out some way of getting the boys in the trenches, when there are women like that behind the lines.

which certainly should have blasted that superstition, except that neither ship nor crew was ever heard of again. . . . Have you ever heard the old Russian proverb that goes . . . *Kascha Varniskes* . . . well, ask someone at Women's Dorm No. 1 to tell you what it means. . . .



Results obtained from diagnostic tests given annually to freshmen entering Penn State indicate that college freshmen know less and less about the English language with each successive year. The tests covered spelling, Vocabulary, Punctuation, grammar Usage & diction. . . .

C. P. U.'s Louis Harris says that after Greece and Yugo-Slavia, Herr Hitler's next aim would be Russia. It seems that all the Fuehrer wants is what's left. . . . Sex and Sitka: A Creighton University medical student was given the nickname "Bicycle Lochinvar" when he pedaled his bike 180 miles to Wisconsin, Neb. and back in twenty hours to see his girl. But that's nothing. In order to attend the University of Oregon, a student traveled alone 1,700 miles from Sitka, Alaska in a sixteen-foot dory. . . . A family of prize Manx cats are black except for white chests. There should also be a touch of black at the neck when tails are not worn. *Comprenez?* . . . The University of Georgia art department drew up a check twenty-five feet long by means of which University sororities made a donation to the British Relief campaign. . . .



Put another nickle in the juke box, and we'll tell you about E. Carrington Smith and the time a well-known orchestra leader who had attended the University was booked to appear at the Carolina Theatre in Durham. When the manager of the Durham theatre advertised heavily here in Chapel Hill, he made one mistake—he forgot to mention the name of the town. E. C. leaped into the breach and booked a film starring this same orchestra leader. Shrewd, huh. . . . One of our rejected contributors left the office in a huff the other day saying that he receives requests to contribute to publications from all over the



Travelogue

The beautiful magnolias and green grass, coupled with the fragrant aroma of a thousand coeds make the setting of the University of North Carolina a most enchanting one indeed. Springing up, as if from the earth with the rest of the blossoms, the coed registration seems to have strangely tripled. Mornings are fresh and bright as the male population collectively suns itself in the quadrangles. Coeds, ignoring the principle of protective coloration, flit through the woods in brightly colored sweater sets. It is the time of picnics and late dates, and the sounds of struggle with a math problem are heard no more. There is a rustling in the underbrush. Our feathered friends coo in the grass. Freshmen and freudians alike discover the wonders of nature, the trees, the buds, and the bushes. . . . And as we leave the lovely little village of Chapel Hill, the natives in their picturesque costumes wave farewell while we ride away into the setting sun. . . .

Right Dress

In this day of efficiency experts, we think the middleman should be eliminated. Why not measure seniors for army uniforms instead of wasting valuable time measuring them for caps and gowns? And rather than hampering national defense by a saddle shoe stomp, why not have a military ball, replete with the new privates' uniforms, guns, and tanks? New idea in figures for the dance would be a shooting exhibition with coeds trotting around administering first aid. Why wait for Hitler? We're counting on the cooperation of the army, of course, but they have already demonstrated at the Book Ex that they're not exactly adverse to the idea of preparedness.



List We Forget

We were cleaning up the office the other day, and after a slight accident with the mucilage, found a yellowed slip of paper sticking to our elbow. Upon removal, it turned out to be the mailing list of one of our predecessors and among the recipients of past years' *Magazine* were to be found the names of the *New Yorker*, *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, and *PM*. Examination of the circulation manager's files found a remarkable similarity in some of our former editors' lists. It was then that we wondered if we couldn't bury our pessimism together with that little yellow slip of paper, for perhaps their little slip had been responsible for campus indifference to the *Magazine* in the past. Surely it must have influenced certain predecessors while under the "aflatus" of creative effort. Who knows how many prayers have gone up to Muses in sumptuous offices of New York and Philadelphia skyscrapers? Who knows? So we buried that little yellow slip and now offer up our prayers to new Muses in the "Y" at ten-thirty, at Ab's, Fraternity Row and the Lower Quadrangle—to the folks who put us in our editorial chair.

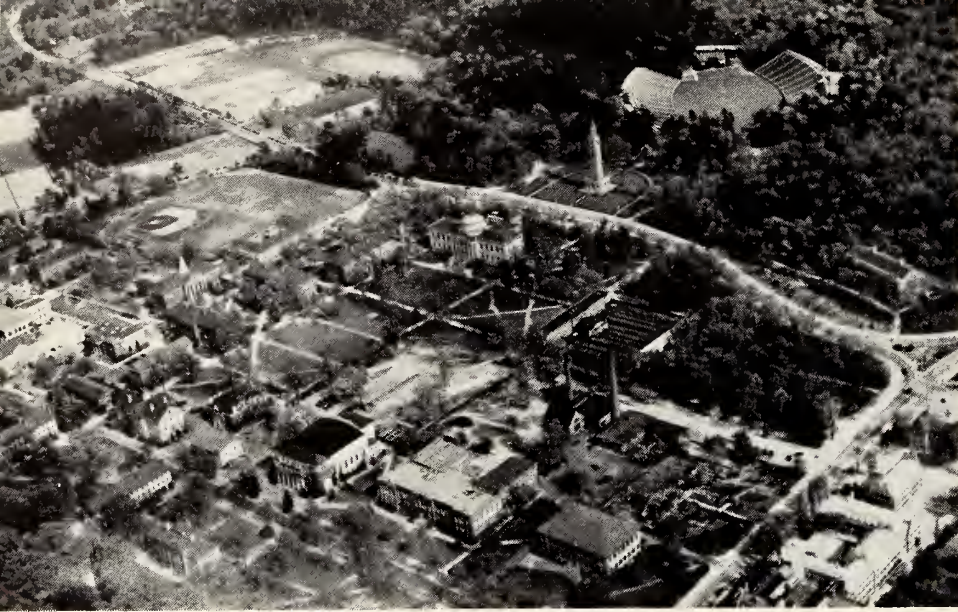
country. It must be a thrill to send an editor a rejection slip. . . . Hitler has no dictaphone to help him prepare his speeches, just a cocktail-shaker to mix up his sentences. . . . And his Germany has recently accused a Swedish newspaper of not reporting the truth. This is believed to be a reprisal for the printing of irrefutable evidence proving Dr. Goebbels to be a liar. . . . The Oriental Restaurant in Durham has on its menu: "Chop suey—\$.40, without onions—\$.45 . . . maybe they're too close to Duke. . . .



Suggested popular song list for Europe in the U. S. C.'s "Gamecock" includes:

1. When the Bombers Come Back To Pickadilly
2. Heil, Heil, the Gang's All Here
3. Begin the Barrage
4. Beat Me, Ajax, Three to the Bottom
5. Torpedo Junction
6. Gunboat Serenade
7. Tanks For Everything
8. Whispering Blasts
9. The Call of the Cannon
10. All This and Hitler, Too

Italy is to send figs to the German army. This is to supplement its regular ration of invasion dates. . . . **Coke and Smoke Period:** The perseverance and lingual dexterity of men's best friends as they lap up last drops from discarded coke and milkshake cups outside the "Y". . . . Add comparisons: As ineffectual as arguing against Bill Cochrane . . . as forgotten as a UDH lunch order . . . as subtle as Frenchy (Swivelhips) Gibson's Dixieconga . . . as intriguing as Mary Lee Wilson's Slink. . . . And just so we won't seem local, the story of the fellow who joined the Air Corps after seeing the huge bomber that had been set up in Times Square and then asked the officer in charge if he had had any difficulty in landing there. . . . Pardon my southern accent but: The University of South Carolina probably has the luckiest campus in the nation. A "rare biological growth" of four-leaved clovers has covered the campus and students are spending their spare moments reaping these good luck charms for aid in exams. Three coeds found a total of thirty-three clovers, and a Sophomore has fifteen tucked away neatly in his bill fold. Maybe that's why so many of our own students are roaming around in Battle Park. . . .



College Men Aloft

All Over the Country College Students Take to the Air

By Paul Komisaruk '44

Photography by Hugh Morton '43

AN experimental program caught fire. It gained momentum, swept across the nation and suddenly became a vital part in national defense.

It was only an idea labeled "experimental" in 1939. By 1940 it had grown into reality, and in 1941 it suddenly became one of America's "new hopes." It was a product of the New Deal, and it had all of President Roosevelt's trademarks except one—money. The program had to be figured out carefully, officials had to know where they stood, and how much it would cost. Then they announced that they could turn a private pilot out for the ridiculously small sum of \$375, and, going a little further, a secondary pilot for an additional \$870.

The embryo quickly took shape. The Civil Aeronautics Authority released their plan, and the nation got its first look at what mass production of pilots would be like. Government officials had the blue prints, and the country found a government ready to turn out thousands of pilots within a few years without:

- 1) renting classrooms
- 2) buying planes
- 3) hiring instructors

CAA officials called their newest development the Civilian Pilot Training Program, and initiated a plan whereby the CAA contracted with Universities and Colleges for the teaching of aviation ground courses, and with flying schools for the teaching of flight courses. Their object was to take aviation to every corner of the country, to make the United States air-minded, and to get the nation's youth into the air. That was 1939.

Today, they've done it. After a brief two and a half year history, they have an organization of 675 college pilot training

centers. Each of these centers is a flying entity. Each has a college for the ground course and a nearby commercial flight school for the actual flight training.

Those are some of the figures released recently by the CAA. 607 training centers is a huge project, but the numbers don't tell the story, and the story is bigger than the numbers. Behind each training center lies the concentrated ability and experience of the entire nation. Behind each ground school is the resourcefulness of almost the entire university and college system of the country. Behind the flight training lies the power and scope of virtually the entire flight training industry of the United States. Commercial flight training organizations have undoubtedly been the backbone of flying in America for the last 20 years and the new CPTP united education and commercial aviation with results that were staggering.

When the experimental program was launched in 1939, results showed 313 civilians had completed the primary course. The plan rolled out of its baby stage. In 1940 the number jumped to 10,000, and CAA officials instituted a secondary training program in heavier ships. The country's baby aviators were mushrooming up and sprouting wings. Still in the experimental stage, 86 secondary pilots received their wings in 1940.

In 1941 the pressure was on. National Defense was spilling into the headlines, and Hitler had taken most of Europe. When the nation leaped to meet Roosevelt's "national emergency," the youth leaped first, and took to the air. Totals this year show 45,000 students already completing their preliminary training, while 8,000 have finished their secondary stage.

And through all the "romantic" descriptions of a nation learning to fly, the colleges were matching the flying achievements step for step.

Thirteen experimental flight and ground schools started operation in '39. In '40 the number jumped to 435 ground schools, 409 flight schools. Continuing the upward surge, the ground schools totaled 675, and the flight schools 672, with a month and a half left to '41's fiscal year.

"We're building up a reservoir of highly trained man power which the armed forces air lines can draw indefinitely from," said Robert H. Hinkley, assistant secretary of Commerce last March. He produced a book of facts to prove it.

CAA officials were asked to tie the program with national defense, and the answer came back in a five page report released on March 9. They found that 941 instructors trained in the program have left it to supply "trained man power for defense efforts." The largest group, 468 trained instructors, went to give flight instruction in the Army's primary civilian centers. CAA men had practically completely staffed the Army expansion of this type of school.

"Twenty-seven other instructors have gone to teach Navy aviation," the report stated, and "117 went to teach in Canadian flight centers. Ninety-six have gone to active duty with the Army, 26 with the Navy, and 207 have gone to airlines to train as replacements for older co-pilot personnel."

The program has been losing its instructors to these different fields. Aware of this loss and its possible consequences, they answer that they'll train new ones. They need a little time for better and quicker methods. And even with this pressure, a total of 2,063 instructors have been given "refresher courses."

Coming to CAA students, questions arise concerning their relation to national defense. Answers are that over 11 per cent, approximately 4,813 of the students who have completed the CPT preliminary training, and approximately one-fourth of the total number trained in the secondary training of the course, have volunteered and been accepted by the Army and Navy air services.

Those are impressive figures. A great majority of students taking Civilian Pilot Training are still in college completing their studies. They are not ordinarily available to the armed forces of the nation. As a matter of national policy, unless they choose to volunteer, they are deferred until the end of the school year in the draft.

CAA heads commented on the unusual number of volunteers and remarked that this remarkable number simply confirmed their belief that as they build up the backlog of pilot material, more and more of their trainees would flow into the air services.

Interesting sidelight on the 4,813
(Continued on next page)

CAA graduate pilots in the Army and Navy is what they do, and where they go. "In training" today in the Army are 1,912 students, and 783 more in the Navy. These men have had 72 hours ground school and 35-45 hours flight training in light planes. Added to this number now in training are 332 secondary trainees in the Army and 273 in the Navy. Secondary trainees put through 126 more hours of ground school, and 40-50 hours more flying on heavier primary military type training planes.

Of the remaining 1,513 pilots not yet serving, but accepted, 807 are "under orders," 348 preliminary men will go respectively to the Army and Navy, while 219 and 139 secondary trainees will follow the same route within a slightly shorter period.

As incredible as the speed and efficiency with which student pilots are being turned out, is the low number of fatal accidents, and the general safety of the program. It is five times safer than any previous record of the country in flight training. CPT students fly about 4,500,000 miles per fatality. That amounts to about 180 times around the world. It's safer than walking.

America's insurance companies offer the final proof. Five successive times in the last two years they have voluntarily reduced the premiums on student pilots. Before the program started, life insurance for instructional flying cost \$30 per thousand. Today, \$3,000 life insurance, and \$1,000 hospital and medical benefit (every student pilot must carry it) costs a total of \$9.

Best yardstick for the whole program are the comparative results. First year, 1939; grand total of 313 pilots turned out, and 216 ground and flight schools established. Two years later; grand total of 53,000 pilots turned out and "fed" into different fields, with 1,346 ground and flight schools flourishing. Results? The program has proved them, has shown itself to be keeping time with national defense, while it still keeps growing.



Susie Coed

Thoughts of the Carolina Coed
Revealed for the First Time by One of Her Sisters

By Eleanor Jones '41

Sketch by Hight Moore '43



FRESH, shining, with a trunk full of new clothes, the Carolina coed arrives here her junior year ready to see everything and do everything with boundless enthusiasm. Two years later, she leaves, a little wiser, a little less shining, with fewer clothes, but with a great knowledge of men. What happens to her in-between? Does she regret her choice to transfer here, does she get any book-learning, does she have any Fun?

Apparently, there are very few of the Carolina neophytes who regret coming to Carolina in their junior year. Most of them feel that the disadvantage of changing schools is made up by the beauty of Chapel Hill, the quality of the work, and of course, the quantity of males. To the juniors from girls schools, Carolina is little short of Paradise. They squeal with delight at the prospect of so many men, and when arriving, begin to date fast and furiously. Many of these have never had a real opportunity to date before and often go hog-wild, with dates every day, every week. Some of them lose their sense of proportion, and let their work suffer, till they are asked politely to stay at home a quarter. Others find themselves in trouble, and so they find themselves up before honor council for infractions of the rules. But again, a great many date, maintain a

C average and enjoy their life while they may. But popular, studious, or middling, all the girls agree on one thing—they love their Carolina and never regret transferring here.

It goes without saying, that Susie, the average coed, gets her fun. Life consists to her mainly in meeting as many nice young men as possible and having dates with all. If you pinned her down, she would agree that college is a place to learn things, to find an interesting field and major in it. But she'd much rather talk about the handsome male with a car she met, then discuss the Absolute. Of course, Susie sincerely feels that she must get something out of college, that papa is not shelling out to have her flunk out of school. And contrary to some irate professors who claim she was born with hot air in place of a brain, Susie feels it is a disgrace to fail more than a few subjects, or not to maintain that C average. It's so much trouble to make up work, and she'd just have to concentrate that much harder on it!

As far as the other half of the co-educational system goes, the coed has established her place on the campus, and has bared her red-finger nails enough to maintain it. Three years ago, when hundreds of coeds started flooding the campus, many males were seen wearing mourning for what they termed the downfall of Carolina. But Susie, much to their surprise, showed a lively interest in all the political, religious and cultural organizations on campus and in many instances wormed her way into prominence by her personal-

ity, her smile and her real capability. She's genuinely interested in all extra-curricular activities, and has even gone so far as to garner major class offices, a thing unheard of four years ago.

Of course, she's not perfect, but then who is? Many of the girls sit contentedly in the dorms reading movie magazines and generally wasting time, many do not even know how their own government is organized, nor do they care, and I've known several people who hid in closets while hall-meetings were being held. All this apathy should be chalked up to her discredit. In the same category go those coeds whose apathy to classes goes so far that they'd rather flunk a course than get out of bed to take a quiz. But they, like those who find dating takes up all their time, are the exception rather than the rule. Most keep an active interest in their classes and in their major, and try to get something out of the courses they are taking.

But life is not all milk and honey at Carolina, and Susie has her gripes and pet peeves. The main ones seem to be the confusion concerning requirements for graduation; professors who think that as long as they talk, it doesn't matter what they say; and last but not least, imports. That old bugaboo—the good-looking import got a lot of attention this last month, as they were seen in abundance about the whole campus for May Frolics. Susie-coed wastes no sympathy on her when she sees she has a run in her stocking, in fact, she wouldn't mind taking her prettily manicured nails to her. Why, wails the coed, when we're good enough for ordinary week-ends, aren't we good enough for the big ones? We have to sit through all the worse movies, date spend-thrifts who splurge on a coke, and listen to the weary facts about Johnny flunking out of school and Billy's fight with his best girl at home. But when it comes to a big dance, we sit at home and hear T. Dorsey over the radio. However, two girls solved this very nicely this year, by asking their own imports down for the May Frolics week-end. An idea which is distinctly good.

Concerning dull professors, Susie-coed is a little skittish about putting her views down on paper. But, says she firmly, there are enough of them to make course-choosing a wary game of button, button, who knows an interesting professor? When

(See SUSIE COED, page 32)



Charley's Wings

She Pushed the Boy through College in Two Years and a Half
But She Was Never to See Him Again

By Ouida Campbell '44

Illustrated by Ernest Illman '41



EVER since they were kids, on fair Sunday mornings they would walk three miles to the airport. It wasn't much of an airport, really—just a cleared field with an old wooden hangar and a couple of Taylor Cub planes. But Ted was their friend, and he was always there, cleaning and gassing his planes—busy. All the week he worked in town, but he spent his week-ends in a little shack there at the field. It was all his then—he was boss.

And he liked the kids—the little boy Charley and his lanky sister. They were twins, but the girl was fully three inches taller. Funny, he never knew the girl's name. Charley called her Butch. Every Sunday morning they were there, with a bag of sandwiches and a million questions to ask him. When it wasn't too windy he'd take the boy up in the orange plane. But the girl wouldn't fly. She'd laugh a little and say, "No, you two go on up. I'll get something on the radio, and watch for you to land. Take care of the kid, Ted. Can't have anything happen to Charley."

Ted knew a lot about those two. He knew them well, for he had talked with them, eaten with them, flown the boy. There were just the two of them—they lived with an aunt. They had just come to live in the little college town then, and they both were seniors in high school.

Yes, he knew that. But he knew more now. He had seen the wistful look in the girl's eyes as they left her and climbed into the plane. He used to urge her to come with them—the red plane would hold the three of them. But she told him, "Somebody's got to be practical in this family. I've got to keep both feet on the ground, Mister. Go on up. Bring me back a cloud, Charley." And off they would go, leav-

ing the girl staring after them, shading her eyes with a big-knuckled hand.

The girl took shorthand and typewriting in high school, and got a job the week after she graduated. She bought Charley a bicycle, and he worked as delivery boy at a grocery. And the next September it was Charley who entered college. The girl was making ten dollars a week now, and she worked at night some, too. She didn't come out to the airport much anymore. She was working too hard. She needed to sleep those Sunday mornings. But the boy came, and Ted taught him all about planes and motors and short-wave radios.

The girl pushed the boy through college in two years and a half. She bullied him, badgered him—and worshipped him. Charley was going to the Air Corps—Charley was going to be a Flying Cadet. She dragged him to the dentist. It was Charley who had corrective glasses, while the girl's forehead grew furrowed from eyestrain.

There was another reason why she didn't come to the airport anymore. The field wasn't like it used to be. They were building up the place, expanding. CAA. A lot of fancy-pants instructors and bright-faced boys in mechanics' suits and flying clothes. It wasn't the same anymore. Ted was no longer the cock of the walk. He just piddled around and muttered "National Defense here now" under his breath. He missed the girl, too. He'd liked her, even if she was kind of strange. Funny about her. Serious-minded. Wanted to fly, but wouldn't. Worshipped that kid Charley.

They came out once more together, and the three of them had their eleven o'clock sandwiches like old times. The girl had a better job now, twenty dollars a week. And Charley was going to the Army. He would be a Flying Cadet. And just think, Ted, he'd be a lieutenant! And he'd fly big planes, and she bet he'd be a damn General pretty soon. She cried a little when they left at one o'clock, just as they had always done. She kissed Ted goodbye, and he watched after them as they grew smaller and smaller going down the hill—the boy tall and straight, swinging along, the girl a little tired-looking, holding his hand and waving back, smiling.

So Charley was going to the Army! Now he could help the girl. Time somebody was helping her. She was getting old already, working so hard, taking all the

responsibility. She couldn't be more than twenty-one. One forgot they were twins—the girl seemed so much older. But this morning, so happy for Charley, she had looked about sixteen in her short skirt and ankle socks. Ted blinked and blinked, but the mist was still there. He dragged out a greasy handkerchief.

The train was ready to pull out of the little dusty station. Charley stood there, handsome, his eyes crinkling at the corners as he gave his sister a goodbye handshake.

"Guess I'd better go now."

The girl smiled, and quoted their old parting phrase, "Bring me back a cloud, Charley."

"See you, Butch."

And he swung up the steps and disappeared. The girl turned and started home. She was free now. Free. She paused to look at a ridiculous hat in a shop window. She'd buy it tomorrow. And she'd better go to a dentist, and soon. She thought of Charley on the train steps. That's how she'd remember him all the time he was gone.

She was eating breakfast late that Sunday morning when the telegram came. *Regret to inform you . . . your brother . . . crashed . . . seven o'clock this morning. . .*

They gave him full military burial—killed in line of duty—and they played Taps as they put him in the ground. He looked so *real* in his uniform, lying there in a flag-draped coffin. She was glad he hadn't been disfigured. They said he had a hole in the back of his head, but it didn't show. And his legs looked kind of funny. Killed in line of duty. The girl laughed aloud, and everyone in the bus turned to her. Killed in line of duty! Routine flight. Gas line clogged. Crash. Regret to inform you. . . . God, if she could only cry!

They had given her his wings. She took them out of her purse and pinned them over her heart. The sunlight glinted off the bright metal. She looked out the window. She'd have to tell Ted. . . .

SHORT STORY
Complete
ON THIS PAGE

SHOULD AVIATION BE INTEGRATED INTO THE COLLEGE CURRICULUM?

YES...


Says Dr. Kattsoff

Photography by Hugh Morton '43

is unfortunate and must not be allowed to confuse the fact that aviation is becoming a field in which many students are going to find jobs and problems to be solved. Many students are already interested in getting into the field—and among these are many who feel that the U. S. should avoid war at any cost. It may be true that some of those interested in aviation are interested in getting into the air arm of the forces of the U. S.; but most students taking aviation work are interested in the machines and their peace-time potentialities.

If we once accept the fact that education must prepare individuals to meet their problems, the question concerning the relevance of aviation training at this or any other school is seen to be decidable in terms of that principle and not in terms of the emotional reaction to war or to the alleged unreality of university life. If, further, we admit this as the basis of a solution and also admit that national defense and the expansion of aviation are problems that are to be met, then the conclusion becomes inevitable. Schools must teach the facts involved in aviation. A course in aviation is as pertinent as a course in Photography.

There is one note of caution that must be added. While we are teaching the facts of aviation, we must not forget to educate the individual. The proper standards of social living must be inculcated, else that which many fear will come about—the implements of air travel are used as implements of destruction. After all, it is not the gun that causes destruction, it is the individual who directs the gun. And while we learn to shoot, we must learn where to aim; while we learn to fly, we must learn where to fly and for what reason. So, while education takes to the air, our thoughts must be directed to the creature who walks the earth and tries to decide how to create a better world on earth.



WHEN it was said that Chapel Hill is a wide street entirely surrounded by the University of North Carolina, the author most likely was not thinking of the space above the street; yet to be entirely surrounded the University would have to be in the air as well; and the C. A. A. is actually putting the University there.

Many people feel that the only kind of space in which education should flit about is the enormous space of intellectual abstraction. To such as these, the coming of the C. A. A. seemed to portend a bitter change in the "atmosphere" of Chapel Hill. Instead of the blueness of empty space, we were now to have the blueness of gasoline exhausts. . . . Individuals who had loudly bewailed the "unreality" of the college town, who had declaimed against the escapism of going to college, were now doing their best to convince themselves of the imminent destruction of university life because the "world" was descending upon the community by way of the airport.

It seems to me that two different emotional reactions are involved in the controversy. There is, first of all, the feeling

that after all the C. A. A. is a war-phenomenon. People with this feeling believe that the C. A. A. is attempting to get us into a frame of mind that will make it possible for the U. S. to go to war. They also feel that the emphasis on aviation is a temporary affair that will pass with the war. The second reaction is that aviation as a course of study somehow does not fit into a university program.

That the increased interest in aviation and the accelerated expansion of training fields for aviators is the result of this war is obvious. It must be recognized, however, that the expansion of the aviation industry is not solely due to the war and had begun before this war developed. It does not follow because aviation and war are so inter-related that aviation is a passing phenomenon. Under the influence of the present international scene, the rate of development of air travel is being stepped-up tremendously. We are apparently passing through a stage in the evolution of air travel similar to that through which the automobile went during 1914-1918. The aviation industry and air travel is becoming an integral part of our lives. The association of the war with the C. A. A.

Dr. Kattsoff Was Requested the Article---A Student Replies.

No!

Answers Simons Roof '41

A MERICAN democracy is shining its armour to meet any challenge from fascism; and the whole movement of our national activity is towards a wartime basis.

As part of this emphasis on defense, the CAA was introduced here. Also grafted on the curriculum is the Naval Reserve; and several departments have been given government research projects.

The military program at Carolina is growing like Jack's beanstalk, with expansion of the Naval Reserve and the research projects already planned, and a regular ROTC unit likely to be established.

In regard to the future of aviation here, Oswald Ryan, senior member of the CAA who was in Chapel Hill last October, had this to say, "The University of North Carolina airport will be the number one collegiate airport of the nation."

But American democracy must strengthen itself spiritually as well as physically. We must strive to attain a nation of enlightened people.

In this task, the education system must perform the role of driver. The aim of education is to provide special bodies of knowledge that will be used constructively in carrying on the normal functions of society.

The schools must be permitted to follow this course unswervingly. No interference must be tolerated from any agency.

Anticipating unnormal times, however, the army and navy provide technical training in wartime vocations. And in their purpose of providing for the nation's defense, neither must they stand for interference.

Therefore, the army and navy may be regarded as institutions with the function of making the *nation* strong physically; and the service of the school system is to make *men* strong spiritual'y and intellectually.

When the army and the navy, apparently feeling the necessity for new grazing grounds, undertake to operate on the prem-

ises that belong to education, they must be opposed.

They must be opposed because their avowed purpose conflicts with that of education. And to explain the presence of the CAA here, for example, it is ridiculous to assume the government has turned fairy-godmother, and wants only to provide students with a hobby.

The government's interest in aviation is that in the event of war trained pilots will be needed. Congress passed bills for the first peacetime conscription, and made enormous appropriations of money that enough pilots would be trained; and college students were to be left to their studies.

It is admirable that all American citizens should want to co-operate in the defense program, that all American citizens are eager to have a hand in the shining of the armour.

But the schools have been unwise in attempting to cater to the army and navy. When the administration of a school of the standing of the University of Michigan dismisses pro-peace editorialists on the school paper, it is indicative that education can be bent disastrously to the ends of nationalism.

As the nation tends to a fascistic war-

time basis, there is great danger that education will become increasingly the tool of the "emergency" leaders.

Germany from the first took over the schools, and teachers and students were made to realize that education was to be only a means to strengthen and deify the state.

In this country we are facing the rise of a new spirit. The hope of this patriotism is that it will give us, in our defense of freedom, a richer conception of man's place.

This same feeling can produce bigotry and fascism. The duty of educators and students is to protect the rights of a freely functioning education system, to make education a means to aid all men—not a few men or an administration for a short while.

At the furious rate our national pulse is mounting, we, as believers in liberty, have a tremendous task, that of imposing sanity on a largely insane world. We must correct the defects and defend the merits of democracy.

And if education is necessary to a full development of democracy, we must keep the education system alert and free to perform its function—not that of the army and navy.



By Bill Seeman '42 as Told to Henry Moll '42

Tuesday: 7:00 A.M. Both quarter and exams ended yesterday. The town shows the signs already, the last kids taking their bags to the bus station and E. Carrington beginning to show Monogram pictures at the Carolina. It's cold here at the airport—cold as a house mother's heart. 15 above. It seems that when three guys get together with a century note and a three place Piper Cub, combined with a desire to put the chill of the north behind them, it's only natural that there's a south-bound trip in the offing. A north wind whips down across the frozen airport and turns our hands white as it evaporates gasoline from tender skin. A final look at the cruiser's moorings while I gave the plane a last fond pat. We have just trotted toward the oil stove in the temporary airport office. Howard is bragging about the morrow's trip to some of the CAA students while Ernie studies the sectional maps of the South Atlantic states. I just sit around and enjoy the warmth of the stove. We all hope the north wind will hold until morning, it's certainly convenient to ride a tailwind when you're flying . . .

Up in the Air: Morning was a lofty pink and yellow raft of mackerel clouds. There was a steady north wind. The cruiser races over the Carolina countryside. We wave at some country kids dragging their reluctant way toward the clapboard school. Red clay roads turn to white sandy ones. Later: South Carolina is mostly cypress swamp. Best feeling, that of flying out of winter and down to where it's summer all the time.

First stop: Florence, South Carolina, and it's little cow-trot airport. It's now 10 a. m. Ernie says he wants a scrub-pilot to take over so I'll have to let this writing go until later. Last impressions, tin hangar, ruts, sand, and long leaf pines typical of South Carolina. . . .

Into the Afternoon: Passed over a Dupont estate on the lower edge of South Carolina. Duck-guides' hovels in contrast to the well planned grounds of the hunting estate. The artificial duck lakes, artificial beauty. Then Georgia. The land goes by swiftly underneath.

fellows to lose consistently in the nickle slot machine. Creased and dapper in front, shiny in back. . . . The airport dropped away. . . . Spence sneaked a picture of the "Winged Aid to Britain" below us. The "cruiser" followed the double railroad southward. Always southward.

Jekyll's Island: Georgia. Blue swimming pools for the basking millionaires. Yachts yawing in the sunlit water. A dollar dreamland and the J. P. Morgan vacation headquarters. Are there any marriageable daughters in those swimming pools? 3:00 P.M. Sand stretches and ocean. A Spanish fort . . . Florida.

Jacksonville: 4:00 P.M. The town spread out under a smoke cloud on both banks of a wide lazy river. Tramp steamers and freighters churned the black waters. We watched the elevator draw-bridge move upward as a light, white sailboat moved evenly upstream. Such a mite to cause the complicated steel construction to move. The airport was a black asphalt billiard table. The cruiser settled gently to the turf. Suppered here after landing at 4:30. Out with the "Little Black Book" . . . A nickle for a nearby telephone was good for a night's food and lodging. Somebody's cousin was certainly nice to us.

Wednesday, 6 A.M.: Morning again; the cruiser crossed high above the sunny river and a sailor who was dumping the breakfast refuse over the stern of one of the interned Italian freighters waved his bucket then turned and left the scene to the mass of gulls that swirled around the ship's stern. Farther up the river a white Danish training ship lay idly at anchor. It too was out of service "for the duration." A young seaman waved the pair of white ducks that he'd been scrubbing on deck and stood fixed as he looked up at us. I wondered if the shadow of the cruiser made him think of Denmark and of the German planes that were at that moment circling above his country.

11 A.M.: Silver Springs was a mass of little blue pools surrounded by groves of gold studded green. When we circled lower the gold studs changed to oranges. Then up to the clouds again. White boats carried their paying tourists up and down the blue water, poking their prows in among the various coves like paramecia in a microscopic field. Soaring over the chain of inland lakes, it seemed that there

were green scum patches on the water, but when we dived in among the palm fronds, they turned to sandy bottoms eighty feet below the surface of the crystal water. Crossed a golf-course as we put the springs behind us and a paunched plutocrat swore in pantomime as we disturbed his putt. Zephyr Hills was a little group of matchboxes strewn without plan among a dozen lumber camps and as many orange groves. We made the airport some minutes before sundown, after having flown southwest and diagonally across the state.

Zephyr Hills, Florida: We had landed in the combination live-oak and cypress-marsh-airport at Zephyr Hills three days before a sleepy little citrus town in West-central Florida. Bill Krusen, a friend of ours, whose father owned all the adjoining timber-land and orange-groves, had wine and dined us in typical old South fashion. As the story goes, all good things must end, but when we prepared to take our plane out of the airport we found that there was neither enough runway nor enough unshrubbled surface to fly the heavily laden cruiser into the air again. The airport inspector, who incidentally was the town garbage-inspector, was humiliated at his airport's inadequacy. He put his problem in the mayor's hands who immediately called out his score of deputies. Consequently a state highway was blocked off with men and ropes and while northern traffic was held up for an hour, the roadway became an airport. Spence risked his neck and the cruiser to hop out of the old airport. The whole town lined the highway in a straggling line of white shirts and cotton skirts. The mayor, being a political genius, took the opportunity of standing in front of our Cub Cruiser and while the engine warmed up, did the same for himself on a political harangue concerning the next town election. That's where we all got aboard, stuffed suitcases, and bid the town farewell. When the mayor finished his speech, Spence gunned the engine and amid the town's cheers we hit the air trails again.

7 A.M., Thursday: Zephyr Hills behind and Tampa twenty miles or fifteen minutes southwest. Landed at the airbase and got cussed out. The air corps major was nice in an angry sort of way. It wasn't long before we'd made our departure. The Everglades stretched out before us: a mass of water and dead cypress trees. It's really nice to have a dependable engine in such a place. We flew for almost four hours without a possible emergency landing field, then there were four more hours to West Palm Beach. A thunder squall drove us in to the airport there where we lay around and chatted with the airport "jills." When the weather cleared enough for us to make a take-off, and the army air corps had taken over the

female situation, there really wasn't much for us to hang around for. We made Fort Lauderdale that night. Another relation of someone's was conveniently endowed with an automobile and an apartment. The apartment had three beds. We saw the sights at Miami that evening . . . fairyland buildings of glass and indirect lighting. The idle rich were swilling summer drinks in the summer air beneath the well groomed palm trees. . . . Sleek yachts lay moored in rows and shone in the moonlight. Dance music was everywhere. That was Miami. Lollered on beaches, met executive Watson of Pure Oil, and dreamed away short days 'til Tuesday morning. A telegram awaited us in Fort Lauderdale when we awoke this morning. Some conscientious soul was announcing the fact that the English department at UNC was taking itself seriously. Further he advised that since we were only three days late it might be a good idea for us to return to school.

Return Trip: Ernie caught a ride to Jacksonville with somebody else's cousin who was flying that way and wanted company. Howard and myself, being of a lazy breed, loitered for several hours more in Fort Lauderdale. When we finally got into the air it was only for a short time. Clouds kept pouring in off the ocean and the ceiling pressed down upon us. It began to rain. Howard flew the ship lower and lower along the beach until we could see the people inside their beach houses. Then fog. There isn't any particular objection to flying low, but flying low without visibility is another story. We landed on the beach. The cruiser's wheels sunk into the soft sand and we were stuck. A storm tide was just beginning to flow. The water licked close to the tail wheel of the foundered plane. There was panic for the moment but a friendly fisherman with an automobile, and most important of all, a coil of rope, was our rescuer. The cruiser was pulled up on a beach side road down which we rolled it to a small tavern. Joe Tindall, the fisherman and the tavern-keeper, was more than glad to have us as his guests. His pretty wife put together a real fresh vegetable dinner for two hungry lads and we swapped stories. The storm was setting in for the night so there wasn't much else to do but tie the "cruiser" in the yard and wait for morning.

Night and Nor'easter: Howard went to the mainland with the tavern-keeper and his wife. I took over the lone army cot in the tavern and played watch dog for the evening. The night was just plain black. A northeaster was slamming rain drops and wet sand up against the clapboard building and every now and then a gust would slip through the wall and make the lantern flame jump and almost die.

(See PILOT'S JOURNAL, page 29)



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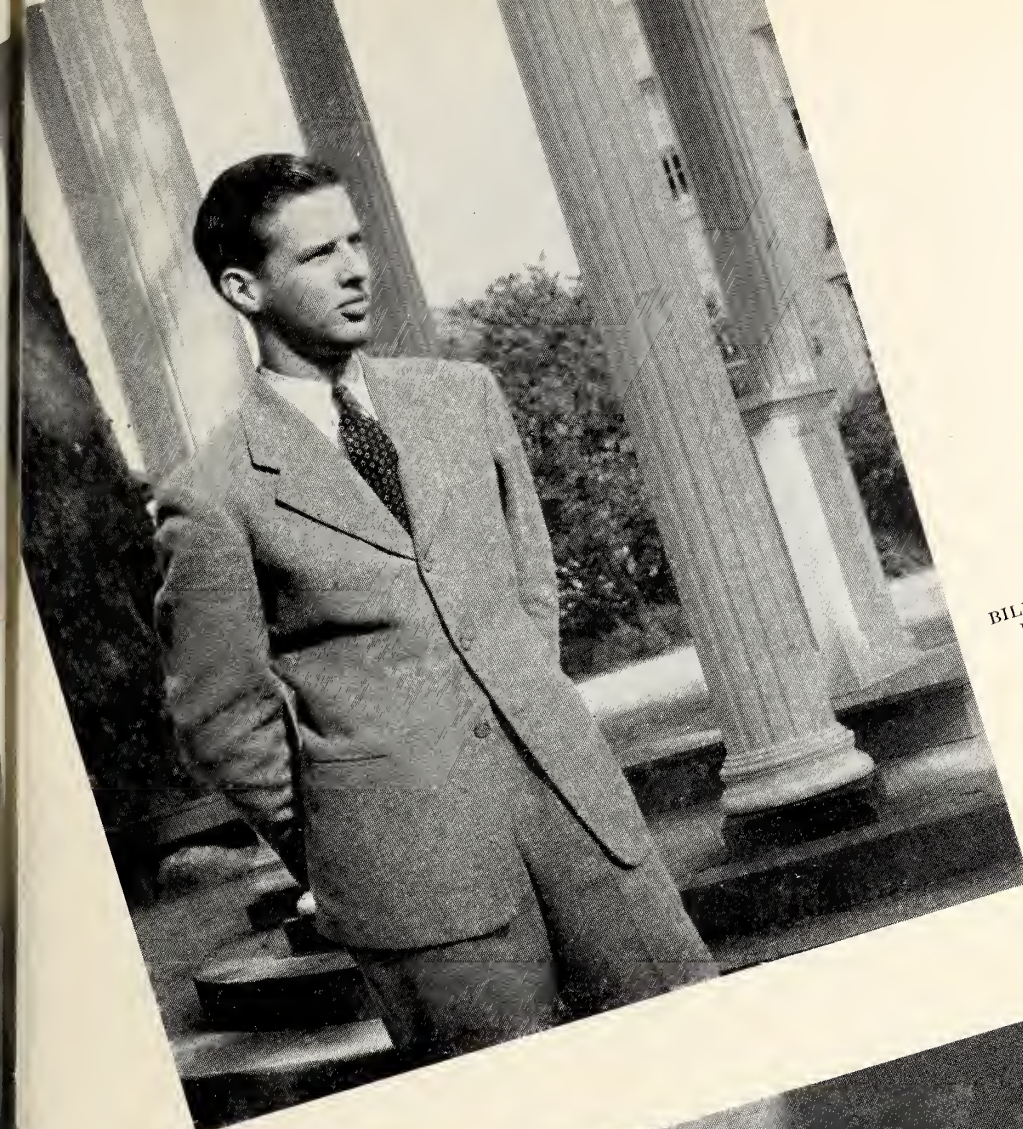
Awards

THE CAROLINA INTERCAMPUS COUNCIL was organized for the purpose of acknowledging the merit and services of deserving but unknown students on the campus. Because these are the first Intercampus Council selections, and because it is the culmination of an hectic year, persons honored by the council were chosen as outstanding for the entire three quarters. This perhaps explains why three men whose names are continually in the public eye are again making print. Next year honorees will be selected on a monthly basis, perhaps they will be comparatively obscure, perhaps unknown, but they will be deserving in merit and they will be picked from the great welter of students who serve quietly, with sacrifice and without recognition. With monthly choices a vastly wider field may be surveyed.

FEREBEE TAYLOR—As President of the University club and member of innumerable student-administration and student-faculty committees, his work this year has been particularly outstanding. Un-known to most people, he is chiefly responsible for having co-ed cheerleaders maintained, was a bul-wark in student faculty day, and has arranged many of the improvements that our campus has seen this year. During the fall quarter, he arranged the most successful series of pep rallies in years, standouts being the Fordham and Duke demonstra-tions. He might receive the award for being the hardest worker of the year, but goes down in the records as a man who gave his time and energy in an unspectacular way to the betterment of the student body, its spirit, and its self-government.



BILL ALLEN—Far and away the most active executive board, of which Bill Allen is the chairman. The gaping holes in campus walks, such as those on began the year for Allen and his committee. crescendo, he made a detailed analytical study of and student objections to its practices. What year, however, and what will long be remembered students of campus self-government, is his which marks a new field of autonomous rule has a survey of needs in dormitory rooms, groundwork for permanent improvement in are offered to men of the quadrangles. A dili business sense, he is a careful tactician wh progressive step.



- THE COUNCIL**
- | | |
|------------------|----------------------------------|
| Truman Hobbs | President of Student Gov. Ass. |
| Mary Caldwell | Pres. Woman's Gov. Ass. |
| Terry Sanford | Pres. of the Legislature |
| Orville Campbell | Speaker of the Daily Tar Heel |
| Bill Seeman | Editor of Tar and Feathers |
| Henry Moll | Chairman |
| George Hayes | Editor of Interdormitory Council |
| John Thorp | Pres. Interfraternity Council |
| Fish Worley | Pres. Interfraternity Council |
| Steve Peck | Graham Memorial Director |
| Sid Sadoff | University Club President |
| Louis Harris | Monogram Member at Large |
| Pinky Elliot | Member at Large |

SELECTIONS
 Bill Cochrane, Ferebee Taylor, Bill Allen
 Honorary Mention: Charles Barrett
 —Photography by Hugh Morton.

BILL COCHRANE—For the past three years, die-hard prophets of student government have predicted that some day a real leader would develop who would make the infant Student Legislature a predominant force on the campus. With the conclusion of his term as gavel-wielder for the campus law-making body, Bill Cochrane has marked a new era in student self-government. The day of the rule of a small, elite group of men who dealt justice down to the masses on a platter of super-authority, is gone. Today, there stands a Student Legislature that is not only comprised of men representing every phase of campus life, but men who have the complete authority to reflect and at the same time lead the student body in progress. Such steps as the abolition of the Buccancer, the establishment of the Hatch Act Fees set-up, and the passage of the New source prove that from now on there will be a new source moving ahead on the campus—the Legislature. Through his ability as an organizer and as a leader of men, Bill Cochrane this year stands as the chief cause of greater representation and activity in a usually lethargic student body.



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Fees Bill on Trial

Both Sides of the Most Widely Discussed Question
On the Carolina Campus This Year

By Paul Komisaruk, '44

Illustrated by James Pace '44

A SURPRISING campus silence greeted the most progressive student government advance in well over a decade last month. The tiny ripple of excitement that rose over the introduction of the student fees bill, and that represented a major advance in student self government, puzzled administration and student leaders alike.

Expecting a surge of major importance, with students alert to the significance of the proposals, leaders found a lethargic campus supporting the bill without any obvious expressions of excitement. There was a vague disturbing feeling that the student body had fallen asleep, that though most of the details of the proposals involving \$55,000 a year in student fees had been repeatedly explained, students did not yet grasp the import of the bill.

Through all the three weeks of wrangling over details in committee and legislature, an amazing dorm store quiet prevailed. Unquestionable is the fact that dorm store opinion reveals and exhibits the trends in student opinion. Yet the quiet was consistent.

The bill, on the way up through committee and legislature, was praised, damned, criticized, and discussed. Delivering one administration point of view, comptroller W. D. Carmichael almost immediately supported it. He told a freshman rally before elections that he was all for it. Professor Albert Coates a few weeks later convinced another group of skeptics at a NOTC meeting when he maintained that the bill represented what amounted to the third biggest step in Carolina student government, and Professor Coates is perhaps the foremost authority on student government at Carolina.

Opposition to the bill in the legislature was small though vociferous. It arose when Bill Ward charged that the bill was too big for the group, and continued when PU Board representative Andy Gennett,

backed up by J. M. Lear, asserted that it would result in "too much control."

Now, awaiting administration approval and trustee sanction in June, the bill is almost ready to go into effect.

Under the bill, the legislature jumps forward and becomes the most important organization on the campus. The legislature has suffered in the past because it has had no really important function to perform. The bill now offers the legislature the greatest single challenge in its history, and throws squarely upon it the most important student body function that there is, that of administering and allocating thousands of dollars in students fees, and handling huge surpluses. The quality of the legislature will improve with these added responsibilities. Eventually, the group will contain the finest student government leaders on the campus. Mildly interested campus politicians will be eliminated from the group because there will be no room for them.

The bill in action will be smooth and efficient. The University will still act as a collecting agent for the student fees which amount to approximately \$13.85 a year per student. The amount, excluding athletic fees, will be turned over to the legislature, where an appropriating committee will allocate and administer the fees, subject to the approval of the legislature. Organizations will continue to draw up requests for money, and these requests will be acted on by the legislature. Organizations that have been receiving money indirectly now come directly to the legislature.

That can mean only one thing. Dead wood on the campus is on the way out. It is going to be cut down, burned out and replanted. Campus groups that have lost their incentive, that have become defunct and inefficient, but that are still being allotted the same amount of money that they

(See FEES BILL, page 31)





Life Begins at Love-40

Zan Carver of Carolina Tennis Fame
Goes Courting with a Raquet

By Bucky Harward '43

Photographs by Hugh Morton '43

MOST taken for granted fact on the Carolina campus is the almost endless string of victories made by the Carolina tennis team. Sometimes the small bleachers on the courts are filled at a match, but usually the student body gets interested and perturbed only when the squad drops a match once every two or three years. Typical of Coach Kenfield's boys who have won so many trophies and so little campus recognition is tall Zan Carver, known chiefly for his suntan and physique.

On Saturday, May 10, the New Jersey captain of the Carolina tennis team was raising the eyebrows of net fans for the third time in two weeks. In the finals of the Southern Conference tournament—confined as usual to Carolina netmen—he had grabbed a one set lead over Harris Everett, teammate and placement artist. With terrific topspin drives, he had kept his opponent on the baseline where he couldn't use his deadly volleying. In the second set Everett managed to move up to the net for his inevitable kills to take the frame at an easy 1-6, but Carver finally began again to skim the backline consistently and gathered in the last two sets and the championship 6-4, 6-4.

This victory evened up at two-all tournament matches with the fellow whom Zan calls the best sport and one of the smartest players he ever saw. Just two weeks before, Carver had won the first of the retaliation matches by defeating Everett at Pinchurst for the North-South title with the same driving tactics that alternated him with his opponent in the number one spot on the Tar Heel squad during the past year.

Only a few days before the Southern Conference tourney, Carver played what he considers the best tennis of his life and had a lot of fun in losing his first match of the season to Midshipman Joe Hunt,

ranked number three in the national net circuit. Zan thinks that perhaps Hunt, whom he knows personally, may have been toying with him. But the second set, which the Tar Heel player took at 4-6, and the last, in which he extended the Navy ace to 14 games, indicate otherwise.

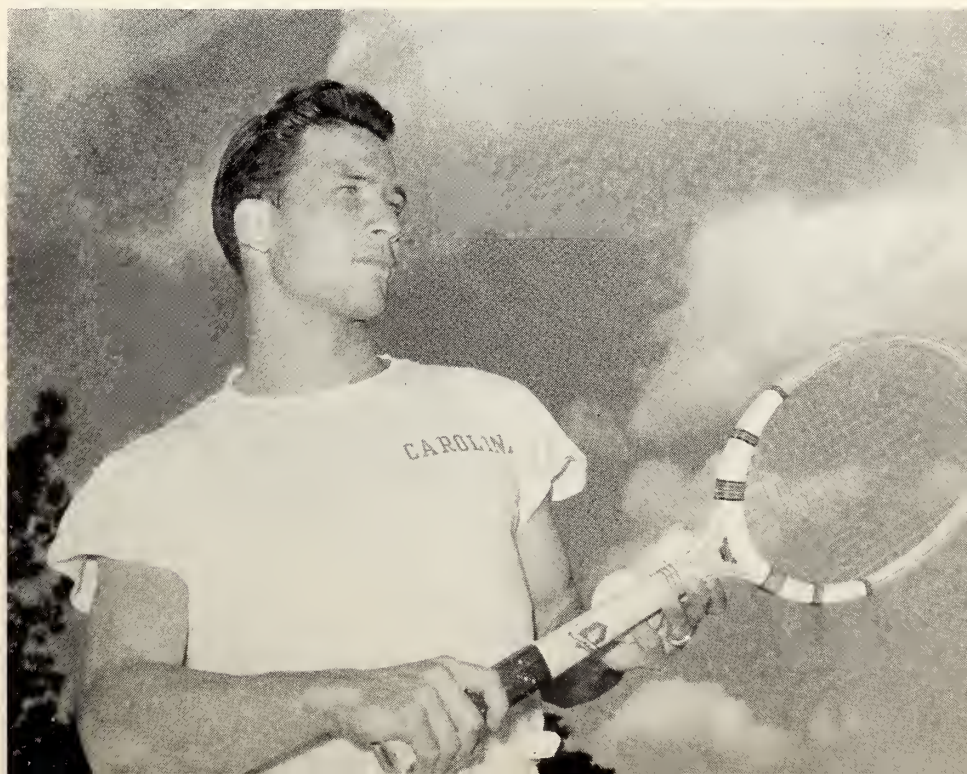
Behind these two climactic weeks of tennis lies a lot of history. For 17 straight summers, from the time he was four until he was 21, Zan vacationed at camp where he began to play tennis as soon as he could heft a racket. That was pretty early because he had already begun to develop the famous torso. By the time he was eleven, he was trotting around the grass courts at Philadelphia's famed Marion Cricket club where the United States lost the Davis Cup and Zan won eight championships in the boys' and junior divisions.

Entering St. Albans Prep in Washington, he kept adding to his collection by finishing first in two more big tournaments—the Eastern Shore Maryland and District of Columbia Prep Schools. But the most important thing, as far as we are concerned, was his sudden decision, after a meet with the Carolina team, to turn black sheep against the Yale tradition of his family and come to Chapel Hill.

Competing with the cream of the eastern players for a place on the squad wasn't easy, and he had to take the number four spot on the freshman team. The following year his injured knee kept him from regular competition until the Southern Conference tournament where he teamed up with John Foreman to win the doubles title in what he calls a streak of luck. Ambitious to become a radio announcer, he left Carolina at Christmas to work for six months as guide and page at Radio City. But after half a year, he began to "miss the school and the boys too much" and came back to the Hill.

Last season, he played number five on the varsity and suffered his first defeat at the racket of Everett when the Florida player beat him out in a five-set match for

(See ZAN CARVER, page 32)





Christ by

Power

By James Cox '42

Illustration by Barnaby Conrad '44

A FULL MOON stared. In perfect stillness it hung high over Demos Rock. And down into the valley its light flowered on twisted naked limbs of the oaks. It polished the flat roof of a cabin like a dance floor under them. And the oaks like a ballet of old women with shriveled arms danced in the night-wind.

Inside the cabin Steve Alexander sat at a table. His elbows rested on the table and his head was sunk to the hands. A bulb hung from the ceiling boiling white light. A green shade coned it to the floor, leaving the rest of the room in darkness. Steve sat within the cone of light.

He raised his head. And stared out of the window to Demos Rock bit into the sky under the moon. He stared for a long time. And hatred got into his face.

Then he looked down to the table again and saw a razor blade. Slowly he reached out, picked it up. Then lashed it quickly across his left wrist. He watched the blood, fascinated. It was only a slight cut and the blood welled in a thin red line. He lashed again. And watched the two lines join together, and run in a single small river down the arm.

He smiled with one end of his mouth. He threw the blade onto the table. He picked it up again, and fingered it long-ways to a bridge in the cup of his palm. Then closed the hand til he heard the blade snap and felt the edges turn into the flesh. His arm fell to the table. Still he smiled with one end of the mouth lifted like an animal. He opened his palm, picked the three pieces from the flesh. Blood pooled onto the table. As it spread to a small copy slip, he quickly wrote a name from it on a letter lying out of the blood's reach. *Thomas Camden.*

He let the blood well unhindered from his hand. He stared at the letter. Then his eyes moved along the lines and his lips echoed the words.

How's it coming, Steve? I'm sure it will be the greatest thing you've done. The lines are so soft and beautiful. As it should be, it will be divine. It is a symbol of Christianity.

He dropped the letter. And looked over to a half-finished crucifix in stone. He saw the lines etched with light by shadow. The piteous head leaned from the upright, and a soft smile was in the face. The arms were spread gently. The palms cupped a nail with no strain of resistance.

The Ground Trembled with the Explosion, But as Camden Laughed, Steve Knew He Had Stood too Close. . . .

And the body to the knee was concave in pain.

He rose. And walked beside the rain of blood from his hand over to the crucifix. The bleeding hand was raised into the air. It fell with a fierce slap against the face of the statue.

II

Two men walked along the road. The big one wore new khaki clothes. The little one was older. His clothes had become the same tan-red of the road. Mud was caked about the bottom of his pants so that they swung stiffly as he walked. He kicked a rock, a screen of dust rose and fell after it.

"Cigarette?" the big one said, and held the pack to the other.

"Thanks." They stopped, the big one held out a match cupped in his palm. The other leaned to it, straightened up and took the cigarette from his mouth as the smoke spewed out. The big one lit his.

"Been fighting lately, Buddy?" The little one said.

"Naw . . . why?"

"Them scars look new in your hand." He looked at the big one out of the corner of his eyes.

"Two weeks ago it was." He looked at the little one.

"What did you say your name was, Steve . . . Steve what?"

"Steve Alexander. What's yours?"

"Shorty Burton. I work on the right-way."

"I'm new. I go to work today for Camden."

"Camden?"

"Yeah. Why do you say it like that?"

"Nothing. Only I'm glad I ain't working for him."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Batty, that's all. Gone dynamite-crazy."

"I can take anything he can give."

"Yeah, he had four guys quit him this week that thought the same thing. Buddy, you know that big rock out on the end of the ridge? They say he's going to blow that thing with one load. His men are scared of him."

The big one didn't say anything, they came around the bend.

"See it? That's it way out yonder on the end."

"Yeah, I been looking at it for six months. I know Demos Rock. Who are these drillers ahead of us?"

"That's Camden there. Well, Buddy, I'll see you."

"Okay."

The little one went on. Steve stopped at the base of the rock. It rose into the clay road like a whale-back. Three men stood on the rock beside the sky, two bent over the vibrating jack-hammers, the third towered straight with legs spread apart. Rock dust from the drills rose like smoke. Steve waited at the base of the rock. The constant chatter-roar of the drills shook his senses. One of the drillers stopped. The tall man yelled down to another by the air pump.

"Bring a bit up here, Spiker." The man got a bit and clambered up the rock. Then Steve yelled to the tall man.

"Are you Thomas Camden?" The man didn't hear him. He yelled again. "Hey! Are you Thomas Camden?"

"Yes." The man yelled, as he bent down to the drill shaft. He worked with it a moment then sunk it back into the rock. The double roar started again. Steve climbed the rock. He stepped up close to the tall man. They were the same height. He stared into the hard face powdered with grey rock dust. The teeth and the eye pupils flashed white out of the grey face.

"I'm supposed to go to work for Camden," he yelled.

"What are you waiting on then?" Steve didn't answer.

"You ever worked a jack-hammer before?"

"Naw."

Camden turned to Spiker. "Take this boy down there and show him how to handle a jack-hammer." He turned back to Steve.

"Go with him."

After Spiker had taught him how to use it, he hooked up the hose, pulled thirty feet free onto the ground. He lifted the heavy hammer and started up the rock. Suddenly pulling upward with his weight on one foot, it slipped.

He fell. The hammer clattered down the rock. He got to his feet, and examining it found that only the bit was broken off.

Camden scrambled down. Cursing, he shoved Steve by the shoulder. He fell. Camden leaned over the hammer. Steve lay in the dust. And then the chatter-roar of the hammers was inside of him, blending the senses to one feeling. The pain in his head and the noise were anger. He saw through shimmering heat waves Camden by the hammer.

Quickly he was over to Camden and slammed his fist against the hard jaw. Camden got back to his feet. Rushed Steve. Their arms were tangled together. Then Camden's hands viced into Steve's neck. Jerking the arms back and forth, he slammed Steve's head against the rock. He was talking, low hard laughter welled up with the voice sounds. Steve heard him as far away.

"I'll show you who's boss here. I'll show you, bygod."

And Steve was then losing consciousness. Abruptly Camden took his hands from his neck. He turned, walked to a water bucket by the pump. The drillers stopped. The air was suddenly quiet, vibrating with noiselessness. In the silence Camden raised the dipper to his lips, drank it, gulping. Realizing the drillers had stopped, he looked up and yelled at them.

"What are you stopping for!"

Immediately they hunched back over their drills. And the chatter-roar resumed itself. Camden drank another dipper. Then dipped it full and walked over to

(See POWER CHRIST, page 28)



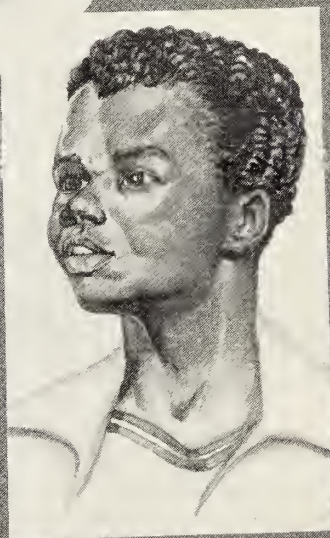
EDITOR'S NOTE

James Cox, winner of the Tom Wolfe Award—a soft-spoken Virginia, he believes in individual Power. Says, "man may be a social animal, but not the best animal, social." Having left the Blue Ridge Mountains for our campus only last fall, he has been this year's most prolific fiction writer.

Here, we believe he surpasses his prize-winning *Snake Eyes*, driving to a greater tenseness in story telling and embodying his personal philosophy in symbols.



The new head of the art department, John Allcott, is bringing art with a small 'A' to the masses. With a studio that is open to all who will venture hand to brush, he has collected an exhibition of student work that merits the publication of a few of the choice pieces. All the works are by members of the University and the entire exhibit is still being shown at the Gallery in Person Hall. Stop by after exams and relax a while.



Man in Quest

A Great Man and a Great Teacher
Foresees the Birth of a New South

By George Simpson '41

FEW PEOPLE hold long enough to a zest for life and a faith in the living to throw off the awesomeness of the long roll of past, present and future, then grasp and dare to mold with hope and vision the inevitable succession of birth, growth and death.

Of these few who have caught the sense of the on-going and succession of life is Howard Washington Odum.

The full scope and measure of his grasp on life and the extent of his dreams find concreteness in a thousand ways. It is told in long, hard, insatiable living, and in a cavernous and many-sided appetite for work through what he calls "those long glorious hours." The realization of the press of things to be done and an eagerness to do them is clearly writ in his too-fast walk and ill-tied shoe laces, in his sprawling handwriting and impatient handling of papers and books, in his short-cut use of gestures for words and in his voracious reading.

This push, this appetite for life spills over into a Tom Wolfian style of writing that moves in wide sweeps, like a giant scythe, ever trimming closer to the core of things, yet forever threading clearer details with broader vision and ever-widening sweeps.

This surge of his through the living of life is not an indiscriminate filling of hours and days. It is a distinct use and extension of the primary and elemental, of the fundamentals of birth and death, of planting and growing, of building shelters and raising children, of meeting the seasons and knowing the soil, of the real, elemental requirements of survival that underlie our great super-structure of civilization. These things he knows. In the human realm he has known the power of the demands of these fundamentals of life, and he is forever looking for the patterns of action in primary relation to these hubs of existence.

For his sociology there has come the conviction that in the patterns laid down by people in relation to these fundamentals of life, is to be found the real, powerful forces in society, the forces of fertility and survival in human culture.

Here the individuals, as members of a group of localized interests and resources, find ways of action and thought in adjustment to the fundamentals of survival, to the true moulding place of society. The individual is sensitive to both the rigors of survival and the pressure and suggestions of the ways used by those around him to meet

these needs. He and the other members of these more-or-less localized groups, whose ways in these matters generally coincide, are the real power of any lasting movement or change in society. This is the folk group, the group of constant adaptation and change, whose attitudes and habits and customs give the group a tone, a characterization unlike that of any other group, yet forever akin to other groups in the adjustment to the fundamentals of life.

Thus Odum's surge through living carries him not toward the great cosmic forces of the intellectuals whom he soundly dislikes and frequently castigates with as close to vituperation as he ever comes. He has not gone this way, but toward the ever-moving adaptation of the individual and the folk group to the elemental necessities of life. The folk are the conveyors of the lore and adaptations of the past; yet they are also the sounding board of things of the present. The folk, moving endlessly in these necessary adaptations, sometimes take all of a new idea, or none. But, withal, they continue to move, and in time there is a selection and adaptation of bits of the idea or movement for permanence in folk wisdom and ways. Hitlerism may overawe for a while, but only as it generally demonstrates its ultimate value in survival, will it attain permanence with the folk; and only as the New Deal, or parts of it, are accepted into the folk cultures—the habits and customs and ways of thinking and acting—of the South and North and West and East and in the smaller folk groups, will it attain any permanence.

This nature-rooted optimism and push of life that has sent him and his co-workers into long hours of sheer work is now reaching fruition in mounting details and specifications for regional planning. Here again are met the fundamentals of life and the power of the folk, because this planning is not economic planning or a planned system of any sort. It is planning on a regional basis for knowing use by the folk—of resources, both natural and human, toward the end, that in the satisfaction of these fundamentals of life there will be ample opportunity for the recognizable optimum development of the individual and the folk.

The regional classification, as Dr. Odum says, grew out of the day's work. To start with, there was the knowledge of the feel of the folk, plainly evident in his early collections of Negro songs, in the fantasy-poetry-sociology of the trilogy of books of *Black Ulysses*, in the partly autobiographi-

cal novel-history hybrid, *An American Epoch*. Yet in these works of the twenties and early thirties, there was no strict ordering, no system, no basis for plans into the future.

Paralleling these works was a great volume of statistical investigation, still being made, on every side and phase of the South. For purposes of comparison these studies were extended to cover the entire nation. Time and again it was found that figures on housing, health, income, and hundreds of other indices blocked the same state together. As the tide of indices mounted, the blockings became more apparent and convincing. Finally, investigations into the history and culture of these groups of states, into their natural resources, and into the feelings of the people, for the most part corroborated the groupings indicated by the indices, there began to appear the beginnings of the science and theory of Regionalism.

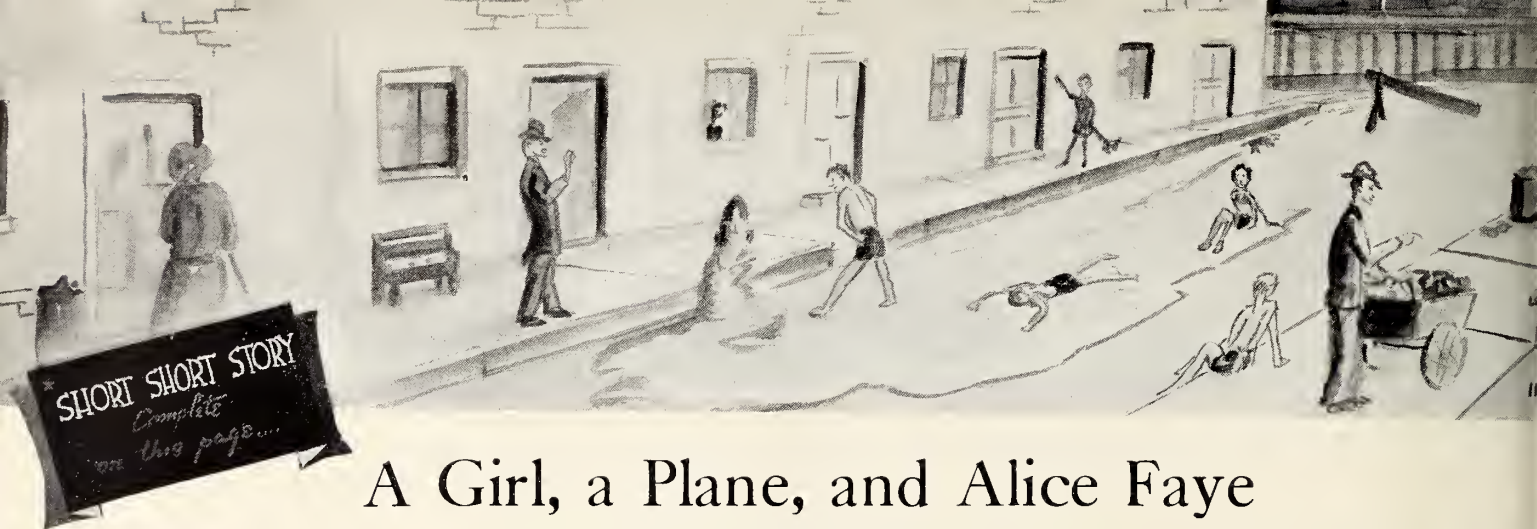
And even stranger than these revelations was the discovery that the region appeared to be the real framework of the folk. Because in the satisfaction of the fundamentals of survival, there is in the region a unique convergence of natural factors, of personal contact and influence, and of history and tradition that stamps as different the folk of one region from the folk of another region.

Here, then, taken from the evolution and succession of work, are the apparently natural areas of development, fitted with the folk—the dynamics of development. It is no longer impossible to do anything but beat water with a great, though undirected, knowledge of the power of the folk. And neither are we faced with the dilemma of a nation muddling through unplanned or risking the dangers of complete centralization. There are the regional areas of natural development to be planned in, and there is the compulsion to plan and work with the individual and the ways of the folk.

From this framework there is coming in snowball fashion, plans and details for the regional development of the nation. The greatest yet has been *Southern Regions of the United States*, a prodigious statistical and valuations study of the South.

What strange chemistry has pushed Dr. Odum along the path from simple to complex and back to the simple is not known. A great part of it must have come from the North Georgia country where he was born on May 24, 1884, on a farm near Bethlehem. That was a country still lined deeply with the shock and suffering of the war. The people ran deep to both the fertility and stoniness of the soil. They were intense and lived hard. Nature was all around, and the succession of seasons, the cold and heat and rain, were vital parts of life. The folks knew the soil and growing things, and

(See ODUM, page 31)



A Girl, a Plane, and Alice Faye

A Story of New York and an Incident on 99th St.

By John Roeder '43

Illustration by Ernest Illman '41

THE middle of July is a pretty hot time up on Ninety-ninth Street. You walk along the street and the asphalt is a cushion under your feet. Well, last year I was walking along up there with my jacket over my arm and my tie hanging limply under my open collar. I was hot, but I was going to the market at 116th street and Park Avenue. It was cheaper to buy stuff up there.

Well, I was wandering up Ninety-ninth Street looking at the girls and old women sitting on wooden chairs, gossiping on the stoops of the old gray houses. There were Spics, Jews and Irishmen all together gabbing away and enjoying the hell out of the shade of the buildings. They'd laugh every once in a while when one of the kids would slip and fall on the slimy street. Those kids were running around yowling and screaming and swearing and laughing as they got under the water hydrant spray. Kids were cool but the old fat men, leaning against the facades of the houses were trying to fan their soaking faces.

One of the kids passed me and splashed some water on my clothes. I yelled, "Hey, you."

"What do you want?"

"Look what you done."

"So what!" And he was right back in there with the rest of the kids.

I stood still a while and looked at them. There were two kids fighting. The bigger guy pulled back his arm and socked the little fellow right in the stomach. The fat woman on the steps behind me screamed. "You let my Jimmy alone." She bounded out of her chair and wobbled down the steps. She pulled the big boy from her son. "What you doing to my boy, you sonuva bitch." Grabbing her boy she cried, "My Jimmy, Jimmy."

There was a little hiss of "Sissy" from the other kids.

I walked, I wasn't sure that I was going the right way.

A little nigger boy ran up to me and asked me for a penny. I gave him one and before I knew it he was gone.

I wanted to ask how to get to the market. I saw a bunch of men playing poker on one of the stoops and decided to ask one of them which way to go.

But a skinny girl of about fourteen years walked by and I decided there was no use in breaking up the game.

"Little girl."

"Yea." She turned her dirty face toward me and pushed a hanging blond curl out of her eyes. "Yea, mister?"

"How do I get to the market?"

She came closer to me, swinging her one white cotton dress. "Down there." She pointed to the street ahead of me.

Just then we heard a buzz. It sounded like a distant bee. The little girl turned a pair of big eyes upward. "Look, look at it."

An airplane was above us.

"Gosh, I'd like to be up there." And she looked around at the kids in the wet street. She didn't like them much. "All they do is collect pictures of planes. They're scared to go up in one. I wouldn't be." She turned back to me. "Mister, you ever been in one?"

"No, I guess I never have." It was hot on the street. "It must be pretty hot up there."

"Hot! Naw, it's nice up there in that plane." She spoke with authority.

There was another buzz behind us. It came closer and a kid on skates banged into the little girl.

"Why don't you look where you're going? I ain't no P. L. P."

"Aw, shut up." And the kid on skates kept going.

"You know, those boys don't have no respect for women," the little girl complained. "C'n I walk up the street with you?"

She was a nice kid, so I said yes. "Who was that boy?" I was trying to be friendly.

"Him? My kid brother. He carves model airplanes."

We kept walking. Through the constant buzz of the voices from the stoops we kept walking.

"He carves planes, but that's all. I wish I were up there in that one, just went by—but I guess you gotta be rich."

She was a cute kid so I thought I'd jolly her along. "I have a friend who went up and he wasn't rich."

But you gotta be rich to go like I want to."

"How's that?"

Some girls came around the corner and saw us. "Mary's got a boy friend. Mary's got a boy friend."

"Aw, you go to hell." Then she turned to me, "They're babies. A girl can't even walk with a feller around here."

I didn't answer.

"I saw a movie last year—'Tailspin'. Alice Faye was in it and she was an aviator."

"Is that what you want to be?"

"Yea. She was pretty, too. Lots of boy friends. I want to be like her when I grow up. She was in races and lived in a pretty place."

We had come to the corner.

I wondered what she would say to this. "You think you'll ever be like that?"

"Me!" She was surprised. "How'm I going to be like that?"

"But you said you wanted that when you grow up."

She looked up at me. Her eyes were big and dark.

I smiled at her and said good-by.

I walked past push-carts selling vegetables and dry goods. After a while I looked up at the sky and thought that the little girl had looked something like Alice Faye.

With our poets....

Ora Pro Mea Anima

Harrison Symmes '42

Make shift my shackled soul to free
Me from this dread despondency,
Which now at length has overlaid
My spirit, making sorrowful and sad
My manacled mortality.
Remove this hopelessness I see
In life and all reality.
Instill the hope which once I had
Again in me. Or must I think me mad,

So many times have I implored this theme; unsuccoured still,
Unanswered all my prayers! Though I had patience for a space,
Believing, if I waited, hoped, that time at last would deal
Some blow to startle all my doubts and then I could steal
Again, return, to youth's complacency, accepting place
In woe; yet now I find no faith in optimism's skill.

'Tis my poor paltry part to flee,
No courage, life's cacophony
Of woes, and not attempt to wound
Its evils. Though I listen for a sound
Of good, I hear no euphony.

Tomorrow for All Intentions And Purposes

Richard Goldsmith '42

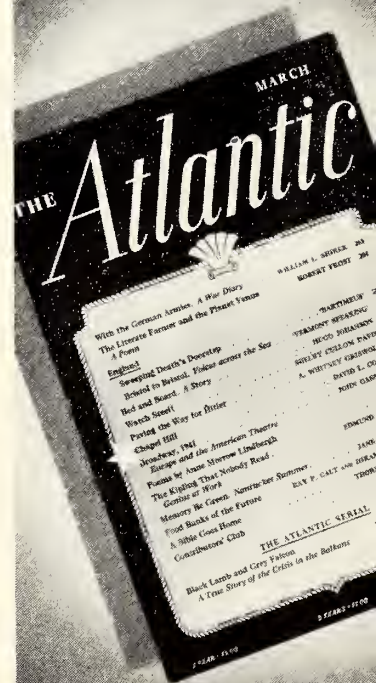
Tomorrow for all intentions and purposes
(note carefully the phrase)
is Thursday.
Do not ask me what is Thursday.
I feel it is an improvisation,
a device of some malignant deity,
to conceal the dull, gray line of continuity
—the fact that there is no tomorrow.

Intensely Practical Night Thought

Richard Goldsmith '42

She may be a ghostly galleon,
Or pale for weariness.
She may be a silver bugle
Or wear a yellow dress.
But, my dear, on top of that
The moon is what those dogs are barking at.

ON THE NEXT PAGE



CONDENSATION
OF
THE MONTH

Chapel Hill

As Others See Us. The Article That Aroused So Much Comment Now Reprinted with the Permission of the Atlantic Monthly

Photography by Ross Scroggs and Arthur Lavine '44

By David Cohn



CHAPEL HILL is a one-street village entirely surrounded by the University of North Carolina. Its main thoroughfare, whose merchants, movies, and restaurants cater alike to town and gown, is perhaps typical of all the village-college main streets of the country. Here is the local store of the A & P, where professor's wives, overalled tobacco farmers, and students in search of the makings of a midnight feed, shop from the same shelves; the social-centre drugstores, where gossip, banana splits, and medicines for the dying are dispensed at the same time; the barbershops, on whose floors mingle the shorn locks of freshmen and the thin gray hairs of village elders; the secondhand bookshops, awirl with cyclonic activity at the beginning of the semesters and moribund during the long intervals; the schizophrenic clothing stores, half rural and half collegiate; the restaurants that serve corn flakes with one hand while cashing two-dollar checks with the other.

Across the street, lost amid oaks, hollies, cedars, redbud, dogwood, and flowering fruit trees, stand the buildings of the University, ranging from the first structure completed in 1794 to the last dormitory built with the assistance of PWA funds in 1940. Near the Carolina Inn—Chapel Hill's premier hostelry—there is a cluster of Georgian fraternity houses huddled together as if for comfort both against the surging hordes of youngsters who belong to no Greek-letter society and against the men who hold the mortgages on the houses. Scattered throughout the woods are the tree-secluded homes of the faculty. Here are no factories, no hum of industry, no stain of black smoke against blue sky. This seems a rural Arcadia filled with woody innocence and naïve delight. But don't be deceived. Beneath the surface there is an immense ferment.

The University of North Carolina is

widely known throughout the economically and politically conservative South, as well as in the allegedly more enlightened North, for its liberalism. The term and the school are as inevitably associated in the Southern mind as are breakfast grits and bacon. To friendly critics, liberalism connotes a grasp of the changing needs of men in a changing world; to unfriendly critics it is a synonym of communism or something equally horrendous, such as the New Deal. But however the word may be construed, and whatever its meanings at Chapel Hill, it is well to understand the origins of the University. It came into being simultaneously with the pronouncement of the doctrine of the Rights of Man and the Declaration of Independence on this side of the Atlantic, and with the French Revolution—created in part by these doctrines—on the other side of the ocean.

Born, then, of revolution and literally cradled in liberty, this University would be an unnatural child of its freedom-loving parents if it should become a creature of reaction. Yet it is precisely because the school is true to its heritage that it is bitterly attacked by certain groups within North Carolina. The assault is made upon the score that the University is 'communist'; and it centers upon the person of President Frank P. Graham, who, it is said, is perverting the minds of his students with 'false doctrines.'

Dr. Graham, a former teacher of history at the University he now heads, is a genial, easily approachable man who is plain 'Frank' to most of his faculty and associates. A physically small man in a world plagued by the monstrous egoism of physically small men, he does not strut. Pleasant, gregarious, soft-spoken, and iron-willed, he derives his successes as much from force of character as from force of mind. Many of his supporters do not entirely understand him; some are mildly dubious of his objectives; but they fight for him because they trust the man's integrity.

It is obvious that Graham would arouse sharp antagonisms. Profoundly religious in the sense that he subscribes wholeheartedly to the Christian ethos, he is rash enough to practise a sinewy Christianity and so inevitably brings trouble on his head. Thus he opposes the commercializa-

tion of athletics in a football-mad country, and speaks up boldly for collective bargaining by labor in a state dominated industrially by powerful textile and tobacco-manufacturing interests. The consequence is that the football-enthusiastic alumni (booing from the intellectual two-yard line) damn him as a killjoy visionary, while some of the mill men—but not all of them, by any means—cuss him as a communist.

No one in North Carolina (or elsewhere) denies that it is the business of a university to uphold the standard of freedom, truth, and justice. But the university president who actually does it not infrequently finds himself in trouble. Frank Graham, for example, insists that the Bill of Rights is a living body of doctrine by which free men may remain free, and, not content with this, goes on to an even greater heresy—namely, that freedom of speech means the right of all men to speak even if you do not like what they say. A passionate democrat, he clings to the notion that his students—the youth of democracy—are not *per se* weak-minded because they are young and students; he believes they will be strengthened rather than weakened in their democratic convictions by rational discussions of competing political systems. The result of these concepts is that there is free talk at the University, as shocking as this may be to a minority of the state's citizens who believe it is the duty of an institution of learning to clamp an intellectual *ceinture de chasteté* upon each of its disciples.

This is not to suggest that conversation among Chapel Hill students is Socratic, Johnsonian, or even Hemingwayish. Their bull sessions—like those at most college—are largely devoted to the overrated and over-publicized institutions of sex and athletics; to the failings of the faculty, and the daily happenings of the campus. They would, however, be imbeciles if at a time when life is lived on so intense a political plane, and when their own future hangs upon events at Dover and Singapore, they did not discuss politics and international affairs. They would be completely lacking in that spirit of inquiry which it is the function of a university to stimulate if they did not seek out the authorities in the books and the flesh. In the pursuit of the latter, the self-governing Carolina Political Union has invited to the campus such disparate personalities as Tom Girdler, Earl Browder, Senator Nye, President Roosevelt, Frank Gannett, Norman Thomas, and Senator Taft. The speakers say what they want to say, but they don't do all the talking. The students do not swallow their doctrines in allopathic doses like little men. Every speaker, at the close of his address, is subjected to a bombardment of shrewd questions, and woe to him who isn't nimble on his feet.

Naturally the presence of leftist ora-

tors on the campus called forth the cry of 'radicalism' from the University's critics, but even the most casual examination reveals that its President is merely a liberal democrat while the overwhelming majority of the faculty range in their political opinions from conservative to reactionary. The University, on the whole, is about as communist as the First Baptist Church of Chalk Level. It is true that Frank Graham believes in freedom of speech, but that is guaranteed by the Constitution. It is also true that he supports labor's right to collective bargaining, but, since that is the sense of federal laws, he is merely supporting the law. The inevitable conclusion, then, is that if the University is liberal in any leftist sense of the word, it is liberal only by comparison with other Southern schools which mentally are still deployed around the trenches at Petersburg.

Chapel Hill may have already become the intellectual centre of the South, but it is far from being an intellectual centre in the absolute sense. It is not lack of ability or ambition that impedes the progress of the University of North Carolina. It is held back by poverty. Thus its bright young men are constantly being lured by wealthier schools; it struggles with the legislature for money, and the legislature, in turn, grapples with the fiscal-educational problems that tend to swamp all save the richest states. There are now nearly four thousand students at Chapel Hill, of whom one third come from north of the Mason-Dixon line. Here again we see the effects of poverty. The University shelters a great mass of poorly prepared Southern students who enter with only eighty-eight months of secondary-school training as compared with one hundred and twenty months enjoyed by Northern students. The latter group tend on the whole to make better grades than Southerners, not because they are natively more intelligent or more industrious, but because the superior resources of the North have enabled them to get better pre-university training.

But North Carolina is rising above its resources. Let it be noted that the eight months' school term for all schools is a state-wide legal minimum, and is above the state-wide legal minimum of any other state of the Union. In recent years, moreover, many towns by special local tax supplements have increased the secondary-school term to one hundred and eight months, while the requirements of the University for admission and survival exert a strong pressure to raise the level of the state's high schools. Thus, while the state and the University work to improve the high schools, Chapel Hill does not throw open its doors to the mediocre of other localities. On the contrary, it requires all out-of-state students to be in the upper 50 per cent of their high-school graduating class, or to be especially distinguished for some scholastic achievement.

Some of Chapel Hill's ablest men have gone elsewhere in recent years. Among them are Dr. Howard M. Jones of the English faculty at Harvard; Addison Hibbard, former Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, who now holds the same position at Northwestern; George Denny, former business manager of the Carolina Playmakers, who is president of Town Hall, Inc., and founder of America's Town Meeting of the Air; H. W. Chase, now Chancellor of New York University; Gerald Johnson, former professor of journalism, now the brilliant editorial writer of the Baltimore *Sun*; and R. D. W. Connor, once head of the department of history, who is the first Archivist of the United States Government.

But while able men sometimes leave Chapel Hill, others remain despite alluring offers from wealthier schools, and still others come to the University at a financial sacrifice. During the past ten years, sixty professors with offers from other schools which totaled \$100,000 a year above their University of North Carolina salaries remained at Chapel Hill. Among nationally famous men at Chapel Hill are Vance and Odum in the social sciences; MacNider in medicine; Dashiell in psychology; Hurewicz in mathematics; W. C. Coker and John N. Couch in botany; R. E. Coker in zoölogy; W. T. Couch, director of the University Press, in publications; Leavitt and Pearson in Latin-American affairs; Koch in dramatic art; Cameron in chemistry; Archibald Henderson and Paul Green in literature and playwriting; Rosenau in preventive medicine; Knight and Carson Ryan in education.

Why do men remain at Chapel Hill when they could earn far more elsewhere? Why do others make financial sacrifices to come to the University? The answer is simple and complex. It can be illuminated, in part, by the story of how one man came to North Carolina.

Some years ago Frank Graham collared a distinguished teacher in Washington. He didn't sit down for a talk with the man. He took him out for a stroll at dusk just as the town was going home from work. Hour after hour the two men walked up and down and around the streets of Washington. Hour after hour Graham talked about the limitless possibilities for education in the South, his concept of a university as a living force in the state, and his ideas for the development of Chapel Hill within the framework of complete academic freedom. At dawn—whether out of fatigue or conviction—the teacher consented to go to North Carolina for a smaller salary than he was getting elsewhere. He is still at the University.

One cannot define the quality of freedom that exists at Chapel Hill, and which is so attractive to teachers that they will give up much to enjoy it. (And it must be remembered that this freedom has been

won in the South against forces of conservatism that make Calvin Coolidge look like a radical.) There is, however, an illuminating parallel in American journalism. Dozens of first-rate journalists would willingly give up their large salaries to work for less on newspapers that are really free, while others in their eagerness for personal freedom of expression are buying country journals in whose pages they can say what *they* think rather than what their bosses think. Intellectual workers do not mind paying what economists used to call 'opportunity cost' for the privilege of living in intellectual freedom. There is no danger that a man will be sacked for the crime of thinking in an institution dedicated to thought, or for the even greater crime of not keeping his thoughts to himself. Chapel Hill's faculty are secure in the knowledge that they are free from vigilante prying, that the tenure of their jobs is not dependent upon their political opinions, and that if attacked they will be defended from hell to breakfast.

The character of the attacks made upon the University may be gleaned from an address by Mr. David Clark to the Charlotte Lions Club (August 1940). As the speaker presses his charges of communism at Chapel Hill, he tosses facts and history around with the dreamy abandon of a surrealist painter. Example:—

"The following summer, 1936, Graham signed a protest against allowing American athletes to participate in the Olympic games. . . . It is significant that just prior to the time Graham signed the protest, the Hitler Government had done the only good thing it ever did, which was to stop the march of communism against Europe. . . ."

Speaking one year after the signing of the Hitler-Stalin pact, Mr. Clark seems never to have heard of this deal, which was obscurely noted in the headlines of all American newspapers. According to him, Hitler is fighting communism, and therefore Graham, who protested American athletes' going to Berlin, is a communist.

Mr. Clark, master of an articulate confusion, dislikes some of the men who visit the University. Among them is Bertrand Russell. Here the speaker's strictures form a passage of sheer Freudian delight:—

"Then Bertrand Russell . . . a man who *openly* practised immorality, was brought to the University and entertained." (Author's italics)

Norman Thomas is dealt with thus:—

"Norman Thomas is another 'Fifth Columnist' who was a frequent visitor to Chapel Hill. He calls himself a socialist, but when he was nominated for President the delegates waved red flags and sang 'The International.'"

This is the same Mr. Thomas, of course, whose genteel socialism wins for him every year the increasingly greater devotion of

an increasingly smaller number of followers.

Chapel Hill makes no pretense of being cosmopolitan. It strives rather for an enlightened provincialism. It is primarily concerned with Southerners and the South, and it seeks to equip men to lead useful lives in a backward empire now slowly moving into what may become the most astonishing renaissance ever seen on American soil. The task is immense. The pioneers must fell whole forests of taboos; remove jungles of inhibitions; cut through thickets of prejudices; and by precept and preachment rid the land of the feeling of inferiority which has obsessed it since Appomattox. Hence the inculcating into Southern students of an enlightened provincialism becomes of immense importance to the South and to the nation as well, and it is this task to which the University has addressed itself with energy and success.

It may strike some as astonishing that North Carolina (by comparison with allegedly more enlightened communities) has 13 per cent of the nation's birth-control clinics (state-operated), although it has but 3 per cent of the country's population. It may strike others as still more astonishing that for fourteen years Ernest R. Groves, in Sociology 62, has lectured to separate classes of men and women at the University on such subjects as Courtship, Choice of a Mate, Engagement, Finances, and Marital Adjustment. These things cause no eyebrow raisings in North Carolina, but an immense labor of enlightenment made them possible—a labor that is an aspect of freedom of thinking.

What is the scholastic standing of the University of North Carolina? It is a member of the Association of American Universities, which is made up of the thirty-odd most distinguished universities in the United States. What is its status in the field of graduate work? On the basis of a study made under the sponsorship of the American Council on Education, more departments were found at Chapel Hill qualified to give the doctor's degree than in any other university south of Baltimore and east of the Mississippi River.

These are tangible achievements which are measurable by experts in the field of education. The intangible achievements of the University are perhaps greater. They lie in an unremitting and successful struggle for academic freedom in an area where the weight of lethargy, as well as the dynamics of industrial opposition and inherited prejudices, operates against academic freedom. They consist in teaching students the truth about the South even when the truth hurts. They are composed of precepts and standards which have made the name of Chapel Hill respected throughout the nation, and which more than once have caused men's eyes to turn toward the South in delighted surprise.

POWER CHRIST

(Continued from page 21)



Steve lying unconscious by the rock. He sloshed it in his face. Turned, and went back after another. Came back, and Steve's eyes were open. Steve smiled. He reached out for the dipper. Camden gave it to him. Stood over him as he drank. He took it when he was through, and carried it back to the bucket. Steve stood up.

"Get a new bit and bring that thing up here," Camden said and he started to the rock.

"Okay," Steve said.

At lunch time they didn't speak. None of them did. They ate quietly, staring out over the moving jaws. Some smoked cigarettes. Steve didn't, the rock dust was in his throat.

The afternoon hours moved slowly with the sun.

At four o'clock Demos Rock had begun to dam a lower arc of the sun rays. Then Camden down by the pump yelled to the men. They cut their hammers off, and came down from the rock carrying them.

"I'll need one of you to stay over and fill these holes." He looked at Steve.

"I'll stay," Steve said.

"All right," he said to Steve, then to the others, "Put your hammers up." He turned toward the pump then back to Steve.

"What's your name?"

"Alexander."

"I'll give you a time-card tomorrow. Put those wedges in a box and take them up."

Tractors rumbled by with their empty pans banging. Workmen were seated on the over-head spars and around the edges on the pans. Their bodies slumped loosely to the jolting. Some came by walking, or trotting to catch up to the tractors. The shovel above moved on up to the next day's job, pivoted its scoop into the bank. The motor noisily sputtered to quiet. And the operator came out carrying a jacket over his arm and a lunch box. Down below the pick-ups and trucks were starting. They beetled from the mountain, winding down the road in a long line.

The two men were working alone in the deep silence that comes to the mountains at evening. The sun was below Demos Rock now. But a few periscoped strands of its light stretched flat and yellow to the country below them. It left the valleys in shadows and capped the hill tops.

For a long time neither man spoke as they furrowed along side by side, plugging each of the holes with a wedge. Then

Camden looked over to Demos Rock. As he spoke low hard laughter quivered with the voice sounds.

"See that rock over there, Demos Rock? We'll blow it in two weeks. I'm going to blow it in one load, Alexander. One load."

"Right big for one load isn't it?"

"Yeah . . . the men are afraid of it. Four quit this week. But I'm going to blow it in one load, Alexander." His eyes narrowed, white lines showed in the fold of the lids. His mouth smiled.

They finished. Camden went to the pump to get his lunch box.

"I got a pick-up down here. Want a lift to the camp?" he said.

"No thanks, I live down here in the valley. Thanks."

They walked down the road together.

"Alexander . . . sorry about this morning."

"Sure."

"The hammers get inside of you . . ."

III

Tlinnnnnng. Steve rolled over, groped for the clock. He pulled it to him and snapped off the alarm. He swung his feet out from the covers, slid them into the slippers by the bed. He sat there looking at the crucifix in the corner of the room. Reaching for his bathrobe, he suddenly laughed, thinking, still looking for Elijah. He walked over to the stove and began putting in paper and wood. He took some matches from his robe pocket and lit it.

Some stone, he thought, another four hundred dollar piece of dolomite and I'd make an honest man of it. There's no use in trying to rework that, it's got to be big, bigger than that rather than smaller. I could sell it maybe, maybe to a church. He laughed. He put some water on the stove, and began taking dishes from the cupboard.

My laugh's got like Camden's. Hard, coming up when you don't expect it. It's like you hear the hammers or see half a mountain go up in smoke, you got to laugh.

He poured some hot water from the kettle into a pan. He took it and set it on a small washstand before a mirror. He washed his face then began shaving.

Demos Rock, the Demos Rock going up in smoke today. We ought to finish the drilling and be ready to blast by four. I want to see that thing go up. But at a distance. I've got to get Camden away from it. He's a fool for standing close like he does. Always he stands too close, but you can't do anything with him. The strongest man I've ever seen, but he's going to let that one little thing kill him. You can't stand too close to anything, especially people and dynamite. You got to stand off and watch, or you'll go up with them. Better hit that side again, you didn't get it very clean.

He relathered his face. With one elbow

cocked into the air like a broken wing, he scraped upward. Hearing the fire crackling in the stove, he laid down his razor and walked to a small ice box. He took some bacon and eggs from it. Then laying two strips of the bacon into a pan, he put it on the stove, and went back to shaving.

He said something about blowing it to-night. But we ought to be through the drilling by four and can get it done by six. It's been the softest drilling we've had for weeks. Wait a minute! That stuff is limestone. Maybe I can use it. Get a couple of pieces afterwards and I could bring it down in the pick-up. Now I can make it big. Plenty big. And leave a rough finish on the limestone! It'll be perfect for it. But I've got to get a new pose. Something strong. It's got to be a man that wasn't looking for Elijah . . .

At the table Steve ate his breakfast slowly. One arm lay on the table. Unthinking, he traced his fore-finger along the outline of a bloodstain, then saw what he was doing. And suddenly he felt like laughing. He felt it would come out loud like the chatter-roar of the hammers. He looked out to Demos Rock. His eyes smiled. He saw a hawk slice a hundred feet of sky and skid into the trees.

The day passed slowly. Camden was everywhere, barking over the hammers. They had two extra wagon drills working down below. Steve was on top. He worked fast, handling the hammer like a toy. He wore out bit after bit. And Camden was driving the other workers to the same speed.

By four o'clock the sun rays were leveling. Steve having made his last drill, straightened up and turned to the sun, figuring its fall down to a niche in the distant range.

Camden was reeling out wire down the side of the ridge. Steve waved to him. He waved back. He came running.

"We're ready for the dynamite up here," Steve yelled.

"Okay, Alexander, I'll send it up. Remember fill it to two feet, not over two feet from the top." He turned to the crew on the wagon drill.

"Hey boy, take up that pile over there to Alexander. You've got to be through here in five minutes or by God you'll go up with it."

Steve and the boy worked fast going back and forth down the long lines.

"All right," he said. "Go down and tell Camden we're ready for the wire now."

Leaving one end to lead off the rock, they followed the drill lines, hooking up each top stick and then plugging the hole. Then Steve joined the other end to the lead wire. They climbed down from the rock.

"Where's Camden?" he asked. "You bout ready to hook up here?"

"Yeah, then I'm leaving this place."

(See POWER CHRIST, page 30)

PILOT'S JOURNAL

(Continued from page 15)



When the wind really began to blow, I checked the mooring on the cruiser again and turned in for the night. A loud knocking woke me a few hours later. It's only natural that a knock in the middle of a stormy night in a place pretty far from nowhere would make a city slicker uneasy, but as I held the lantern up to the face of my unexpected guest there shone a damp smiling coastguardman's countenance. He'd been patrolling the beach and had seen the lantern in the tavern. Since no one stayed there ordinarily, he had been inquisitive, but what he really wanted to talk about was how the aeroplane got in the tavern yard. We traded tales of the sea for tales of the air and when a hidden bottle of bourbon was discovered beneath the counter of the tavern, the tales improved.

Wednesday: Danger at Daybreak: You know it's too bad. People have been chasing their heads off to and from classes for three whole days of the Spring quarter. Yet here we sit, parked on a sandspit, fifteen miles from the mainland with

nothing but a gang of whispering palm trees and squawking marsh birds to stuff us with our daily lectures. Seems a lot closer to education here.

It wasn't until morning that the take-off really began to bother me. There wasn't any airport nor was there a great deal of room. The beach because of its soft sand, could not be used; nor did the road look promising because of the trees that surrounded it. The wind had shifted from northeast to east and at best there was a direct cross-wind toward the road. I worried around for an hour before daybreak, watching the young tarpon leap out of the ditch behind the tavern. When the party returned from the mainland with the makings of a ham and egg breakfast, worry was dispersed for the time, and breakfast actually "made life a song."

Since it's not a very good policy to leave airplanes lying around on sand bars we decided that some sort of a take-off would have to be attempted. Being a sort of darned fool is convenient when there are risks to be taken. I'm glad I'm a darned fool. We rolled the Cruiser up the little beach road until its wing-tips were in the bushes on both sides. I took over the cockpit while Howard turned the motor. I guess he would have come too if he'd been allowed, but there wasn't any sense in two people taking chances. Besides, the extra weight would have been too much. It really gives you a silly feeling to sit in the front cockpit and look at a water tank directly in your path and only three hundred feet away. Palm trees a yard off your wing-tips are not particularly inviting. It was going to be a squeeze. The motor was hot so there wasn't any use in dawdling. A shaky left-hand thrust the throttle forward and the engine roared out. I held the brakes until the tail came up then let the "cruiser" go. Palm trees to dodge. A cross wind made that tricky. Bushes slapped the wing-tips until the "cruiser" began to get light. The water-tank seemed to hover up over the ship. Palm trees rushed by just outside the windows. The stick came back . . . the ship went up. The left wing lifted to clear the tank. The wind went out of me in one big gush of relief. Everything was smooth sailing.

Howard was waiting at Fort Pierce where he took over complete control. We picked Spence up in Jacksonville and made the dash up the seaboard in only a few hours.

Chapel Hill was a twinkling mass of lights under a night cloud bank. It's nice to be in home territory though, and nicer still to know your home airport. We slipped in over the dark pine trees, guessed at the runway . . . lady luck was in our laps again. Everybody's happy for who minds being kicked out of a silly old English class?

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POWER CHRIST

(Continued from page 29)

"You stay where you are, til Camden tells you to move."

"Alexander!"

"Coming."

"This side is ready. Get the box and help me reel out the rest of this wire."

They eased the wheel down through the underbrush coming finally to a grove of dead chestnut.

"It'll just about make it to that tool shack down there."

"Camden, you haven't got four hundred feet here, and down hill too. You got to have more, you know that. It's too close."

"You let me worry about that. Here, give me your knife."

"Listen, Camden, don't be a fool."

He peeled the coat from the end of the wire, sliced it, and hooked an end to each of the poles on the box.

"That's ready now," Camden said, "let's go up and make the rest of the connections, then we'll be set. We'll be ready to blow her. Alexander, I got enough dynamite in that little rock to send her to heaven and back."

"Yeah."

"What time is it?"

"Five thirty. The pans and the shovels have left, but they're still working out on the rightaway."

"That's safe enough."

"Camden I been looking at this stone. I can use it. Afterwards, I want to run a slab of it down to the cabin in the pick-up, all right?"

"Sure. You going to make that thing you were talking about?"

"Yes, I am."

When they came to the rock, the men were already gathering the tools. The wagon drills had been taken.

"Get all this stuff together now," Camden said, "take it out to the pick-up and wait there."

The men scurried about making a final check. Then in twos and threes they started for the truck, some hobbling as fast as they could with the heavy hammers, others trotting on ahead.

Steve and Camden made the last connections.

"She's all set, Alexander. You coming with me or going to the truck?"

"I'm going down the ridge with you, but I'm not standing too close, Camden."

They walked back down to the box beside the shack. Steve picked up his gloves he had left there. Camden squatted by the box, his hand on the switch lever. He looked up.

"Well?"

"I'm going farther down. I'm not standing too close—by you or the rock."

"What're you waiting on then?"

"You're getting behind this shack I reckon?"

"Sure."

"Camden, you and I look at a lot of things the same way, but you're letting this Demos Rock make a fool of you. I'm going."

From the bottom of the ridge he could see him squatting by the box. He saw him look up to the rock. Steve looked to the rock.

The ground trembled. He saw the rock froth upward and spread like a dirty fan to the clouds. The tremendous roar crushing him, he looked down to Camden. He had flattened against the shack, his head and neck arched back, his arms stretched wide with palms to the boards, thrusting the left shoulder out. One leg was drawn up. He turned his face to Steve. He could see him laughing.

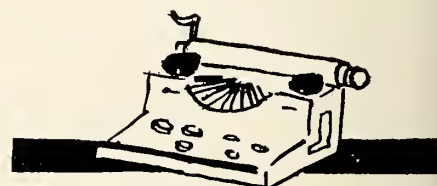
Christ by power!

Then the fan was thinning, the fine dirt falling in smoke-spirals. Suddenly Steve saw him buckle and sink to the ground. Steve was running. He fell at his feet. Rose on one knee, picked him up.

Then Steve was running through snowing dirt and small rock, crying, *He stood too close . . . He stood too close . . .*

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 4)



creative work in the short-story and poetry fields, and the work of Hight Moore in the field of art. What is more important, the *Magazine* can now offer the added incentive of a reading public to our creative workers on the campus.

It is this one point that our purists and "intellectuals" seemed to overlook. Of what purpose is it to produce a magazine of the type they desire if its ultimate fate is to gather dust on dorm radiators and then be swept out, unread, by the janitors. The answer was that the magazine was made for the 75 or hundred more "intellectual" readers: it wasn't designed for the "average student." It then appeared to us that the only purpose it filled was that supplying ten members of an editorial board with a creative hobby, and suppling an "outlet" for writers *who would not be read*. Publication of 4,000 issues, and only a hundred of them read. All this at the expense of the 4,000 who paid their publication fees, who were discounted as a reading public, and who didn't want the magazine anyway. The tradition of the "Carolina Magazine" grew. The stigma of "intellectual" and "heavy" began to spread.

(Continued on next page)

It seemed that its only function was to make a high pile at the dormstores for the purpose of obstructing purchases of afternoon cokes. We were presented with excellent sociological, literature, and "New Yorkerish" issues which we heard "insured our national reputation"—yet they went unread on the campus and defeated their own purpose. . . .

We spoke earlier of "inducements". This is the side of the magazine that our "intellectuals" find so hard to accept, yet paradoxically the one that best serves their aims. These "inducements" include anything from a photograph of Beauty-queen Huldah Warren to light, interesting columns. Also included are factors trying to represent and completely cover the campus for the first time: the Carolina Inter-campus Council, creative work in other fields than that of English, and interviews of people *affecting our own lives and not interviews used merely for the purpose of their "big names,"* taking up space supposedly intended for student work. The use of light articles has also been criticized and tabbed "sugarcoat work," yet we defend their use because this type of writing must also find that proverbial "outlet" and neither the daily paper or the humor magazine are completely appropriate for this type of work.

In closing, we would like to say that we hope this magazine fully reflects the campus as it has never done before, that we look forward to a year of working with a staff larger and more representative of all the phases of campus life than the *Magazine* has ever had before. Not being a "one man" magazine any longer, we must turn over to them most of the credit for our little revolution.

FEES BILL

(Continued from page 18)



received when original appropriations were made, will be cut out.

Fees were originally sanctioned by the administration, trustees and students years ago. During the growing years of the University they were forgotten, nobody cared about them, and they lay dormant. More important, nothing was or could be done about it. Organizations like the CPU and IRC grew and developed, but would still have to go begging funds from other groups. On the other hand, the PU Board has been criticized for the accumulation of a \$14,000 surplus in student money—while student fees have remained the same.

Organizations now asking for funds

will have two things to consider: their past record for the year, and their plans for the future.

Objections are heard that the student legislature is not ready to handle a job of that size. Yet, a student government capable of making and enforcing its own laws certainly must be given the chance to prove itself capable of handling its own finances. Records show that student government officials, handling three thousand students, have made a better record in the past than the township of Chapel Hill with hardly three thousand residents, and both groups were working with essentially the same type of offense.

Professor Coates called the fees the greatest single challenge ever to face students. He also said that he has a profound confidence in the capacity of the student body at Carolina. The rest then, is up to the students.

ODUM

(Continued from page 23)



there was a quality of age-long struggle and intensity here that left an imprint clearly discernible today in the man and his work. But more than the hardships, he remembers the power of these folks, a power exemplified in the force of sacrifice and will that enabled his parents to send him to school.

There was a series of teachings and research assignments between then and 1920 when he came to the University. Opening up here on public welfare, he was soon pulling the stops out of the matter and calling public welfare "the way of making democracy work in the unequal places." This was a very brash idea then and the howls of protest, now ridiculous, arose in great numbers.

Then there began to appear the studies that led to the development of the sociology of the folk and the science of the region, leading to a convergence of these two into a synthesis of plan and work for tomorrow.

* * * *

It would be easy to be glib and catchphrasal about Howard Odum. Such summations as Poet in a Cow Pasture or Camp Meeting Genius would perhaps be well-turned and certainly not irrelevant or irreverent.

Because he is a poet of the homely and simple and fundamental; he has the genius of the brother-warmth and the fanaticism of those now-dying Southern camp-meetings of two and three generations ago.

But he hasn't stopped with a feeling and
(Turn to top of next page)

The answer to
Anne Morrow Lindbergh's
"The Wave of the Future"

The Wave of the Past

By REUBEN H. MARKHAM

An eloquent and ringing statement of faith in the American way . . . the answer to appeasers and defeatists, to doubters and apologists for tyranny.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY:

Rupert Hughes: "Reading it is a thrilling experience. . . . It should reach everybody, especially those who have been drugged by the sweetish poison of such works as 'The Wave of the Future'."

Commander Edward Ellsberg: "Without question, to every thinking American this little book should settle what should be our national course of action in this grave moment when every ideal of liberty is imperilled as never before."

Philadelphia Record (Charles Lee): "This is a 'must' book . . . for those who would surrender their ballots for bondage and a ham sandwich."

Los Angeles Times (Paul Jordan Smith): "A grand, eloquent statement of American faith. . . . Hope this book becomes a best seller: America needs it by the ton."

The Nation: "Worth more than all the achievements of the German military machine. . . . Persons who are inclined to nap may be aroused to danger by Mr. Markham's little masterpiece."

Raymond Gram Swing: "I hope the book has a deserved huge success."

Hartford Courant: "Should be in every home along with the Bible and in every hotel room reached by the Gideons."

Alice Duer Miller: "It's wonderful—on the true note of what all this means."

Struthers Burt: "A complete and irrefutable answer to Anne Lindbergh's sad and mistaken book."

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a poem; nor, has his genius ended in the ineffectiveness of "Howdy, Brother" or the one-sidedness of a fanatical crusade.

Instead, he has turned this power and longing of the Southern spirit, and this earthy wisdom of which the Southern people have so much and use so little, into a broadening focus on the whole human process, fanning out from the core of these people of which he is so much a part to a study of universal society.

He is not just a poet of feeling, nor a genius afar off, because he has followed through, and stands today perhaps not very far from the full circle of his work. He started with feeling and ambition from which he soon tore sentimentality; with his poetry he soon joined science and began his study and search. And from all these things there arose new dreams and visions for people, his people and others. And now, as he fashions, concretes, and details these dreams, he is back again with plowstock and mule on a north Georgia farm, on other farms in the South and elsewhere, in the factories and on the roads, in the swamps and Piedmont and sandy country and the hills, and there are folks with him, and more and more is he not "walkin' an' talkin' to myself."

ZAN CARVER

(Continued from page 19)



the Southern Conference singles crown. Hours later on the same day, Zan took another dose of bitters when he and Walt Meserole lost the doubles title to Rider and Rawlings in another gruelling five-set match.

When summer rolled around, Carver put in his first and last season of tournament play. The National and Eastern Intercollegiates, Rye, Southampton, Newport and the Nationals—he tried them all and came out with no brilliant performances but a substantial improvement in his net game. Second of his defeats by Everett came last winter when the two journeyed to White Sulphur Springs for the Middle Atlantic Intercollegiates and the then number one man knocked Carver out of the tournament in the semifinals before going ahead and winning the finals. Both

shared the glory of winning the doubles title.

Years of tennis have left Zan with 30-odd trophies and several eccentricities. Instead of cussing and throwing his racket away when he makes a poor shot, he now has the habit of biting gaping holes out of the shoulder of his jersey. His racket, always a Maxply, bears a picture of Vincent Richards on one side. He always grips the handle so that the portrait faces the net on his forehand and the baseline on his backhand. Although his volleying isn't weak, he still likes to straddle the backline and give his biceps a workout by trading drives with his opponent. His backhand, often the weakness of tennis players, is stronger than his forehand.

Trickiest of his eccentricities is a knee which becomes dislocated at irregular intervals. With three years experience as first string quarterback on his prep school squad, he came down to Carolina with hopes of a dual performance on the tennis court and gridiron. By the time he had finished his first year as regular quarterback on the freshman eleven, Wolf predicted he would be one of the best open-field runners Carolina would ever have. But the following fall, fate and a tackler decided differently in the third quarter of the Virginia game, and Wolf and Andy Bershak bore Zan off the field with a knee from which the cartilage and ligaments had been torn.

He's tried football since, but every time he goes out, so does the knee joint. He wore an elastic brace for a while, but then decided it was only a mental help and threw it away. Even now, he can't use the regular spiked shoes on grass courts because the joint won't stand the sudden stops.

To all his coaches, as well as the boys with whom he's played, he pays grateful tribute. Kenfield has not only helped him an awful lot with his game "but in every other way as well." Even after Zan hurt his knee and couldn't help the football team any more, Wolf, Vaught and Erickson "have stayed good friends and never even hinted at a hands-off attitude." Skidmore, freshman football coach who left the Hill a few years ago, helped him his first season in his decision not to transfer to Yale, something he has never since regretted.

We weren't surprised to learn, then, that Carver on June 7 will follow up his athletic past with entrance into the Army Air corps. Before he took the CAA course here last fall, he had been up in a plane only once. But he's decided now to chuck his tennis, his complete collection of Bing Crosby records, and his English major for a parachute and a pursuit plane.

We expect that he'll be knocking down a lot more aces—that is, if the trick knee doesn't get temperamental during some power dive.

SUSIE COED

(Continued from page 10)



they're popular, they're very, very popular, witness Professor Lefler's courses, but when they're dull, well—Perhaps it's rationalization on Susie's part, but she claims that a lot of her indifference to academic work is caused by boring classes, or ones that are required for graduation, but in which she is not a bit interested. When the professor's really interested in his work and teaches a course with enthusiasm, she's bound to become just as enthusiastic and find the work worth-while. It is courses she thinks are pointless, or in which listening to the professor becomes a subtle type of torture, that the coed ignores and fails.

However, Susie's most legitimate and important gripe comes from the university requirements for graduation. Of course, sighs she, all universities can't have the exact same requirements for their first two years, but she would like Carolina to try to come down somewhere near the level of other accredited schools. What happens when a coed transfers to Carolina? She discovers that first—she hasn't the number of credits she thought she had, due to the confusion between the semester and the quarter system, and secondly—those that she does have, aren't enough to fill the first two years credit required at Carolina for advance standing. What college can give Susie two years of English, Science, Language, Social Science; one year of Math or Latin, Hygiene, Physical Education, plus electives that Carolina demands? Not many. So Susie discovers on transferring, that she must spend her next two years not only getting courses required for her major, but making up freshman and sophomore requirements.

The average coed feels that some system should be worked out whereby Carolina would accept the standards for the first two years of her former college, or at least let up on Carolina requirements for transfers. Of course, the men would complain, but they are lucky to get coeds anyway. Susie has attained equality on campus with the men, but has yet failed to attain it in the university regulations.

But with all her troubles, Susie will take Carolina any day. She's proud to be a Carolina girl and feels just as much loyalty for the university after two years, as the boys do after four. She has her faults, she loves to snatch her roommate's man, but just the same, she's here to stay, and the men, though they won't admit it, think she's a definite asset to the campus. P.S. So does Susie-coed!

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